

OCT.

IND.

# FOR MEN ONLY

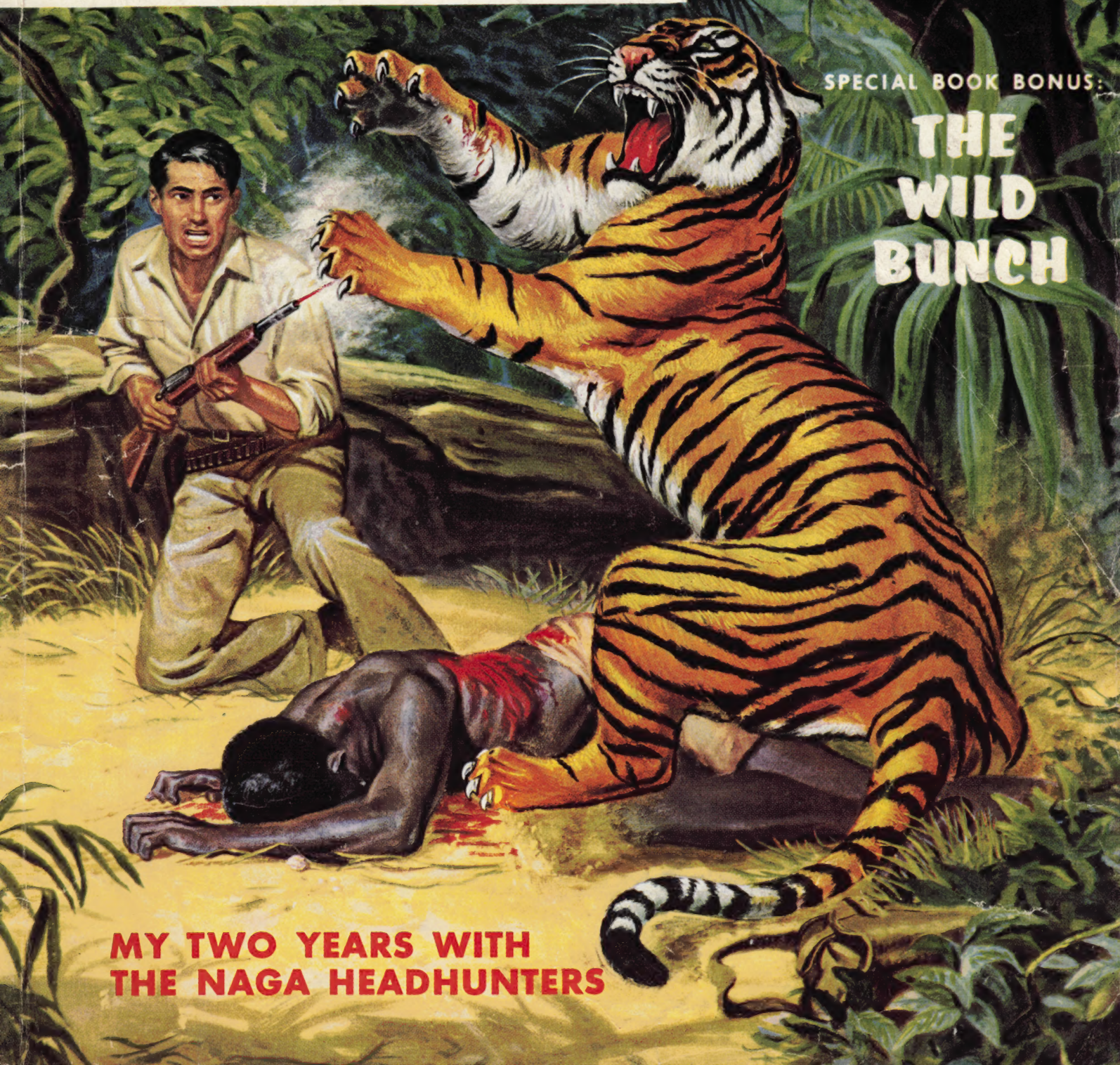
25¢

THE NEW  
PHOTO  
CALL-GIRL  
GAME

(An Exclusive Expose')

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS:

THE  
WILD  
BUNCH



MY TWO YEARS WITH  
THE NAGA HEADHUNTERS



# We'll send YOU a Money-Making "Shoe Store" Business FREE!

**Just 8 easy orders a day  
bring you up to \$960 a month!**

**RUSH COUPON FOR FREE BUSINESS OUTFIT!**

Here's a business for you that will be as much fun as it is profitable... and you don't have to invest one cent...ever! We've helped thousands of men succeed in this unique business...and we'd like to do it for **you**, too. Just 2 orders a day from friends, neighbors, relatives, in "off hours" earns you \$168 EXTRA a month! James Kelly of Ohio took so many orders for these Nationally-Advertised shoes that he made \$93.55 in just ONE evening! Fred Mapes of California regularly makes \$5 to \$10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe business! There is no limit on what you can earn!

It's **easy** with our way of selling shoes. We set you up in a complete "shoe store" business you can run from your home. We carry the stock and ship the shoes. All you do is show the styles to your family, friends, people where you work, etc...and take orders. You have a profitable business with no rent, light bill, clerk hire or other costs to worry you. **You keep 100% of your profit!**

## Here's why you'll make money!

- You offer **170** comfortable fast-selling styles...far more than a store!
- You have an amazing range of **sizes (2½ to 14)** and **widths (AAAA to EEEE)**. Even hard-to-fit people can buy from you!
- Because we carry over 200,000 pairs in stock, your customers get **exactly** what they want...no misfits or substitutions!
- You feature exclusive Velvet-eez shoes with foamy-soft **air-cushion innersoles** that let you "walk on air." Built for supreme comfort, Mason shoes also feature built-in strong steel shanks, Air-Cushion longitudinal support, Nylon stitching. Advertised in Esquire, Good Housekeeping and on TV, they'll be available **only** from **you**—not sold in stores!
- You save your customers money, and the time they would waste "shopping around" shoe stores.

## Take Orders For Over 170 Dress-Sport-Work Shoe Styles!



**30 kinds of work shoes!**  
A style for every trade!  
Special Neoprene, Cork,  
Cushion soles, heels...ven-  
tilated work shoes...even  
Safety Toe Shoes!

**Smart dress, sport styles!**  
The last word in styling!  
Many fine, unusual leathers.  
Cool Nylon Mesh styles,  
moccasins, 2-tones and  
Cush-N-Crepe soled shoes!

**70 Styles for Women!**  
Satisfy almost every taste!  
Many comfort features.  
Low - heeled, high - heeled,  
casuals, service shoes, lat-  
est styles!

**No wonder you'll have the biggest and best "shoe store" business in town!**

**MASON SHOE MFG. CO.**  
Since 1904 Dept. 707, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin



## You'll get a Starting Kit **FREE!**

As soon as we receive the coupon below we'll send you a complete Business Outfit **FREE and postpaid!** It features the entire Mason Collection in full color; contains 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, valuable Booklet chock full of how-to-make-money hints, special Measuring Board, advertising reprints...everything else you need to start making cash profits from the first hour! We'll also show you how to earn monthly **Bonus Checks** and win costly prizes **Free!**

## Mason Shoes will be available **ONLY from You!**

Because Mason Shoes are not sold in stores, you get **repeat** orders from delighted customers almost automatically! Steady cash profits every month! Since everyone you know wears shoes...**EVERYBODY IS A PROSPECT!** No wonder this is the perfect "off-hours" business: a quality product everybody needs...backed by the famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal...one you can take orders for 12 months of the year. Want to see how much money **you** can make? For a 2¢ postcard you can try it **NOW**...start your exciting business **right away!**

## RUSH THIS STAMP FOR YOUR **FREE BUSINESS OUTFIT!**

Mr. Ned Mason, Vice President  
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 707,  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Yes, I'd like to give myself a \$168 a month raise! Please set me up as your man in my community by rushing my Complete Starting Shoe Business Outfit **FREE** and postpaid so I can start making extra money from my first hour!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# To the man who wants to enjoy an ACCOUNTING CAREER

If you're that man, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

Still, wouldn't it be worth your while to sacrifice some of your leisure in favor of interesting home study—over a comparatively brief period? Always provided that the rewards were good—a salary of \$5,000 to \$10,000 and up?



## YOU "LEARN BY DOING" THROUGH LASALLE'S PROBLEM METHOD

Just suppose you were permitted to work in an accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

You cover accounting from Basic Accounting right through specialized training in Office Management, Governmental, Industrial, Commercial or Public Accounting and prepare for the CPA examinations.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

## WILL RECOGNITION COME?

Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they can be. You know that success *does* come to the man who is really *trained*. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle-trained men have reported substantially increased earnings long before they finished their training. Others have quickly won higher position and larger incomes with the aid of this training.

## GET FREE SAMPLE LESSON—ALSO "OPPORTUNITIES IN ACCOUNTING"

For your own good, get all the facts about this completely new and modern accounting training. Write for Free Sample Lesson—also latest book "Opportunities in Accounting," which will prove that accounting offers brilliant futures to those who aren't afraid of serious home-study, and will show the wide range of opportunities that exist today. No cost or obligation. If you want a position of higher income, greater prestige and professional standing...MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

## 5 Reasons Why Accounting Offers You MORE MONEY AND SUCCESS

**REASON #1.** If you were an expert accountant right now, chances are you would find yourself in one of the best-paid fields of business.

**REASON #2.** The demand for accountants is great—everywhere. All businesses must have trained accountants to cope with ever-growing requirements. It's a field offering wide opportunity—always—to the man who knows. The accountant's duties are interesting, varied, and of real worth to his employers. He has standing.

**REASON #3.** You can fit into any business, anywhere in the country—because accounting principles are universal. Think what this means in terms of security and independence!

**REASON #4.** Accounting is open to all. Any man or woman of good intelligence, who enjoys figure work and is willing to follow LaSalle's systematic "problem method" plan, can rapidly qualify for a highly profitable, enjoyable lifetime career...and he doesn't have to finish his training before beginning to "cash in."

**REASON #5.** Without losing a day from your present work, you can prepare in spare hours at home, at low cost. LaSalle has trained one out of every 13 of all the Certified Public Accountants in the U.S....and many thousands of others who are now enjoying high-paying careers.

## FREE— SAMPLE LESSON AND BOOK



## LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

Dept. 9378H, 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

It want to be an accountant. Send me, without obligation, Free Sample Lesson—also latest book "Opportunities in Accounting," and full information about your Accounting Training Program.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City, Zone and State.....



# FOR MEN ONLY

Vol. 4, No. 9

October, 1957

## CONTENTS

### TRUE ADVENTURE

|                                            |                           |    |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------|----|
| THE FLYBOY WHO JOINED THE INFANTRY.....    | Major Edward Hart         | 16 |
| RENEGADE MARSHAL.....                      | Dean W. Ballenger         | 18 |
| SHADOW IN A BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE.....       | Sidney Leinwohl           | 20 |
| MY TWO YEARS WITH THE NAGA HEADHUNTERS.... | Wilmot Burnside           | 22 |
| THE LONG HAUL HOME.....                    | Capt. Arthur Gildersleeve | 30 |

### EXPOSE

|                                      |               |    |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|----|
| LONDON'S PHOTO CALL-GIRL RACKET..... | Graham Fisher | 12 |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|----|

### BOOK BONUS

|                     |             |    |
|---------------------|-------------|----|
| THE WILD BUNCH..... | Noah Gordon | 38 |
|---------------------|-------------|----|

### OFF-TRAIL

|                                |                       |    |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|----|
| THE SECRET LIVES OF ANITA..... | Picture Feature       | 24 |
| JOKER IN THE JUNGLE.....       | Cartoon Feature       | 32 |
| THE 30-SECOND KILL.....        | Picture Feature       | 34 |
| FOR MEN ONLY—UNCENSORED.....   | A Confidential Report | 42 |

### FICTION

|                          |             |    |
|--------------------------|-------------|----|
| SAFARI FOR A COWARD..... | Dan Brennan | 28 |
|--------------------------|-------------|----|

### DEPARTMENTS

|                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| EDITOR'S NOTES.....  | 6                |
| SHORT SNORTS.....    | 11               |
| MEDICAL ROUNDUP..... | Sheldon Reese 44 |

FOR MEN ONLY is published MONTHLY by CANAM PUBLISHERS SALES CORP. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Additional entry at DUNELLEN, N. J. Copyright 1957 by CANAM PUBLISHERS SALES CORP., 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Vol. 4, No. 9, OCTOBER 1957 issue. Price 25¢ per copy. Subscription rate \$3.25 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelopes. Printed in the U.S.A. ADVERTISING OFFICES: Sid Kalish, Advertising Director, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; William R. Stewart, Midwest, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Ill.; Loyd B. Chappell, West Coast, 8693 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

MONROE FROELICH, JR.  
Business Manager

Noah Sarlat, Editorial Director

Marvin Karp, Executive Editor

Mel Blum, Art Director

K. T. Meyer, Managing Editor

Associate Editors  
R. A. Lieberman, A. L. Kaplan

Bill Gahan, Art Editor

Jim Collier, Picture Editor



# Make More Money Soon Fixing Electric Appliances



**Actual Lesson  
FREE** Fast Growing  
Field Offers  
Good Pay, Security  
Interesting Work

## Learn at Home in Spare Time

Earn more money. Enjoy doing important, interesting work. Learn Electrical Appliance Servicing. This is a field of increasing opportunity. Today there is an average of more than ten appliances in every wired home. More than eighty million additional appliances, valued at about 8 billion dollars sold in one year. Find out more about this great, growing field. Find out how NRI can train you, at home and in spare time to be an Appliance Service Technician. See how you can start soon to make extra money servicing appliances.

## Add to Your Income Soon After Enrollment Opportunities Increasing for Service Technicians

NRI Training is practical, thorough. You get easy-to-understand lessons, and NRI supplies parts to build professional type Multi-Use Tester. Use it to get practical experience. Soon, you can add to your income by servicing appliances. Build a profitable *sideline* for your spare time—qualify for a good job—develop a business and be your own boss. As an Appliance Service Technician, your opportunities are broad—your services wanted, gladly paid for, highly regarded in your community.

Appliances are necessary to comfortable, convenient living. Owners pay well to keep them in repair. The field is amazingly big. In addition to major appliances such as electric ranges, air conditioners, refrigerators, there are over 40,000,000 electric irons, 5,000,000 electric blankets, 15,000,000 coffee makers, plus more millions of vacuum cleaners, fans, toasters, mixers, etc.

## Learn and Earn with Tester Diploma when You Finish

Locate appliance troubles easily with Portable Appliance Tester you build. You use it to learn and do actual electric appliance repair jobs. For only \$2.50 with enrollment and \$5 per month, get training including Tester—a small price to pay for increased earnings. Mail coupon for Sample Lesson and Book—your first step toward more interesting work, bigger earnings. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. G1J7, Washington 9, D. C.**



**TESTING APPLIANCES FOR  
ELECTRICAL TROUBLES**

NATIONAL RADIO  
WASHINGTON D. C.

**Over 40 Years  
Experience  
Backs Up  
NRI Training**

*How to Learn*  
**SERVICING  
ELECTRICAL  
APPLIANCES**

**Find Out What  
Appliance Repair  
Offers You**

## Mail Coupon FOR LESSON AND BOOK FREE

**National Radio Institute**  
Dept. G1J7, Washington 9, D. C.

Please send me Electric Appliance Servicing Lesson and Book FREE. (I understand no salesman will call.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL





## MORE ON THE MONSTER

To the Editor:

I enjoyed your article on Trebitsch Lincoln (*The World's Most Wanted Man*, FOR MEN ONLY, February) because it helps support a private theory of mine that the Japanese were holding certain key Soviet agents for hostage to prevent Russia from invading Japan. It was only in the last few months of the war that these shadow men vanished. Russia, for her part of the bargain, kept to Manchuria.

The other key agent at this time was Prof. Richard Sorge, whom the Japanese had in jail for undercover activities. Sorge (secretly holding general's rank in the Russian army) was supposedly hanged in 1945 along with some of his Japanese cohorts for treason. But the exact circumstances are as nebulous as the "death" of Lincoln.

A Reader

San Francisco, California

## VIVE LA FRANCE!

To the Editor:

I enjoyed your beautifully written article, *France's Toughest Legionnaire* by Noah Gordon, in the June issue of FOR MEN ONLY.

However, as I have in numerous other stories dealing with the French Army, I must report finding an error. The command to stand at attention in French is not *Attention!* It is *Garde a vous!*

Any recruit in the French Armed

Forces knows that and as an ex-artillery man with the 5th *Régiment d'Artillerie* in Saigon, I thought I would point it out to your very interesting magazine.

Bien Sincèrement,

Jean L. Reldy

Edinburg, Texas

► *Merci beaucoup.*

## MORE V-GIRLS PLEASE

To the Editor:

I especially enjoyed your story in June FOR MEN ONLY, *I Ruled a Pagan Kingdom*. And I'd like to add that it certainly didn't sound so far-fetched as some. Was it true?

Let's have more like it. I also enjoy your articles on prostitutes—and particularly liked *International Call Girls, Inc.*, in that issue. Let's see more of them too.

Mrs. R. F. Runkel

San Antonio, Texas

► It was. There'll be more, and thanks.

## DOCTOR! DOCTOR!

To the Editor:

Hold everything! Heat stroke? Hasn't Sheldon Reese got SUN-STROKE mixed up with heat exhaustion (*Medical Roundup*, FOR MEN ONLY, July)? Sunstroke is due to the creation of a disturbance of the heat controlling center. Heat exhaustion stems from direct loss of bodily salt electrolytes from the blood and

tissues. Aspirin could be very dangerous here.

Treatment of sunstroke often is hard and long in character, while I have treated dozens of heat exhaustion cases by merely giving a salt transfusion and salty water or salt tablets by mouth—with supportive treatments.

Some important differences: Heat exhaustion symptoms include cold, clammy skin, and subnormal temperatures. Sunstroke is accompanied by hot, dry, burning skin, delirium, and temperatures up to 106 degrees. The former is non-recurrent and seldom causes a mental change. The latter can be recurrent for years and mental imbalance is common.

Waldo H. Jones, M.D.

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

► OK, you're the doctor.

## WHERE DO YOU DIG 'EM UP?

To the Editor:

I don't want to mince words. I think Mike Hobbs (*I Was General of a Banana Army*, FOR MEN ONLY, July) is just about the world's worst sadist—and deserves everything he got. The way he walked all over the natives in Costa Rica made my blood boil. What kind of an insensitive gringo is he, anyway? I thought that particular kind of Yankee imperialism went out with World War II. Guess I was wrong.

Katharine Moyars

Toledo, Ohio



Cast your ballot for a successful future!

# 256 I.C.S. COURSES



Whether you stand at a machine or sit at a desk . . . whether you're making \$75 a week or \$75 hundred a year . . . whether your interest is Power Plants or Paper Pulp, Advertising or Electronics . . . chances are I.C.S. has exactly the course you need to get ahead.

I.C.S. is not only the oldest and largest correspondence school. It also offers the most courses. 256 in all. Each one success-proved by graduates who rose to top technical and administrative positions. Chief engineers. Superintendents. Foremen. Managers. Executive assistants.

I. C. S. Courses cover bedrock facts and theory plus practical, on-the-job applications. No skimping. Texts

are prepared by leading business and industrial authorities working with I. C. S. editors and educators. They are constantly being reviewed and revised in line with current developments.

As an I. C. S. student, you study in your spare time, set your own pace. No time lost getting to class or waiting for slower students to catch up. If you wish, I. C. S. will make progress reports to your employer. You win recognition as a "comer," one who is ready to move ahead. Thousands of students report pay increases and promotions within a few months of enrollment. All graduates win the coveted, approved I. C. S. diploma.

**3 FREE BOOKS!** Check the subject that interests you in the coupon below. I. C. S. will rush you (1) a special book outlining your opportunities in this field, (2) the 32-page gold mine of career tips, "How to Succeed," (3) a sample I. C. S. lesson (Math.) demonstrating the famous "I. C. S. Method." "X" MARKS OPPORTUNITY.



For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

Member, National Home Study Council

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 23893G, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning<br><input type="checkbox"/> Architecture<br><input type="checkbox"/> Arch. Drawing and Designing<br><input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor<br><input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimator<br><input type="checkbox"/> Carpentry and Millwork<br><input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter Foreman<br><input type="checkbox"/> Heating<br><input type="checkbox"/> Interior Decoration<br><input type="checkbox"/> Painting Contractor<br><input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing<br><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Arch. Blueprints<br><b>ART</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art<br><input type="checkbox"/> Magazine & Book Illus.<br><input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Sketching and Painting<br><b>AUTOMOTIVE</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Automobiles<br><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing<br><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Engine Tuneup<br><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Technician | <b>AVIATION</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Aero-Engineering Technology<br><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft & Engine Mechanic<br><b>BUSINESS</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Accounting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Advertising<br><input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration<br><input type="checkbox"/> Business Management<br><input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Creative Salesmanship<br><input type="checkbox"/> Managing a Small Business<br><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Secretary<br><input type="checkbox"/> Public Accounting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Purchasing Agent<br><input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship<br><input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship and Management<br><input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management<br><b>CHEMICAL</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry<br><input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Chem. Lab. Technician<br><input type="checkbox"/> Elements of Nuclear Energy<br><input type="checkbox"/> General Chemistry<br><input type="checkbox"/> Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.<br><input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum Prod. and Engr.<br><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineer (Chem)<br><input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making | <b>CIVIL ENGINEERING</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Construction Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineer (Civil)<br><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Struc. Blueprints<br><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping<br><b>DRAFTING</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Drafting Machine Design<br><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Drafting<br><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting<br><b>ELECTRICAL</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Engr. Technician<br><input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Light and Power<br><input type="checkbox"/> Practical Electrician<br><input type="checkbox"/> Practical Lineman<br><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineer (Elec)<br><b>HIGH SCHOOL</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> High School Diploma | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English<br><input type="checkbox"/> High School Mathematics<br><input type="checkbox"/> Short Story Writing<br><b>LEADERSHIP</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Foremanship<br><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision<br><input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Relations<br><input type="checkbox"/> Supervision<br><b>MECHANICAL and SHOP</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines<br><input type="checkbox"/> Gas-Elec. Welding<br><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation<br><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Metallurgy<br><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Safety<br><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design<br><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice<br><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineer (Mech)<br><input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control<br><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints<br><input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration and Air Conditioning<br><input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design <input type="checkbox"/> Tool Making<br><b>RADIO, TELEVISION</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> General Electronics Tech. | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics<br><input type="checkbox"/> Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g<br><input type="checkbox"/> Practical Telephony<br><input type="checkbox"/> Radio-TV Servicing<br><b>RAILROAD</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector and Air Brake<br><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Electrician<br><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engr. and Fireman<br><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Locomotive<br><b>STEAM and DIESEL POWER</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering<br><input type="checkbox"/> Power Plant Engineer<br><input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Diesel Engr.<br><input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman<br><b>TEXTILE</b><br><input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning<br><input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacture<br><input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Warping and Weaving<br><input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fixing Technician<br><input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing<br><input type="checkbox"/> Textile Finishing & Dyeing<br><input type="checkbox"/> Throwing<br><input type="checkbox"/> Warping and Weaving<br><input type="checkbox"/> Worsted Manufacturing |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Home Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to P.M. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.





#### Plays for Dances

"Was able to play many pieces in a short time. My family and friends certainly were surprised! I play for various social functions and dances, etc."—Peter H. Kozyra, Manitoba, Canada.



#### Excels Friend Who Has Teacher

"Now play for parties. A friend (taking private lessons same length of time) still doing exercises."—Marie Van Hulle, Manitoba, Canada.



#### Now Invited Out Lots

"It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances."—Howard Hopkins, E. Syracuse, N. Y.



#### High School Boy Learns Very Quickly

"Couldn't play a note. Now play at parties. Friends asked how I learned so quickly."—

Bobby Smith, Grove Hill, Ala.



#### "How Happy I Am"

"How happy I am. I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!"—Cora Franklin Duke, Bumpass, Va.



#### "Easy As Falling Off Log"

"Your lessons are interesting and easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a lifelong dream is being fulfilled—thanks to you!"—Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.



#### Wins Bet With Friends

"Bet friends I'd learn. Last night one said, 'Sounds like you've been playing years!'"—Louise Gomez, Oakland, Calif.



#### "Never Dreamed I Would Play"

"Wouldn't have believed it possible—learning to play in such a short time. Friends can't get over it—think it's me, but it's your wonderful lessons!"—Eileen Turner, St. Victor, Canada.



#### Plays for Church

"I'm 12. I have played for church. My sister uses Course, can play anything—had never taken lessons."—Patsy Jeffrey, Sweetwater, Tex.

# THOUSANDS —who never thought

THIS FAMOUS WAY MAKES IT EASY AS A-B-C TO LEARN -- EVEN IF

## Over 900,000 People of All Ages Have Turned to This Easy, Home-Study Method to Make Their Dream of Playing Music Come True!

You think it's difficult to learn music? That's what thousands of others have thought! Just like you, they longed to play an instrument—the piano, accordion, guitar, violin, saxophone or some other favorite. But they denied themselves the pleasure—because they thought it would take months and years of tedious study to learn!

And then they made an amazing discovery! They heard about a wonderful way to learn music at home—without a private teacher—without tedious study—and in a surprisingly short time. They wrote to the U.S. School of Music for the facts about this remarkable short-cut method. And the facts opened their eyes! They were amazed to find how easy it was to learn!

### Learn in Spare Time at Home Simple, A-B-C Method

The result? Over 900,000 men and women—of all ages—have taken up music at home this simple A-B-C way. Shown on these pages are just a few of many people who have turned to this method to make their dream of playing music come true. Now, all over the world, enthusiastic music-lovers are enjoying the thrilling satisfaction of creating their own music. They have found the key to good times, and popularity.

### No "Special Talent" Needed Costs Only Few Cents a Lesson

And that's what you can do, right now. NO TEDIOUS PRACTICING OF BORING SCALES AND EXERCISES! Even if you don't know a single note now, you'll "start right in on pieces." This builds up your skill and confidence so rapidly that soon you'll be able to play ALL your favorite songs and compositions. This is not a "trick" method. You actually learn to play by note, so that you can read real sheet music. No "special talent" needed. It's all so clearly explained—so EASY to understand—that even children "catch on" at once.

Before you realize it, you will amaze your friends by playing all their requests—popular song hits, waltzes, hymns, hillbilly music, classical favorites, etc.

You learn in the spare time of your own choosing—free



### What LAWRENCE WELK, Famous TV Star, Says About This Method:

Lawrence Welk, star of the popular television shows (Monday and Saturday evenings—ABC-TV) and originator of "Champagne Music," writes: "I got my start with a U.S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach yourself' way! You did so much for me that I've enrolled my two daughters."





#### Progresses Rapidly

"How rapidly I am progressing. The lessons are so simple, anyone can understand them."—Andrew Schneider, Hanna, Wyoming.



#### Family and Friends Surprised

"I, my family and friends are surprised at my rapid progress. Don't see why anyone couldn't learn this easy way."—Pearlie May Clay, Center, Tex.



#### Learns Faster Without Teacher

"Now play guitar better than many who have had teachers for longer time."—Myrella-Muquette Saint-Andre, Montreal.



#### "Friends Were Amazed"

"Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. Now entertain at parties, play at church."—Samuel Moses, Mt. Vernon, Tenn.

# NOW PLAY they could!

### YOU DON'T KNOW A SINGLE NOTE NOW



#### Never Believed it Possible

"Never dreamed I would ever play. I didn't know one note. Today I play delightful pieces."—Mrs. Dallas B. Kerk, Lodgepole, Nebr.



#### 13-Year-Old Learns

"Never took lessons before. Now play better than friends (with private teachers) who began same time I did. Now play for church, school concerts."—Joan Lueck, Big Stone, S. Dak.



#### "Enjoyed Every Step"

"I have enjoyed every step of the way. My friends can't get over the improvement that I have made in such a short time."—Helen Prevas, New Castle, Del.

from the rigid schedule imposed by a teacher. And the cost is only a few cents per lesson, including all sheet music. Your whole family can learn for the price of one!

#### Stop Cheating Yourself of These Joys!

Why not let this famous home-study method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. Possibly a whole new career. Extra money. Understand, appreciate, converse about music. Learn the lives and compositions of modern and great masters. Relax! Banish worries and frustrations. Satisfy self-expression, creative urge. Gain self-confidence.

It's really a crime to go through life without enjoying the wonderful thrill of creating your own music—especially when it's now so easy to learn! Thousands upon thousands of others have done it. Why not YOU? You owe it to yourself to at least find out more about this wonderful home-study method. Free book (described at right) tells all about it.



## SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Let us show you why our way to learn music is so EASY—and so much fun! See for yourself why our method has been so successful for 59 years. Mail the coupon for our valuable illustrated 36-page FREE BOOK. It tells a fascinating story. No obligation; no salesman will call on you. It can mean so much to you for the rest of your entire life—if you will mail the coupon TODAY! U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A1049, Port Washington, N. Y. (Special reduced prices on instruments to our students.)

900,000 STUDENTS  
59 Successful Years

### U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Studio A1049, Port Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home." NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

- |                                          |                                         |                                         |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano           | <input type="checkbox"/> Pipe, Hammond, | <input type="checkbox"/> Piccolo        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar          | <input type="checkbox"/> Reed Organ     | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar    | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo    | <input type="checkbox"/> Elementary     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Violin          | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele        | <input type="checkbox"/> Harmony        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano Accordion | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet       | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone       | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone       | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet, Cornet | <input type="checkbox"/> Flute          | <input type="checkbox"/> Finger Control |

Do you have the instrument? .....

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Carefully)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

☐ Check here for Booklet A if you are under 18 years old.

### CHOOSE YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENT

Now it's easy to learn—by note—Piano, Guitar, Piano Accordion, Violin, Steel Guitar, Mandolin, Trumpet, Cornet, Saxophone, Tenor Banjo, Organ, Ukulele, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute, Piccolo, Modern Elementary Harmony. No matter what your favorite instrument is, this famous method will teach you to play it quickly. Check your choice in the coupon at right.





# HOTELS CALL FOR TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN!

Which of these **SUCCESS STORIES**  
will come true for **YOU?**



## Can You Succeed as a Hotel Executive?

"Lewis Training gave me a new lease on life. The Course gives one a foundation on which to build a lifetime of happiness in the hotel field. Thanks to the Lewis Placement Department, I became Assistant Steward in a fine hotel. My work is enjoyable, financially rewarding, and I feel sure of bigger and better things to come."—Harry G. Barnes.



## "How I Stepped into a BIG PAY HOTEL JOB"

"Upon graduation, the Lewis Placement Bureau helped me obtain a very responsible position and later recommended me for the position of Service Superintendent in a State School. My earning power has increased 68% in five short years. I feel that my future is secure. Thanks to the Lewis School!"—Albert Lechner.



## "Can A Man My Age Become A Hotel Executive?"

"I inquired about the advantages of Lewis Hotel Training for a man my age and enrolled. After graduation, I held several good positions but then came the greatest offer of my life. The position I now hold pays me an excellent salary plus a suite of rooms and meals for my family."—E. A. Kaler, Sr.



## "Hotels Call For Trained Men & Women"

"I am now Manager-Hostess of a dining and social club of Princeton University, and find it very interesting work. I want to thank the Lewis School for the privilege of taking their course. For this new found success, I shall always be grateful to Lewis."—Mrs. June Young.



Did you ever sit in a beautiful hotel lobby and say to yourself, "It certainly must be a joy to be a hotel executive here!"

Did you ever watch (perhaps envy a bit) the hotel manager as he went about his thrilling duties?

Did you ever notice the importance—and prestige—of top hotel executives and wonder, "What would I have to do to enjoy a position like his?"

In short—did you ever consider what it could mean to you in happiness as well as good pay, if you could qualify for one of the glamorous, excitingly different executive positions in a luxurious hotel, fashionable resort, smart town or country club, motel, apartment house project, or humanity-serving institution, school or hospital?

## You Can Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position Certified To "Make Good"

Lewis Training qualifies you quickly at home in leisure time or through resident classes in Washington for these well-paid, ever-increasing opportunities, in the fascinating hotel, motel, and institutional field. Thousands of Lewis graduates from 20 to past 50 are "making good" as managers, assistant managers, stewards, executive housekeepers, hostesses, and in 55 other types of important positions.

A happy ever-growing future awaits you in this business where previous experience has proved unnecessary and you are not dropped because you are over 40.

## FREE BOOK GIVES FASCINATING FACTS—

Our FREE book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how easily you can qualify for a well-paid position. It tells how you are registered FREE in the Lewis National Placement Service; how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when you are placed in a position! MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL OF NHSC

COURSE APPROVED FOR  
ALL VETERAN TRAINING

**Lewis Hotel Training School**  
Room CO-125-52, Washington 7, D. C.

## Some of the WELL-PAID Positions Open to Both MEN and WOMEN

- |                                           |                                                            |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Manager          | <input type="checkbox"/> Sports Director                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ass't Manager    | <input type="checkbox"/> Apt. Hotel Manager                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hostess          | <input type="checkbox"/> Banquet Manager                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steward          | <input type="checkbox"/> Maitre d'Hotel                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Executive        | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Director                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Housekeeper      | <input type="checkbox"/> Publicity Director                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auditor          | <input type="checkbox"/> Club Manager                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Purchasing Agent | <input type="checkbox"/> Restaurant or Coffee Shop Manager |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Manager   |                                                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Social Director  |                                                            |

And more than 55 other well-paid positions

M. C. Lewis, Pres.  
**LEWIS HOTEL  
TRAINING SCHOOL**

Room CO-125-52, Washington 7, D. C.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel and institutional field. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked.

☐ Home Study ☐ Resident Training

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if eligible for  
Veteran Training.

**41<sup>st</sup>**  
**SUCCESSFUL**  
**YEAR**





# short shorts

The doctor in an insane asylum was making a last check for aggressive tendencies in a patient about to be discharged. "Well, Bill," he said, "what's the first thing you're going to do when you get out?"

"Doc," Bill said, "I'm going to make a sling shot and come back here and break every damned window in the joint."

Back he went into the asylum for another six months of cure. At the end of this period, he was about to be discharged and once more the doctor was giving him his last check. Remembering his previous answer, the doctor again asked, "Well, Bill, what's the first thing you're going to do when you get out?"

"Doc," Bill said, "I'm going to find myself a girl."

"Fine," said the doctor, pleased with this normal answer. "Then what?"

"I'm going to buy a car and then I'm going to find a nice dark place to park with my girl."

"Fine. Then what?"

"I'm going to reach down and put my hand on the hem of her skirt."

"Good," said the doctor, happy with his answers. "What next?"

"Then I'm going to rip off her garter, make a sling shot out of it and come back here and break every damned window in the joint."



A wealthy fraternity boy pulled into Dallas one day and headed for a hotel. Noticing a beautiful girl sitting by herself in the lobby, he registered with supreme self-confidence as Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. Then he strolled over to make her acquaintance.

After the weekend, he prepared to leave the hotel and asked for his bill.

"That will be \$150," smiled the clerk.

The youth choked. "For two days?"

"That's right, sir," the clerk said smoothly, "but your wife has been here a month and a half."

A little boy came to his father and informed him that he was going to marry the little girl next door. When the father nodded and asked where the pair planned to live after the wedding, the boy replied that they would set up housekeeping in her playhouse.

"Well then," said the father, "what are you going to live on?"

"We each get 25 cents a week allowance," replied the tot.

Finally the father asked what they would do if they had a baby.

"Oh, we have *that* figured out. If she lays an egg—I'm gonna step on it!"



A couple months ago Joe started staying out evenings for poker with the boys. So twice a week or so, Joe just didn't get home till morning.

Then one day, his conscience began to bother him so he gave his wife a call and said, "Listen honey, slip into your glamor gown and meet me downtown. We'll have dinner in some quiet place, then catch a show. How about it?"

"I'll be delighted to, Bill," was her reply. "But why not come out here? There's nobody home but just me."

Since Joe's name is not Bill, he now spends his evenings at home and his wife wears a wise smile.



Think you can top the editors' sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to FOR MEN ONLY, 655 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21, N. Y. No limit in the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns.





**The back street dolls  
of Soho are now  
advertising openly  
for customers  
while thumbing their  
noses at the law  
and England's help-  
less vice cops.**

**Posing is just a come-on, but  
some ambitious clients actually  
bring their cameras along and  
insist on photographing model.**



# London's Photo Call-Girl Racket

by Graham Fisher

*Cultured, curvaceous young model willing to pose for amateur photographers who want pictures that are daring and different. Phone———*

**T**HIS is the sort of notice you can find blatantly displayed on back-street hoardings and in the dingy shop windows of Soho, the London district which has earned itself the reputation of "the naughty square mile." It is the latest legal gimmick of the hundreds of good-time girls who ply their unsavory trade in this rabbit-warren of down-at-heels rooming establishments.

It is legal for the simple reason that in most instances the cops have an impossible job proving otherwise. The occasional police raid on some of the joints at the other end of the telephone number listed has revealed a room which *might* pass as a photographic studio. There is some sort of home-fabricated lighting equipment, and usually a studio couch on which the "model" conducts the higher-paying portion of her business.

The police can think what they like, but if the so-called model is the only female on the premises then they have no case. British law defines a brothel as a place used by *persons of both sexes* (note the double plural) for illicit intercourse, a subtle shade of meaning of which London's good-time girls take full advantage.

If the model is operating entirely on her own, then she can have as many customers as she likes and the police are powerless. Only if two girls are stupid enough to team up together can the cops move in with a charge which will stick in court.

That was what happened in the case of the 25-year-old redhead the police hauled before the magistrate at Marl-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







Soho's shop windows are jammed with bogus model ads.



Procedure begins with customer interviewing the model...

## LONDON'S PHOTO CALL-GIRL RACKET continued

borough Street court recently. Two girls doing business together in the one establishment turned it into a brothel, said the cops. They went on to produce evidence that 70 men had been seen visiting the premises in a brief three-day spell. The redhead copped a \$75 fine.

Had she been in a legitimate form of business, she might also have found herself prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretenses. It turned out in court that the provocative, come-on photograph on her back-street advertisement was that of someone with considerably more curves and sex-appeal.

This latest London vice racket is being operated in a variety of ways. Sometimes the models who advertise their bodies in Soho really are young and curvaceous, willing to pose for pix in various stages of undress at rates ranging from \$5 to \$10 a half-hour. For a higher rate of payment, many are willing to pose in attitudes which border on the pornographic. They will cheerfully go through the posing routine even if you have no camera along... staging an intimate, private strip-tease, with a couch or bedroom available if the situation develops.

Even with no funny business attached, these so-called models are raking in the shekels. The official police estimate is that most of them clear a cool \$300 a week. One, at least, made enough last winter to enable her to spend most of the summer sunning herself on the French Riviera.

A half-hour stroll through Soho, a district of delicatessen stores, small continental-style eating places and narrow alleyways will enable you to list a dozen or more phone numbers of willing girls. Several of them, if you call the phone

number listed, soon drop all pretense of photographic art. Tell them bluntly that you have no camera along and they will cheerfully invite you to call round for an interview just the same:

"Any charge for the interview?" you ask.

"Of course," replies the husky, come-hither voice. "Regular charges." The voice becomes huskier. "I'll make it worthwhile, fellow."

All sorts, sizes and shapes are cashing in on the lure of these back-street notices. An American Air Force captain, on leave from his base, took off for London with a camera in search of models for a wood-carving project he had in mind. A postcard advertisement caught his eye: *TRIO OF MODELS—BLONDE, BRUNETTE AND REDHEAD—AVAILABLE FOR NUDE POSES, SINGLY OR TOGETHER*

He called, got the address and went around to investigate. He found out what the advertisement had failed to state—all three were in their seedy forties with spreading waistlines and drooping busts.

Once in a while a little strong-arm stuff creeps into the business. One model, zipping herself back into the one and only garment she wore, suddenly demanded an extra \$15 from the poor sucker who had been photographing her in a variety of sizzling poses.

When he declined, she said, "Okay, mister, perhaps you'd rather take it up with my boy-friend."

The boy-friend, a husky bruiser, drifted in right on cue. The sucker paid up and got out fast.

London's regular photo firms (*Continued on page 78*)





... who utilizes time to make her extra curricular pitch.



Part of the service includes right to help pose subject.



Most racket girls are smart enough to work strictly on their own in order to avoid legal pitfall of running a brothel.





There was no front or rear—not with the Reds all around, pouring fire on us. And each time we set up our guns we were forced to fall back.

# the **FLYBOY**

It looked like a 21-day milk run. He even brought along his electric razor. Then the Chinese Reds busted out across the Yalu and into the Korean War.



As soon as I got my antenna up I alerted JOC back at 5th AF where the F-51 Mustangs were waiting to hit the enemy.



# who JOINED the INFANTRY

by Major Edward Hart, USAF

**A**S AN Air Force fighter pilot, I've worked over targets for the Infantry in two wars. I'm all in favor of military unification and the line soldier has my deepest admiration. But for once I figured we were carrying this inter-service friendship too far.

It was in Korea during the bitterly cold winter of 1950. Back a couple hundred miles was my F-51 Mustang fighter, and my warm tent with the 18th Fighter Bomber Wing. That's where I should have been. Only in the pre-dawn blackness of a North Korean night I was in a spot where no self-respecting pilot ever wants to be . . . on the ground, walking with a carbine in my hands and slugging it out with the pebble pounders.

In the air, a man can fight pretty much on his own. It's

you and maybe a couple other planes of your flight mixing it up with enemy fighters or dodging anti-aircraft fire. You are pretty much on top of the situation. But I found you often don't get this privilege in the Infantry—and I didn't like it.

We were being attacked in the night by an unseen, deadly enemy. His guns commanded the heights of our valley here in north central Korea well north of the 38th parallel. And all around me was the sickening confusion that comes with a powerful surprise attack. Men were firing half blindly at the tracers that streaked down on us. Red artillery pounded into our positions without fear of counter fire. The enemy gunners knew they were safe; we had already lost most of our guns. (*Continued on page 74*)



We weren't leaving gear for Reds. I radioed the spotter and our boys blasted hell out of the abandoned equipment.



# Renegade





# Marshal

**They called him the best lawman in the West—until one afternoon when he saddled up and rode out of town to join the other side.**

**R**EADY to talk yet, kid?" the pint-sized marshal smiled at the dejected figure in the cell.

Dazed from an untended scalp-wound, dizzy and weak from two days without food or water, Oliver Brubacker, youngest member of the Easton gang, nodded abjectly.

"I'll tell you where the hide-out is, Mr. Krell, sir. They'll be sitting there with the loot from the bank for another three-four days yet. I figure."

After the youth had revealed his gang's hiding place, Marshal Sam Krell released him and told him to go down the street to the café and order anything he wanted. Sam would be along in a minute or two.

Then Sam stood in the doorway and watched the starved kid stumble down the dusty main street of Julesburg, Colorado. When he had gone 30 or 40 yards, Sam coolly shot him between the shoulders. Sam lit a cigar and walked up to the body. To the crowd that immediately gathered, Sam explained: "I was trying to get some information from him when he ran out of my office. Trying to escape, I guess."

Julesburg's citizens were loud in their praise of the diligent little marshal who'd shot the escaping bandit. Sam's stock was high with his townspeople.

But that May day of 1863 saw the beginning of a new legend in the outlawry of the West. Sam Krell, the trigger-happy marshal, had taken his first step on the way to becoming Public Enemy No. 1 in the Colorado-Wyoming territory—no mean feat in competition with such experienced bandits as the Plummer boys, Liver Scofield and Jack Slade.

Today a psychologist would call a character like Sam Krell a paranoid with homicidal tendencies.

The townspeople bragged that they had the best damned marshal in the whole West—even if he did have a nervous trigger finger and sometimes shot the wrong man in his zeal to preserve law and order.

But the fact was, Sam enjoyed all that killing. And his job as marshal gave him an excuse to get away with it.

Sam's slaying of Gus Stahnke and his son, Herman—as recorded in the Julesburg *Free Press* whose yellowed files

are preserved by the Denver Historical Society—illustrates his brutal tactics and his lust for blood.

German-born immigrants from Ohio en route to Oregon, the Stahnkes left their wives and families in covered wagons on the town's outskirts and went into Julesburg's Blue Moon saloon for a drink of beer. The date was August 3, 1862.

Sam, who was in the saloon, went up to the bar and without preliminary accused the younger Stahnke of robbing a pony express rider at nearby Big Springs, Nebraska, the preceding day.

Herman denied participation in, or even knowledge of, the robbery, mumbling with fright and in broken English, "I was riding in my wagon in the immigrant train all day yesterday. I got a hundred witnesses. Besides I'm an honest farmer, Mister Sheriff. I never stole nothing in my whole life."

Sam promptly shot him, saying over Herman's dead body, "That'll teach you to talk back to the law, you goddam foreigner."

Herman's father, Gus, stared unbelievably at his dead son's body. Then he cursed mightily and lunged for Sam. But Sam shot the old man in the face, despite the fact that the elder Stahnke was unarmed and almost twice his age.

Nothing was done about the incident; ostensibly Sam was interrogating possible suspects to the robbery and was within his legal rights. But the editor of the *Free Press*, Adam Harrison, reported in his little weekly that Sam was getting to be a little too free and easy with his guns, and that, in his opinion, the Stahnkes' deaths were cold-blooded murders.

The fact that editor Harrison was shot and killed by Sam one dark night a month later—Sam allegedly mistook Harrison for a wanted gunman—caused a few adverse comments around town.

But on the whole Sam's local standing was not diminished by the demise of editor Harrison, maybe because Harrison had riled many a citizen by his tactless habit of calling a spade a spade in his little publication.

In fact Sam's popularity actually (*Continued on page 56*)





The heavy slug found its mark—in Mirando's back. The madman was dead as he crumpled into a pool of his own blood.



On the night of February 1st, he called his mother. "I'm going to kill you—and all of the others," he snarled. "You have only five more days left to live!"



On the way to the hospital, a fellow officer administered first aid to Leman who had risked his life to stop the potential killer before he escaped.

# SHOWDOWN in a BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE

**Sidney Leinwohl**

**The New York Detective Bureau**

**H**E was a madman—and he had sworn a blood-oath to murder his mother! It was our job to track him down and to stop him before he killed. And the odds against us were 8,000,000-to-one! For Michael Mirando was hiding behind the anonymity of an assumed name. He could be anywhere in the teeming concrete jungle of New York City. And we were powerless.

"At least we know what he looks like," my partner, Al Silverbloom, grunted without enthusiasm. He had been thumbing through the sheaf of photographs the lunatic's terrified mother gave us when she retained our firm to find her son and send him back to a mental institution.

"It's damned little to go on," I observed sourly. "We can't go around asking eight million people

if they've seen this guy. We don't even have a lead . . ."

"How well I know," Al greeted, getting out of his chair and moving to the window. He wiped a wide streak across the steamy pane and stared down at the crowds flowing along the sidewalks. It was winter and the streets were covered with slush.

"Mirando's record stinks!" my partner exclaimed. "He's been in the loony-bins before. He's psychotic, a pathological killer-type. The full fury of his insanity is being directed at his family. If we don't find him in the next few days. . ."

It was one hell of an assignment for a private detective agency to be handed. Our first impulse had been to turn the case down.

"Please—please, help (*Continued on page 45*)





# My Two Years with the NAGA HEADHUNTERS

by Wilmot Burnside

**If they hadn't sent the  
Gurkhas in after us, I might  
still be a blood member of  
Assam's most savage tribe.**

**W**E WERE spread out in a thick growth of basonta bushes about 40 miles east of Mokakchung, and looking down on the cow-path that the Indian troops would have to use in order to reach our village. My brother-in-law, Scind, and his group of Angami Nagas, covered the southern approach to the path. My group was held in reserve, ready to charge out when Scind's warriors sprang their ambush. Our combined forces, I figured, should be enough to take care of the punitive expedition that the Tahsildar of Golaghat was sending out after us.

It was just turning daylight (*Continued on page 52*)





**I was drawn to Mati immediately, but a foreigner doesn't have casual affairs with a native—and avoid trouble.**



**Scind spoke to me in perfect English and told me how he was preserving tribe by returning to pagan customs.**



**Naga women were as fastidious as their western sisters and spent their free time making themselves attractive.**



**We took up residence in our own two-story hut and I began learning to speak, hunt and fight like a true Naga.**





The entire modeling industry can  
collapse overnight for all Anita London  
cares. She's got more careers to her  
credit than she can possibly handle.

# *The Secret Lives of Anita*











"Why should I waste time dreaming of TV or movie breaks?" says the lovely rodeo champ.







"I can always fall back on my riding—or even pick up where I left off in dental hygiene."







Yook



# SAFARI FOR A COWARD

by Dan Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN CROOK

He remembered everything—the lion roaring, Edgerton screaming. But the one thing he couldn't remember was running.

## FICTION

On the outside of the building the sign read SAFARI, LTD. Captain Sanders glanced briefly at the sign and went inside. The store was empty. Sanders, looking slowly about the room, walked over to the glass topped counter of the show case containing rifles and revolvers. A door stood open in the wall behind the counter. Beyond was an office. There was no sound.

"Anyone home?" Sanders called. His voice boomed cheerily with an innocent quality through the emptiness. There was no answer. He leaned against the counter, hoping he looked casual and somewhat disinterested as he glanced down at the guns. He hoped it did not show in his eyes that he felt neither casual nor disinterested.

He was standing there when he heard (*Continued on page 47*)

With the giant weight crushing down on him he managed to free his right hand. A knife blade gleamed in the sunlight.





# the LONG HAUL HOME

**T**HE green waves, rimmed with white spray, were growing taller and more violent. We were a mighty long way from land, and the gale was rising every minute. I saw, through a curtain of spray, a big dolphin jump out of the water, as if the Gulf were too savage for him. I thought—*Just bring us safe out of this! Let me see Long Island again!*

The 45-foot shrimp boat bucked like a wild cayuse. Bill came up and told me there were flying fish flopping around in the engine room. And the waves were getting bigger.

That whole trip had been a nightmare, with every trouble and danger that nature could throw at us, hitting without let-up. And the dangers had mounted until it seemed

that this must be the finish, that we'd never be able to log those endless miles to dry land. . . .

Six of us took that plane from New York to Houston, Texas. We were sent down by our food processing company to pick up three shrimp boats that had been operating in the beds off Mexico. Our firm had bought them for use off Long Island as skimmers—clamming boats. The six of us were to sail them home, two men to each boat. It sounded like a nice enough job at the start.

The plane left New York the morning of March 21st, 1952. Everything was fine for a while. It was my first flight. I'd worked at a fishing station since the age of twelve, on towboats, clambers, tenders—and now, here I





**We were helpless. While men on shore fought to secure the boats, the twister lashed the canal and sent us spinning like chips in a whirlpool.**

**For nine weeks we took everything the Gulf of Mexico could dream up—including a couple of murderous twisters and a running sea that wouldn't quit.**

**by Capt. Arthur Gildersleeve**

was thousands of feet in the air and loving it. Then, the other side of Washington, the pilot told us that we'd soon be hitting a little rough weather.

"A little rough weather" turned out to be a tornado. First there was some bouncing and rocking, and then without warning the great plane dropped, falling so fast that we were lifted right out of the seats. I don't know how far that first long drop was; it felt like a mile, a big long rockety glide that made me wish I'd walked to the Gulf!

We took about an hour to get through that twister and its attendant rough weather. All I can say is, it was a hell of an introduction to flying. Then at last we set down at Houston

From Houston to Aransas Pass we took a two-motor job that was smaller but felt safer, on account of the cleared weather. Aransas Pass is the Texas town where the shrimp company that owned the boats was located. We made our arrangements there and went down-coast about 100 miles toward Brownsville, where we picked up the three boats.

They were good stout craft, 45-footers with engines that generated 125 horsepower and would give us a speed of as high as 10 knots. We gave them the names our company planned to paint on them—*Skimmer 2*, *Skimmer 3*, *Skimmer 4*. We went over them and we liked what we saw. I felt sure that we hadn't any worries about bringing them safely home.

*(Continued on page 80)*





by J. Bonestell

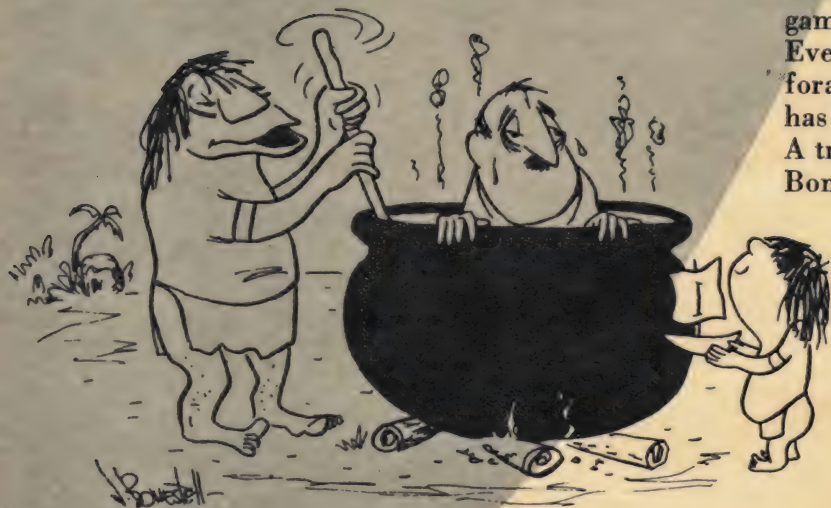
"And you think you can give me trouble?"

# JOKER IN THE JUNGLE



"Whew—are you a lard!"

A strange silence enfolds the jungle. White hunters stalk nervously down game trails. Natives take to their huts. Even the lordly lion refuses to forage for food. What monstrous thing has hit the bush? A plague? A taboo? A tribal war? Hell, no! Cartoonist Bonestell is on the loose again!

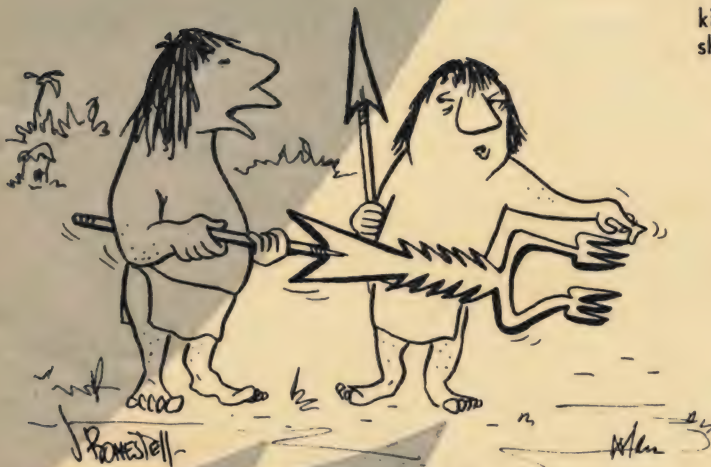


"You know how kids are—do you mind?"





"Daddy will tuck you in—he just slipped out to kill a couple of tigers, boil a missionary and shrink some heads . . . Pleasant dreams now."



"It's nice for in-fighting."



"Ashworth has a deadly fear of ground squirrels."





Unsuspecting white rat has just been placed in cage with deadly African mamba, fails to notice enemy's approach.

# THE KILL 30-SECOND

In Africa, a man is ten times luckier than a rat. One bite from a mamba, and the rat is finished in half a minute. A man can hold out for five minutes. Second largest poisonous snake in the world (up to 14 feet), the mamba is found only in Africa. Of its five species, none is more feared than the Black Mamba, whose deadly action is shown on the following pages.





The rat is badly overmatched. With split-second lunge, mamba sinks fangs into rat who never knew what bit him.





**In 30 seconds it's all over; rat is dead. Snake now moistens fur for easier swallowing. No mamba eats rats dry.**

**Placing jaws over victim, mamba starts ingesting. Rats are always downed head first so legs won't jam in throat.**







As more of rat vanishes, snake's jaws open wider to accommodate body. Animal is swallowed whole, never chewed.

Twenty minutes after lethal blow, mamba has engorged the body. Only sign of rat is tail hanging from snake's mouth.





# THE WILD BUNCH

by Noah Gordon

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE MINNEY

**For all the loot they could carry and all the women they could handle, they were willing to sail to the very edge of the earth.**

**O**N THE island of Greenland, somewhere in an area which is now covered by a U.S. heavy-bomber airfield, there once stood a mead house. It was many centuries ago, and it was the desolate country's only tavern. The place was called Brattahlid. As taverns go it wasn't much, being only four stone walls and a scraggly turf roof. But it was the only public dispenser of triple-distilled liquid cheer on all of Greenland, and its services were prized by the rough native folk.

Inside the tavern Vikings mingled with farmers and fish-

ermen, squatting before the blazing peat fire or sitting at the long common table, tankards of mead in hand. A serving wench, beyond the age of dewy freshness, passed the flagons with a switch-hipped insolence that kept her appreciative male audience roaring with ribald laughter. In the coldest and darkest corner of the room a hunchbacked bard sat cross-legged on a bearskin, softly plucking his lyre as he murmured the saga of Lodi and the Fire.

Seated apart from the rest, as befit a stranger, Thorn the Lonely sipped his flagon of fermented honey water and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

**This was revenge. The screams of the maimed and dying filled the night as they butchered the islanders at will.**





**BOOK BONUS**  
*For Men Only*





# WILD BUNCH

continued

took in the merry-making with interested but watchful eyes. He was dressed like the other men in the room, in a thong-bound suit of animal hides. But the wolf's head decorating his helmet, instead of the deer or bull's horns affected by Greenlanders, marked him a foreigner. And in 1002 A.D. a foreigner could die a quick death if he forgot himself long enough to drop his guard. Occasionally a drunken herdsman or farmer, catching sight of the stranger's odd headgear, would start to mouth a witticism, but a glance at Thorn's icy grey eyes and the heavy battle axe which rested across his knees would choke the words off.

One man in particular Thorn watched. He sat at the head of the common table and presided over it, a giant of a man, the tallest in the room. He wore no helmet, and his loose red and grey mane fell almost to his shoulders. At an age when most men begin to stoop, his shoulders were large and square, and the respect men held for him was attested by the fact that he sat alone at his end of the table while the other end was shared by three sailors.

Thorn could see at once that he was a reveler, for he sat there downing tankard after tankard in huge gulps, singing coarse sailor's ditties and pinching the serving wench until she squealed whenever she came into range of his hamlike hand. The wizened bard watched him with the devotion of a dog for his master, delighting in his bawdy antics and thanking him silently with his eyes whenever the tall man directed a tankard to be brought to the musician.

However, Thorn saw that others watched the tall Viking with something less than the bard's pleasure. The three mariners at the far end of the table conversed in sullen monotonies as they drank. The nose of one of the seamen had been split down the middle, and Thorn noticed how it throbbed red as the man's temper possessed him, until finally he pounded the table and spoke up. "Eric, we would speak with you."



They set about felling the straightest trees, then cut them into logs and hauled them by bullock to the ship.

The tall man peered through the peat smoke, trying to pierce the alcohol curtain that covered his eyes. Finally he recognized the speaker and smiled lazily. "Ah, it is you, Ivar No-Nose. I thought that you would be out to sea with my daughter's boat."

"No one is out to sea," the man complained. "There is no wind. The mists lie heavy and low. The fish elude our nets. And do you know why?"

The tall man lifted his tankard and swallowed for a long time. Then he looked across the table. "Truly, I do not."

"It is because of Leif, your son, and the foreign devil Christus whom he worships in place of Odin. It has been months since he ordered that the sacrifices be stopped, and the gods are angry."

The thought seemed to sober Eric. "Odin is powerful," he admitted gloomily. "I will talk with Leif."

The man with no nose shook his head. "That is not enough," he said. "We know that you have already done so, many times. You must banish him from Greenland." He pounded the table in front of him and leaned on it, staring balefully at the older man. "And if you do not . . ."

A silence had fallen over the room as thick as the smoke from the peat fire. "And if I do not?" asked Eric. His voice was still gentle, and filled with a kind of amusement. Suddenly the bard began to sing a familiar song. It was the saga of Eric the Red. Its lyric told how as a young man in Norway, Eric had killed in anger and had been banished to North Iceland, where he had killed in anger and had been banished to South Iceland, where he had killed in anger and had led his followers to start the colony on Greenland.

"And if I do not?" Eric the Red asked again. He stood, and if he had appeared tall while he lounged in his chair, he looked giant-like looming over the table.

"If—if you do not—then surely Odin will wreak his anger on all of us."

Eric smiled again. "Let us hope not," he said softly, and his blue eyes hardened as they held Ivar's glance for a long moment. He sat down and his voice mellowed as he signaled for another flagon of mead. The hunchback's lyre struck up a gay air of love and Viking conquest, and the hubbub of many voices talking at once filled the crowded room.

Thorn smiled to himself. It was as he had thought; the old man at the table was the fabled Eric the Red, whom he had come to Iceland to seek out.

Presently Eric summoned the bard to his side and the tall man and the hunchback, looking more than ever like dog and master, left the tavern. Thorn saw that Ivar and his two companions waited only until the heavy door had swung shut before they hurried out after them. Thorn noticed that all three were armed with dirks. Thoughtfully he curled his fingers around the handle of his battle hammer. Graven in the sharp stone head were the letters D-O-O-M. True to its name, the hammer had proven doom to many men in the few years he had owned it, and he grasped it now and hurried out into the night.

Ahead of him in the gloom he could see the figures of the three sailors, hurrying to overtake the tall man, and even as Thorn broke into a run they attacked the Viking leader from behind.

"Eric the Red!" Thorn shouted, and the noise of his voice seemed to fill the world. Eric turned just in time to knock the man with no nose aside with one back-handed blow of his huge fist. Drunk or sober, the old man was a fighter, and a thrill of admiration shot up Thorn's spine as he ran along the rough trail to join the fray. The little hunchback was laughing like a child, while with his lyre he worried the head of the stunned Ivar, who was trying to crawl away.

The other two now had their dirks out. They held them palms up, like experienced knife-fighters who had brawled in all the hell-holes of the world, and the old Viking faced



them with his bare hands as they moved in on him. A battle-cry filled Thorn's throat and spilled out into the night. He held the leather thong at the end of his axe handle and whirled the hammer over his head.

It was enough for the sailors. After one startled glance they flew into the darkness, followed by the slightly slower Ivar. Eric stood there and watched them go, his huge frame shaking with laughter. "Well, Tyrker, my old comrade," he said to the hunchback, "we can still strike a good blow, eh?" He looked at Thorn, swaying drunkenly as he tried to focus his eyes. "Still we owe you thanks, friend," he said. "Let us go back to the mead house, so that I may buy you a drink . . ."

It was with difficulty that Thorn convinced him that he no longer felt a desire for liquor. By the time the explanation had been made, Eric no longer could have made the trip back to the tavern, anyway. The excitement of the fight seemed to have made him drunker than he had been before, and now his knees were buckling.

"You lead the way to his home," Thorn told the smiling bard. He threw the Viking's arm around his shoulder. Then, while the little man led the way down the trail, he half-carried, half-led Eric the Red home to his pillow. And as he staggered under the old man's weight he learned the lyrics to one of the most obscene sea-chanties he had ever heard, sung in a deep voice that was half honey whiskey and half north wind.

When he awoke the next morning, the house guest of the man whose name had made him tremble with excitement all his life, Thorn lay in his bed and thought of the crowded events of the night before. He looked around him curiously. The small room was sparsely furnished with only a bed and a small wooden bench. The beauty of the bed and the bench took his breath away, however. They were richly and intricately carved, and told the story of long winter days in a treeless land where wood was precious. Thorn remembered hearing that Eric had once killed a man over a bedstead in Iceland and he wondered whether this was the bed.

There were voices in the next room, and Thorn arose and dressed. Eric was seated at a table with a younger man and a woman. He looked wrathful, and his voice was querulous as Thorn entered the room. "Odin is angry, Leif," he was saying. "And so are the people. They say that Jesus is a devil who will bring bad luck to us all." He turned angrily to the girl. "And you, Freydis, keep a tighter rein on your man. Your no-nosed boat captain tried to kill me last night. Tell him that next time I see him he's a dead man."

"Ivar?" the girl asked in astonishment. She was dark for a Norsewoman, and had sullen, smoldering eyes.

"Ivar," Eric said. He caught sight of Thorn standing in the doorway and his face lost its stern lines. "And here is the man who kept me from the place of the dead," he said. "Sit with us and tell us your name."

"I am from Iceland, like yourselves," Thorn told them. "I come from the village of Endfjord."

"Endfjord!" Leif exclaimed. "My father spent many years there."

"I know," Thorn said. He looked at Eric the Red. "You are well known in Endfjord. You are deemed an outlaw in all of Iceland, but there are those in my village who remember you with kindness."

"What is your name?" asked Freydis. She examined him with frank interest, her stare as boldly searching as any man's who looks over a woman he would like to possess. Thorn met her glance, in one split second taking in her full-breasted maturity and hungry eye, then he looked away in confusion. A prickle of alarm ran down his spine. *I must avoid her*, he thought.

"My name is Thorn."



**Suddenly he dropped the net. Lightfoot stared at him unafraid as he picked her up and carried her to shore.**

"Is it that you draw blood whenever you touch someone?" Freydis asked mockingly.

"It is because I was a thorn in my mother's flesh," Thorn said. "I had no father. He was a Viking who left Endfjord before I was born. My mother named me well." He was conscious of the tall man's eyes searching his face fixedly.

"What was your mother's name?" Eric the Red asked in a low voice.

Thorn looked him square in the eye. "Her name was Northessa," he said.

"I thought so," Eric said. He stared at the youth somberly. "You look like her. Is your mother well?"

"She is dead," Thorn said. "She asked me to give you this, should we ever meet." From beneath his kirtle he drew a deerthong which hung around his neck; tied to it was a ring of beaten silver, and this he handed to Eric.

"And what is your purpose in coming to Greenland?" Eric asked. He eyed Thorn's great battle-axe, Doom, which stood in the corner, and he watched the youth out of narrowed eyes. It was not uncommon for a young man to swear a blood oath to kill someone who had wronged his mother, and if vengeance were on Thorn's mind Eric wanted to be prepared.

Thorn smiled. "I came to return a ring, to see my father and to seek employment," he said.

A great grin split Leif Ericsson's weather-beaten face. He clapped Thorn on the shoulder, a mighty blow, and grinned to see the younger man's knees buckle slightly under the impact. "You've done all three, my new half-brother," he said. "We're still a young colony, and if we're to survive we'll need every pair of hands we can get."

Freydis' face was a mixture of many things. In her mind she had already enlisted this husky young viking into her army of lovers. Incest was a (Continued on page 62)



★ ★ ★ ★  
**FINAL**

FOR **MEN** ONLY

★ ★ ★ ★  
**FINAL**

A ROUNDUP OF ITEMS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD

# --UNCENSORED

## Cow-lypso

OSHAWA, ONTARIO—Calypso music is being used on a farm here to encourage cows to produce more milk. The Canadian farmer reports that three extra cans of milk daily have resulted.

## Faces of Dream Men on Panties

LONDON—Anne Wilkinson, a model and amateur artist, has started a new fad. She paints faces of favored males on lace panties. On her own scanties, however, just one face appears: that of Gregory Peck.

## Man in Sea Casket Baffles Paris

PARIS—The case of the nude man's body in a coffin fished up from the Bay of Biscay will probably remain a mystery. Neither French police nor Scotland Yard have been able to identify the man, who was wrapped in old newspapers and had his hands loosely tied behind with a leather belt. The man, aged about 45 and six feet tall, was fished up by a trawler and buried later in a seaman's grave, marked "name and nationality unknown."



INDECENT BURIAL

## Took Mock-Up of Murdered Girl to Nightclubs

DUSSELDORF, GERMANY—When the "Monster of Dusseldorf" prowled these streets, this was known as the Murder Capital of Europe. Women were forced to carry pepper for self-protection. Between 1929 and 1930, 16 women were butchered and 60 more savagely slashed by the Monster.

At one point, to dramatize the situation, a Chief-Inspector of police took the clothes of a girl whose head had been crushed by the Monster, put them on a lifelike dummy of the victim. Then he paraded the mannikin in a coffin through all the local nightspots.

These bizarre happenings were brought up recently when observers questioned whether Peter Kurtin, who confessed to the Monster's crimes and was executed, was not an innocent lunatic. If so, the Monster still may stalk abroad—and Dusseldorf may again become the Murder Capital.

## Red Pop Fizzles

WARSAW, POLAND—A fierce battle is raging among city bosses over *Pola-Cola*, a carbonated all-Communist beverage supposed to combat the insidious influence of American soft drinks.

*Pola-Cola* was ready to meet the public with loud drumbeating, posters of pretty girls, etc. Among other things, it was supposed to counteract the Polish tendency to absorb too much vodka on Saturday night. Then the Warsaw Sanitary and Epidemiology Dept. horned in and banned the beverage as containing caffeine in an amount damaging to the heart. The newspaper *Zycie Warszawy* lashed back, claiming that "according to experts one cup of black coffee contains as much caffeine as four bottles of *Pola-Cola*." The paper hinted that sinister ideological motives lay behind the ban.

## "One of Our Islands Is Missing . . ."

WASHINGTON, D.C.—"Please help us—one of our islands has drifted away." This is the message from the U.S. Air Force to all airmen operating in the Arctic Circle. It seems that the island—known as T-3 or Fletcher's Island—has floated completely away from its last charted position, 300 miles north of Ellesmere Island. And the island is needed right now—as a team of scientists are waiting to make a study of temperatures on T-3.

## Priest Bottled First Beer

CAIRO, EGYPT—In the year 7000 B.C., Egyptians were guzzling beer of sorts out of open vessels. Bottled beer was invented accidentally by a priest who had to hide his belongings from religious persecutors. Weeks later he opened a bottle he'd filled with beer and found the drink vastly improved.

Beer reached its all-time peak, in the court of Henry VIII of England, no mean tosspot. One of his attendant ladies drank 32 pints each day, starting with a gallon for breakfast.



8,000 YEARS OLD—BUT GOOD





HAREM FARM

### Ex-Nazi Brass Now Run Teenage Slave Mill

KUFRA OASIS, LIBYA—The early morning sun shines on the naked bodies of a row of lovely young girls. In the shade of the sand-mud buildings a blond man in a pith helmet and shorts barks words of command. Rhythmically the girls respond to his orders; their bodies must be fit for kings...

This is a daily scene at this desert beauty school—the grimmest school in the world. Every one of these young girls is a slave with a price on her smooth, budding figure (it may run well over \$700). Each is training to take her place in one of the little harems of the new middle-class that has sprung up in oil-rich Saudi Arabia.

This is how one British civil servant describes the setup: "The farm is run by a syndicate of ex-Nazi military officers—remnants of Rommel's Afrika Korps. They deserted when the North Africa campaign was on its last legs and disappeared into the Saharan Hills south of Algeria.

"The farm is big and is run scientifically in the manner of a stud, with special attention to blood strains, to produce the desired results. It sends 5,000 slaves every year to Arabia... It is nothing but a human incubator."

Morning after morning the young bodies glisten in the sun... and the money rolls in. The slave business has never been better.

### Dogs Shouldn't Happen to Japs

TOKYO—The Japanese, now democratized, feel that democracy may have gone too far in the case of native dogs. Frets the newspaper *Mainichi*: "The people of Europe love dogs even more than we Japanese and there are also more dogs there... But conversely, there seems to be less fighting among the dogs and far less howling than in Japan."

### Formed Diner Club To Eat Husbands

LEOPOLDVILLE, BELGIAN CONGO—A Belgian official recently visited an outlying tribe and sensed something not quite right in the air. He queried the men and women, until finally one male confessed his fears: "The women have formed a special society... each month they get together and feast on a dead husband."

The wives scoffed at the claim. "Ridiculous" they said. But officials began to piece evidence together, bit by bit.

One day the main investigator brought in a witch doctor. "He will call back the dead," he said, as the old man began to chant. One of the women became hysterical. "I'll confess," she cried. "As long as the soul of my husband is kept from me."

Then the truth came out. Each man had been killed by a blow on the head while he slept. The body was then cut up, cooked and eaten by the widow and a select group of lady friends.

The confessions put an end to the unorthodox diner's club. But marital relationships in the village have never been quite the same. Somehow, romance has gone out of these marriages.

### Put Finger On Gloved Crooks

CHELMSFORD, ENGLAND—Fingerprints solved 250 Essex crimes last year, although many of the offenders took the precaution of wearing gloves. Explained the police report: "Crooks are not always well dressed and their gloves often have holes."

### The Place to Find Do-It-Yourself Blondes

AMMAN, JORDAN—If you're a bachelor and hunting for blondes, you'd do well to look into the blonde market in Jordan. Living in this predominantly dark-skinned nation are 15,000 big, beautiful Circassian women, whose tribe fled here from Russia's Caucasus mountains in the 19th century.

These women, who were once considered essential to any first-class Turkish harem, are noted for their phenomenal mechanical aptitude—and would be an asset in any man's basement workshop.

### Glide the World in Four Hours

WALLOPS ISLAND, VA.—Passenger-carrying gliders which will go halfway around the world in two hours are coming, say scientists here. The gliders have been made possible by research into intercontinental ballistic missiles; like the missiles, these hypersonic skimmers will take off under rocket power; travel to altitudes of 25-30 miles at speeds over 3,300 mph.



AFRICA'S MAN-EATING WIDOWS

### It Takes 26 Cycles To Steady His Nerves

NANCY, FRANCE—A man arrested for stealing a motorcycle admitted the theft of 25 others. "Every time I have a fight with my wife I go out and take a motorcycle," said he. "It's the only thing that steadies my nerves."

The judge remained unconvinced.

### Hero Flyers Watched The Fjord Go By

NARSARSSUAK, GREENLAND—The landing strip at this isolated air base is 40 miles up a jagged, L-shaped fjord which is two and a half miles wide at the broadest point. Soon after rounding the bend of the L, the flyer must find the second of two notches on the left bank; at the second notch, he makes a right turn—which should line him up with the runway. But if he misses—there's nothing but 7,000-foot cliffs to run into.

When three B-26 bombers got lost in a snowstorm, Capt. Milt McCurry and Capt. Curtis Strong went out from the base in their Grumman Albatross to bring them through. Leading the lost planes through the blinding snow, Strong and McCurry had to drop altitude so that they were flying between the steep, rocky sides of the fjord. This meant that the rescue plane must fly in dead-center of the fjord to keep the B-26's from smashing into the banks.

At the landing strip, smudge pots were lit, and every available vehicle was lined up with headlights blazing. Cpts. Strong and McCurry guided the planes to the runway, then had to climb out of the way, just skimming the 7,000 foot cliffs. One plane skidded on landing and was halted by a crash barrier—but all hands landed safely. All agreed, after thanking the rescuers, that there would be no fjord in their future.



# MEDICAL ROUNDUP

## FOR MEN ONLY

by Sheldon Reese

**FOR SLEEPY DRIVERS**—To cut down highway accidents due to fatigue and loss of alertness, it's safe to take Dexedrine—but only if you're a "selected patient." An Ohio State professor warns that before the drug is prescribed the driver should be examined to see if his causes of fatigue and sleepiness need medical care. For



"uncomplicated" sleepiness on the road, a driver should rest once in a while, avoid prolonged driving and concentrate on the road. A trial dose of Dexedrine should be given to make the driver familiar with the effects before the drug is taken while at the wheel. He should understand that he must rest if Dexedrine fails to relieve his fatigue. Staying awake for as long as 48 hours does not impair mental ability, body chemistry or metabolism.

**DIET FOR ACNE**—Young men being treated with cortisone or ACTH for long periods are apt to break out with acne. The skin disease, says a leading dermatologist, may be remedied by restricting fluid intake, eliminating salt and salt-containing foods and cutting down on fruit and succulent vegetables which have a lot of fluid. Potassium chloride should be used freely in cooked foods because it promotes normal skin growth.

**NIGHT VISION CLUE**—To help diagnose a mental illness, night vision tests on men may be used by psychiatrists. It seems that mental patients can't see as well at night as normal men, a London psychologist reports. The effect is like putting smoked glasses before a person's

eyes. Similar results occur when a man lacks oxygen, as in high-altitude flying or when there's a sugar deficiency in his blood. In fact, oxygen deficiency has been reported in psychotics and often in neurotics.

**BAD BREATH**—It can be garlic or onions but it's not constipation that causes bad breath. The two main sources are either the mouth or the breathing tract and your doctor can tell which is the culprit by having you seal your mouth and blow forcibly from your nose. The halitosis may come from an upper respiratory infection such as nasal sinusitis with post-nasal drip, bronchitis or tonsillitis. If the mouth is the halitosis source, the origin can be a coated tongue, pyorrhea, food lodged between teeth, cavities or false teeth. Dental floss or mouth washes can help somewhat and your dentist should eliminate conditions leading to accumulation of food debris.

**OVER-DIAGNOSIS**—Many a leg is amputated needlessly because a doctor believes a bone tumor looks like a cancer, charges a Los Angeles orthopedic surgeon. In such cases, later examination may reveal that the tumor was benign, not malignant. When these bone tumors are sus-



pected, they should be carefully checked before rushing the patient into the operating room. Moreover, surgery is rarely a cure. In two series of cases, one group treated with X-rays had a better rate of survival than another batch of patients whose legs were cut off.

**WATCH THOSE TICKS!**—Although originally found only in the West, Rocky Mountain spotted fever is now reported from all sections of the U. S. The disease, marked by a dusky red skin eruption, has been traced to the dog tick and wood tick. It can be mild, severe and sometimes fatal. Symptoms include headache, chills, high fever, aches and pains in muscles and joints. The skin outbreak starts on the wrists and ankles, spreads to other parts



of the body, and always involves the palms and soles. Gangrene of the genitals may occur. Best prevention is to remove a tick as soon as possible, says a Virginia doctor who made a study of the disease. That means frequently inspecting your scalp, skin and clothing if you're in a tick-infested area. A vaccine is available but it must be taken each year. Antibiotics like aureomycin and terramycin, if used promptly, are likely to prove effective.

**BRIEFS**—There seems to be a definite link between type O blood and peptic ulcers. Well over half of the ulcer patients studied by Iowa doctors were found to have type O. . . . GI's will soon get their vaccine shots from a spray gun instead of a hypodermic needle. The automatic jet injection syringe developed by Army medics uses a high-speed spray that takes less than a second to penetrate the tissue beneath the skin. . . . A new drug called Disipal has been hailed as an "invaluable aid" in treating Parkinson's disease (shaking palsy), a progressive nervous disorder of later life. It's especially helpful in combating muscular rigidity, giving the patient freer movement.





## Showdown In Brooklyn

Continued from page 21

me," Mrs. Josephine Mirando had begged earlier that January morning in 1955.

"Why don't you go to the police?" I asked her, as gently as possible. "They can handle this whole thing much better than we can . . ."

"No! Please, not the police," the distraught mother sobbed. "He's my son. After all, Michael is my son . . ."

You have to be hard-boiled to turn down a plea like that. I wasn't up to it. Neither was Al. We agreed—reluctantly.

Almost two hours were required to get all the information from Mrs. Mirando. It all added up to a grim picture, but there was little enough of the kind of data we would need to help us track down the elusive madman. Michael Mirando was 31. He had served in the Army as an X-ray technician during World War II. After being discharged, he had studied to be a chiropractor under the GI Bill. He completed the course—and tried vainly for several years to set up his own practice.

With each successive failure, Mirando became progressively more moody, despondent and irrational. There were periods when he raged violently about the house.

"I—I didn't know what to do," Mrs. Mirando told us. "I finally sent him to a psychiatrist."

First one, then several psychiatrists examined Michael Mirando. Their verdict was unanimous. For his own safety as well as that of his family he would have to be committed to a mental institution.

**J**UST two years before, he had been sent to Kings Park, Long Island, State Hospital. After more than four months of care and treatment, he showed considerable improvement and was discharged in May, 1953. For a short time, he acted normally. Then, seized by a sudden urge, he moved away, informing no one of his new address. As far as friends and family knew, he had simply disappeared.

"Then, a few weeks ago, he started to telephone me, at all hours of the night," his mother stated. "He's kept it up ever since. He—he swears that he's going to kill me!"

Mirando had promised to kill not only his mother, but others in his family. His warped mind had conceived a hideous plan, which he repeated over the telephone, a plan to commit murder!

The last call had come the day before. He swore then that he would begin his orgy of slaughter within a week. He warned his mother not to tell anyone. "I'm watching you. If you say anything,

I'll just kill you sooner. You can't find me. I'm using a fake name." Then he hung up . . .

We put five of our men on the case that afternoon. They were ordered to question all relatives, friends and acquaintances of the madman. We knew it was a wild hope, but there was a chance we might turn up something that way. "Start in Brooklyn—in Bay Ridge—where the family lives," Al growled. "Get all the information you can, but for God's sake work fast. We don't have much time."

My partner and I concentrated on getting what facts we could over the telephone. We called Mirando's former instructors and class-mates in the chiropractic school he attended. Nothing. By mid-afternoon, it was apparent we were running into blind alleys. The ex-soldier had literally vanished, leaving no trace.

Reports from our men in the field were equally discouraging. No one in Michael's old neighborhood remembered seeing him for several months. "He liked to visit some of the Greenwich Village bars that college kids hang around when he went to school," an operative informed us. "But that was years ago."

We sent two men armed with photographs of Mirando to Manhattan, with instructions to make the rounds of the Village ginmills, cafes and nightspots.

"Thanks, doc," I muttered, hanging up. "Thanks—for nothing."

We didn't leave the office until well past midnight. When we did, it was with the knowledge that we had drawn blanks all along the way. "Let's sleep on it, kid," Al suggested. But I couldn't sleep after I got home. The thought of a murderous madman, loose and prowling the streets, was bad enough. The realization that we knew who he was and who his victims would be, and still couldn't stop him, unnerved me.

I saw that my partner was as gaunt and hollow-eyed as I when I checked into the office next morning. We nodded to each other. Neither of us wanted to say it first. "I think we'd better call Mrs. Mirando," I finally grunted. "We've got to try convincing her that this is a matter for the police."

Al agreed. He telephoned the woman. I watched his face while he listened to her. It was obvious the call had been useless. "She still says no," he said as he put the receiver back on its cradle. "No cops!"

We tried to change her mind again the next day after continued investigations proved fruitless. Private detective agencies don't work free of charge. The cost

of the hunt we were conducting was mounting. We felt it only fair to try and save our client this expense, especially since we had no indication that we would be successful. But mother love was stronger than any financial consideration. Mrs. Mirando was willing to sacrifice everything to save her mad son from the disgrace of a police arrest, and to make apprehension and commitment as easy for him as she could.

"We'll just have to keep trying!" my partner rasped. "A woman like that who's willing to risk even her life for her kid deserves a hell of a lot!" And the routine check went on. We tried the Veterans Administration, employment agencies, every place we could think of. Nothing. The Greenwich Village lead petered out. No one had seen Michael Mirando.

On the night of February 1, 1955, he telephoned his mother again. "I'll kill you in five days!" he snarled. "You and the others. You have only five days to live!"

**T**HERE was no way to trace the call. In desperation, Al gathered up all reports and data we had on Mirando and we went to Bellevue Hospital to consult with one of New York's leading psychiatric experts. "What can you tell me about this man?" Al asked bluntly.

The doctor spent the better part of an hour studying our notes; then he called Kings Park Hospital and engaged in a lengthy and highly technical conversation with the doctors who had taken care of Michael. Then he turned back to us. "This is largely guesswork, based on fact," he declared, "but there are several things that become apparent. I think I can give you a fairly comprehensive character sketch of the man."

The psychiatrist wrinkled his brow and tapped the file-folders in front of him with his long, slender hand. "Mirando is dangerous. There's no question about that. But he's also a studious type. He loves to read. If his mind hadn't snapped, he would probably be considered brilliant and be successful in whatever he attempted. However, he's lazy and refuses to work at anything but what he considers his chosen field, chiropractic."

"Another facet of his personality indicates that he's insecure in the sense that he's really quite dependent on his mother emotionally. It's this very element that makes him want to kill her. Under these circumstances, I think it's highly unlikely that he would move very far from where she lived and where he, himself, once made his home."

Al and I blinked and stared at the brain-doctor. "I would guess that you'll find your man living not too far from his parents' house. He's probably unemployed, or at best working only now and then. I think he spends most of his spare time haunting libraries. There's little chance that he ever left New York City—or even Brooklyn, for that matter."

It was all we had. Al and I were ready to grab at any straw, no matter how thin or frail. We split up, each of us carrying photos of Mirando. It was February 3rd, and time was running out. We made the rounds of the libraries in Brooklyn. I started with the one at Grand Army Plaza. One or two of the clerks thought



they might have seen the man whose picture I showed them, but they weren't certain.

It was Al who hit paydirt. The librarian at a branch in downtown Brooklyn recognized Miranda. "Yes, of course. He's an avid reader. He comes in several times a week," she smiled. "He's a little peculiar, but very intelligent."

Al almost swallowed the dead cigar stub he was chewing. "Do—do you know his name?" he asked.

**T**HE girl thought for a few seconds. "Yes, I believe I do. It's Jorgenson. I've often wondered why a Scandinavian should have such dark hair and eyes."

A check of library records showed that Henry Jorgenson, of 191 Berkeley Place, Brooklyn, was probably the man for whom we were searching. The information was telephoned to us the next morning. "We'll handle this ourselves," Al decided. "I don't want any slipups."

We contacted Mrs. Miranda. She signed the necessary papers giving us authority to have her son committed. She insisted on accompanying us when we went after him. After we begged her not to, she insisted on at least remaining across the street from the house. "He's my son, gentlemen," she said simply.

Mirando was not home when we first visited the rooming house at 191 Berkeley. We decided it best to have a city policeman with us just in case. A call to the precinct station brought immediate response. Contrary to anything you read in Private Eye thrillers, police and private investigators cooperate with each other.

Patrolman James Leman, a husky, 25-year-old officer, joined us. It was late afternoon. Jorgenson-Mirando returned to his room at 6:00 P.M. and we went in after him. I knocked on the door to his third floor room. He opened it and his dark eyes filled with hate and anger at the sight of the patrolman.

"Hello, Michael," I began. "Mind if we come in?"

He backed away from the door. The three of us followed. "You are Michael Mirando, aren't you?" I asked, as quietly as I could. He nodded vacantly. "We'd like to have you come with us, Michael."

"I'll run down to a pay booth and make a telephone call," Al murmured. I nodded. He was going to call for an ambulance.

My partner had been gone only a few seconds when Mirando started to pace the floor. His hands flexed and clenched as he moved. I saw that he was powerfully built. A wild light built up in his eyes. I glanced uneasily at Patrolman Leman. He, too, was watching the pacing madman closely.

Mirando stopped, stock-still. "Okay," he grunted. "Get my coat out of the closet, copper." The officer looked at me to make sure I kept an eye on Michael. Then he turned to go into the closet. Mirando lunged forward, tearing Patrolman Leman's nightstick from the officer's belt. I saw what was happening and tried to stop him, but I was a split-second too late.

Mirando had the club and he swung it with all his might, bringing the wood crashing down on Leman's head. The policeman staggered back, blood gushing from his scalp. I grabbed for Mirando's arm, but the lunatic sensed my movement. He smashed the club down on my hand, swivelled and kicked me in the groin with all the strength of his fury.

Pain drove up from my pelvis. My guts contorted and a black cloud closed down around me. I heard, rather than saw, him swing the nightclub again. It struck Leman on the head. I stumbled to the wall and shook my head to clear it. The policeman was grappling with Mirando. They were rolling on the floor, the madman's hands tearing at the officer's throat. I tried to pull him off.

Leman was dazed by the force of the

insane attack. Mirando straightened up. "I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" he roared, foam flecking his lips. He drove his fist into my belly, then rabbit-punched me as I doubled over. But Leman was on his feet now. He grabbed for the madman, but Michael tore himself from the cop's grasp. He burst through the door and started down the stairs.

Leman stumbled after him. I managed to get out into the hall a moment later and saw the heroic officer throw himself from the top landing in a flying tackle that carried both men down in a flailing, struggling tangle. "Kill! Kill!" Over and over, Mirando shrieked the word.

I started down the stairs. Michael freed himself from Leman's hold and fled once more. The patrolman was after him by the time I reached the landing. The two men pounded down the steps.

The rooming house was alive with the din of screaming women, slamming doors and the shouts of the fugitive. My insides felt as though they had been crushed. Waves of nausea swept over me. I held the bannister and made it to the ground then dragged myself to the front door and stopped. The neighborhood was filling with people attracted by the screams. They poured from adjoining buildings and formed a wide semi-circle around the steps leading to the rooming house.

**O**N the stoop, Leman and Mirando were battling. The madman was beating the officer's head on the concrete of the stoop. Dazed, bleeding, Leman was weakening. I started forward. Mirando kneed Leman and broke away. He headed down the steps, shrieking at the top of his lungs.

The policeman was drawing his revolver. "Stop, Mirando—or I'll shoot!" But he refused to heed the officer's warning. Leman aimed his first shot high. The gun roared, and the spectators scattered like terrified chickens. The shot only spurred Mirando on. Leman had no choice. He shifted his aim and triggered another round. The heavy slug found its mark. He stopped in his tracks as the bullet tore into his back. He was already a dying man when he staggered back, his hands clawing at the icy winter air.

Mirando remained poised like a ballet dancer for a single moment. Then he collapsed, falling into a puddle of warm blood pumping from his body. There was an awful silence. Then a high, piercing cry cut through the rapidly darkening evening. "Michael! My son . . . !"

Mrs. Miranda had been waiting across the street in an automobile, wanting to make sure that her son wasn't hurt when we took him away, wanting one last look at him before the doors of an insane asylum closed behind him.

I helped Leman to his feet. Sirens were already sounding. Ambulances and other police would soon be there. We had done all we could. Patrolman Leman had risked his life and he had not fired until it was the only way left. Yet, somehow, we couldn't look at each other. We were blind and deaf to everything around us. Everything but that piteous, grief-wracked shriek. "Michael! My son! My son . . . !"

END



"Well, the dance was a success, but the patient died."





## Coward

Continued from page 29

footsteps entering from the street. "What're you doing in town?" a voice said.

Without moving his shoulders or body, Sanders glanced over his right shoulder. "I'm broke," he said. "You know that." He smiled awkwardly.

A tall man came across the room. He had a wide, flat face and yellow hair. The tall man's name was Richard White. "I heard you were dead," he said, turning as he spoke, taking off his hat to hang it on a wooden wall peg.

Sanders did not say anything. "Where'd you get clawed?" White asked.

"Across the back."

"How're your arms and legs?"

"All right."

Sanders looked down at the .30-06 Springfield under the counter glass and the metal cased cartridges. It was the same kind of gun he had back in the hotel. He had bought it here. He thought of it and the mounted head of the lion above the door. He liked looking at the gun. It was beautiful. He did not enjoy thinking of the lion because it reminded him of a time he wished were dead and gone. The day he had lost his nerve against a lion no larger than the one over the door. The day he had lost himself. He had never been the same since. White opened the glass case and took out the Springfield. "Some Americans bought three yesterday. It's very good. Lighter than yours. What's new in Kampala?"

"I haven't been there in two months," Sanders said. "I just got out of the hospital." He touched the smooth oiled stock.

"Come in the office," White said. "My feet are tired. I shouldn't walk in this heat."

Sanders followed him into the office. On the walls were mounted heads of African animals, wildebeeste, kudur and buffalo.

"You look like you could use a drink, too," White said.

SANDERS' face was pale from the hospital. He sat down slowly and watched White produce a bottle and two glasses from the desk.

"Everybody said you were dead."

"Not quite," said Sanders. "Not yet."

White poured whiskey into each glass. "Water?"

"No," Sanders shook his head. "Straight is fine. Thank you."

Both men drank. Over the rim of his glass White watched Sanders drink. "I could use a man in here with me."

"I couldn't stand it indoors," Sanders said. "I've been a white hunter too long."

"Maybe too long."

"I'm all right."

"Here, yes. But what about out there?"

Sanders looked at White, his blue eyes were steady, unblinking. "I need a job. Have you got a party?"

White picked up his glass and sipped slowly. He appeared to look past Sanders' head at some point in the room beyond. "I've got two Americans."

"How soon?"

"Couple weeks," White said.

"Have they been out there before?"

Sanders did not like to ask this question, but he was afraid for himself not to know. You could get yourself killed with some complete green-horn who had never shot a gun until now, and now only because he'd just made a packet of money and was looking for ways to spend it. That's what had happened before. He had been lucky it had been only a hospital finish, and not the mortuary. Sanders took a long drink.

"You know you're washed up with everybody else," White said. "I'm taking a chance."

"Haven't you anybody but these Americans?"

"They say they've hunted big game in Canada. Besides, they don't know about you getting wind-up. Everybody who's been out here before has heard about you. You have to re-establish yourself. My old clientele won't have you."

"To hell with them!" No, Sanders thought, I don't have any right to curse them. I saved their necks and shot game for them so they could mount it and claim it as their kill. But that was what I was paid for. They thought I was good. Yes, I was good once—and I will be again!

"They forget all that, after what happened to you. What ever made you do it?" White asked.

"I don't want to talk about it," Sanders said. "If you don't mind."

"Well, I don't blame you. But you mustn't blame me either." White shrugged. "All I can give you is the two Americans."

"I'd like to think about it," Sanders said. He felt the old fear again, thinking of taking two green-horn hunters into the bush. God, that had never bothered him before that damn lion.

"You better not think longer than a day."

"What're they after?"

"A little of everything, I imagine. No elephants or rhino, though."

"I suppose they'll want lion," Sanders said. "I'd like to start with someone—" He ceased, shook his head, took a quick drink.

Sanders did not say anything for a long moment. White wanted to help him be-

cause they were old friends. Of course, it was true also that White would realize more money in hiring him for these Americans because he was a washed-up white hunter and would have to hire out cheaply. He did not want to go because he was still afraid, but he knew he must go or the fear of going would increase daily until he would never be able to go on safari again.

"What're you charging them?" Sanders asked. He knew he had no right to ask this question. That was White's business, but he thought he might surprise him with such a question and get more money before he thought of an adequate answer.

"That's my business," White said. His voice was suddenly sharp. "If you want this job, say so. One hundred and fifty quid."

"I used to—" Sanders said.

"One hundred fifty. Look," White added, but his voice had softened, "you're not the man you were."

"ALL right," Sanders said. For a second he hated White, but he knew he was speaking the truth. He could not hide from that. Nor from the lion. It was still there, always there, in his mind.

"May I have an advance?" asked Sanders. "I'm not exactly flush after those hospital bills."

"I can let you have 30 quid," White opened the desk drawer, took out the money, counted it and Sanders picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"Who's the head boy?"

"Toatano."

"Never heard of him."

"He's a good shot."

"I never heard of him," Sanders said.

"I want a good boy with these two American sprogs."

"He's very good."

"How many safaris has he been on?"

"All right," White said. "He's green, but I trust him. He's got to learn sometime. You can give him the experience he needs."

"I'm not running a school for gun bearers. Not on this trip."

"Then get your own."

"With what? Good boys won't work for shillings!"

"That's up to you," White said. His voice was flat, quite inflectionless. He was not the man Sanders felt he knew. Is he trying to help me, or get me killed? Toatano. Some sprog native!

"I can't help you," White said. "I won't do much more than break even on this party." He looked blankly at Sanders, who knew he was lying—and knew he was being tested. He knew that his old friendship with White was finished, at least until he proved himself, but this was asking too much the first time out. But what can I do? he asked himself. What can I do but bite it off and swallow it?

"All right. Forget your boy; I'll get mine."

"Week from Monday."

"We'll be ready," Sanders stood up.

"Take care of yourself."

Sanders did not look at him. "Don't worry."

"Good luck," White said as Sanders walked through the shop and out into the bright, hot Uganda sunshine. He walked slowly through the noon heat in which



nothing moved, in which the faintest breeze was only motion without coolness. He walked slowly up the steps of the hotel and into the bar. He had not been there for two months. He had gone straight from the train to White's shop. From the hospital he had asked the hotel to store his guns and keep his room for him when he returned.

HE went into the bar and sat on a stool. The bartender turned and looked surprised because Sanders appeared so thin. He smiled. "Well, Captain Sanders, I was wondering if we would see you again, sir. Nice to have you back. What are you drinking, sir?"

"How're you, Henry? Little whiskey, please."

The bartender went away. Sanders sat and looked at his face in the mirror. No wonder Henry looked surprised. It doesn't look like my face, he told himself. Even the room felt strange to him, as if he had been here a long time ago. He was home again here, but he did not feel at home. He felt like another person, as if he were wearing somebody else's face, somebody's else's body.

The bartender brought the drink. "I heard you were in hospital," he said.

Sanders nodded.

"It looks like a good season, sir. Lots of parties. Americans. Are you taking any out?"

"Next week."

"Have you seen Jenkins, Sir? Henry said. "He's been very busy."

Good show, Jenkins, Sanders thought, knowing that Jenkins on whom he had ten years guiding experience probably was getting all the expensive parties now. "I just got back," he said.

"Did you hear about Mr. Porterfield? He got killed."

Sanders sipped his drink. "When?"

"About a month ago. South of Fort Portal—water buffalo."

Sanders could see that Henry was eager to tell him all about it but he did not want to hear about Porterfield. If Porterfield could be killed it could happen to anybody. Why couldn't bartenders learn to shut their mouths? He did not want to hear anything about anybody being killed. He did not want to think about being killed or dying. Not now. He wanted to live now. Eat and drink and let some of the sunlight back into his body and heart. And then hunt again on the plains.

"Give me another drink."

Henry picked up the glass but he did not move. "Have you seen Mr. White, sir?" he asked, going on in his bright, eager voice. "He's doing real well. He had Mr. Jenkins out twice last month. I believe Mr. White is very well connected now with the airlines. He's getting all the American safaris."

"Who's Jenkins' head boy now?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you ever hear him mention Ero-wasi? "Is that his head boy?"

"Sounds like the one he's using."

"Make that drink a double," Sanders said.

Sanders drank his double whiskey, then went to see about getting his old room back. "Sorry, sir," the desk clerk said, "the room is rented but we have a nice one on the fifth floor." Sanders knew it wasn't a nice room because it faced west, but it was cheap. That was important now. He went upstairs and sat on the bed in the room and waited for the porter to bring up his luggage and guns from storage.

He ordered another drink while he waited. When he finished checking the guns it was 3:00 o'clock. He could feel the sun hammering down on the street.

He felt tired. He drew the shutters and in a little while he was asleep and dreaming.

In his mind he was young again, before the war. He had just come out to Africa, full of enthusiasm and love of the land and hunting, the hunting he had always dreamed of back in Scotland. And then it was after the war and he was returning tired, weary. Africa, hunting, the country, his life renewed, his body and mind refreshed. There was the vast plain, covered with game, with the hills rising beyond and the Ruenzori mountains blue against the dying light. It was part of the life he knew, the life of hunting transplanted to jungle and plains. But suddenly now in his head the pleasant dream stopped and the horror was there again.

There was Edgerton, a good white hunter, and they were out in front of the party, going into the bush alone after the wounded lion. Why were Edgerton and he always trying to show each other up? There it was, the wounded lion coming straight out of the bush for Edgerton, and then the other lion, the one they had not known was there, springing, seeming to float through the sunny air, his head getting bigger and bigger.

SANDERS remembered firing, and hearing Edgerton scream, but the bearers couldn't get in a shot either, without hitting Edgerton. Sanders knew he would never forget that instant, the bullets whacking into the roaring beast, and then the wet muzzle of the lion over him, but suddenly the picture blurred, and he could remember nothing except what they told him later in hospital—how he fired four shots and then turned in panic with the beast still charging and ran, how the lion went straight over his body and clawed to death two porters and Edgerton. He could not remember running. He must have fired all his ammunition.

But why should he panic? He had never panicked before. He was always steady. But the lion was right on top of him. Of course, the doctor said every man has his breaking point. But what frightened him so now was Edgerton.

He could not remember how he looked and he had known him ten years. Now in the dream he was down in the grass. He was firing at the lion again, and he was alone and the lion was charging straight through the air. Both lions were there.

Now he could remember dropping his gun and running and all the terrible peril was there again, more so, because he was all alone. He woke suddenly, soaking wet, more frightened than he had been that day the lion charged. He sat up, tried to breathe. Carefully he swung his legs down over the bed. The room was dark. He crossed the floor and opened the shutters. He stood there breathing hard and felt as if his lungs would burst. After a while his breathing subsided.

He went downstairs and outside. The darkness was cool. He called a taxi and rode beyond the lights. A mile from the city he instructed the driver to turn off to the left. The road curved. The taxi bumped along. "Stop," Sanders said suddenly. The thick, tropical barrier loomed on each side of the road. "Wait



"There's one thing consoling in this racket—you don't have to worry about long losing streaks."



here," he added as he got out, and walked across the road into the darkness.

When he had gone 100 yards a hut rose up, a round blob of darkness blacker than the night. He stooped in the door. The air inside was close, fetid. "Erowasi," he called, his voice low. "Who's there?" a voice called from inside. Something moved and came toward Sanders. Overhead the moon suddenly appeared from behind clouds. A big man with a fine, strong Buganda face stepped into the clear moonlight. "Mr. Sanders," the big Buganda smiled. "Captain Sanders."

"Good to see you, Erowasi."

"Mr. Sanders, I never thought I'd see you again."

Sanders smiled. "Only the good die young."

"Don't you be talking like that. I'd been up to see you only—" Erowasi ceased, looked thoughtfully at the ground.

"How you feel, Captain?"

"Fine."

"You're looking mighty thin, sir."

"I want you to help me out," Sanders said. "I need a gun bearer. I have a party going out in a week."

"I can't," Erowasi said. "I'm working for Mr. Jenkins now."

Sanders looked at him. What was the use? What could he expect? Erowasi knew all about him, too. But what could he expect? "I'll talk to Jenkins."

"No, he won't let me."

"I need you," Sanders said. He had never talked like this before to Erowasi. He felt dead and empty having to beg.

"When you going?" Erowasi said.

"A week. I need a good boy. There aren't any better boys around than you."

"Listen, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Jenkins is paying me, and I, well—"

"I know, I can't offer you much," Sanders said.

Erowasi stared at him silently.

"Who's been top man out here 15 years?" Sanders said. Erowasi did not answer. "All I need is one chance and I'll get over it."

"You ought to go to work for Mr. White—in the shop," Erowasi said.

"Would you?"

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"That's all right. Only you're wrong," Sanders said. "You'll see."

**E**ROWASI looked down at the ground.

When he looked up, Sanders was walking away. "Wait," Sanders turned. "Look," the native said. "One condition: If we knock one down in the bush you don't go in alone. I go in first. You wait for me to get him, if he's wounded."

Sanders looked at him. "What will they think? They will be paying me to do that."

"We can tell them to stay back out of sight. They won't know any better."

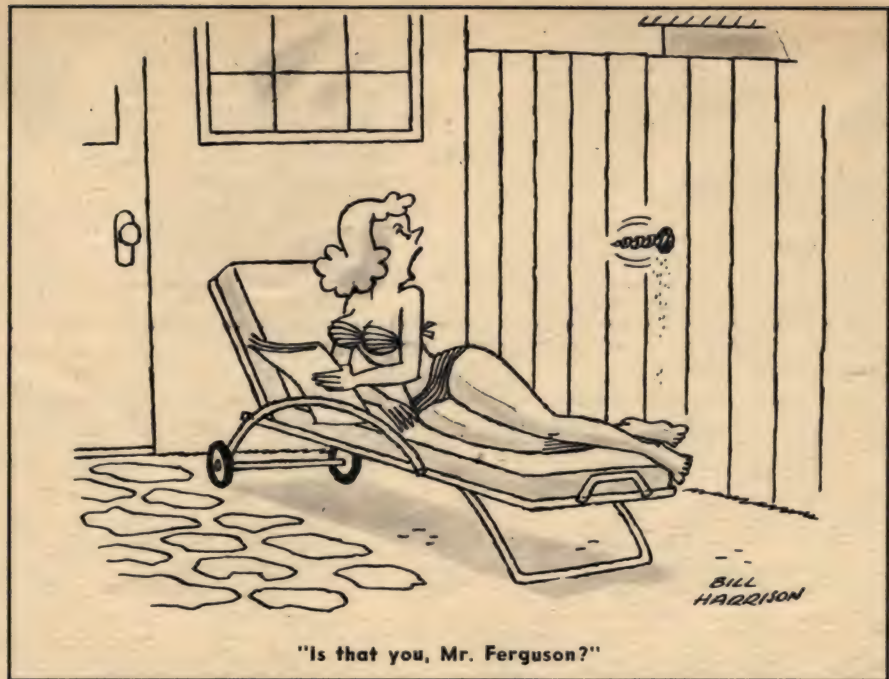
"Not the first one."

"I have to go in alone sometime," Sanders said.

"All right."

Erowasi smiled. "I will go then."

Sanders nodded and smiled. A dull stiff numbness inside his head seemed to have lifted. He felt better than he had felt in two months. He would be all right with Erowasi backing him up. Damn lions! They still scared him.



"You take care of yourself," Erowasi said.

A week and a half later, Sanders sat in the truck with the two Americans, two gun bearers, a native driver and Erowasi. They were stopped in the shade about five miles from where their camp was pitched. On each side of the truck the vast plain rolled away to forest beyond. The Benson brothers were short, middle-aged men with neat paunches. During the second World War while in service, with the army engineers in India, they had bought ten warehouses filled with used burlap bags. Back in Indianapolis, they made a fortune in the post war bag shortage. This was their first trip to Africa. They said they had hunted big game two years ago in British Columbia. In the sun glare their flesh looked milky white, out of shape with good living.

Hurrying toward the truck was a young native, in a ragged breech clout, barefooted, carrying a spear, and looking excited. He stopped and spoke in Swahili to Erowasi. Sanders face paled and he felt a sudden flash of fear, hollowing his stomach.

"What does he want?" asked George Benson.

"They have a wounded rhino down in the bush," Sanders said, hoping his voice was level and steady. He sat there feeling his insides, waiting to see if the spasm of fear returned. Again the native spoke. "No," Sanders said and shook his head.

"What does he want you to do?" George Benson asked.

"Go in after the rhino."

"Don't you want to?"

Sanders did not look at Benson. "I brought you out here to hunt. Not to feed the tribes."

"Can you just leave him like that?" George Benson said. Sanders said nothing. For the first time in his life he felt completely swamped with fear. It seemed to him he could actually see the rhino coming toward him. He must turn it off

some way. But the picture was frozen in his head. He felt weak and ill, paralyzed. A vicious hatred for the Bensons filled him. Come on, come on, he told himself, it's not their fault your guts are dead. But the sudden hate and fear would not leave. He would drive away. God, if he could only find the courage to tell the driver to move on.

**H**E felt himself turn, look at Erowasi, seeking the safety he desired. Erowasi was standing on the ground beside the truck. He was loading one of the .505's. He shut the breech, glanced up at Sanders. Then Sanders saw the other .505 leaning against the fender. Erowasi was looking straight into his eyes, but he could not move. He had never felt so ashamed in his life.

"Ready, Captain?" Erowasi said.

Sanders felt himself moving as if in a dream. He seemed to be watching himself from another point.

"Come on, Arthur," George Benson said to his brother.

"Stay here," Sanders heard himself saying.

"Say, listen—"

"Not in the bush, sir," Erowasi said to the protesting American.

"Let's go," Sanders said, picking up the .505 without taking his gaze away from Erowasi.

"Say, listen. We paid," George Benson said.

"You'll get your money's worth," Sanders said quickly, and for the first time since the spasm of fear it sounded like his own voice to him. He began to walk rapidly away from the car with Erowasi and the native.

Half a mile away Sanders could feel the attack of fear returning as he walked. His legs felt stiff and weak and his stomach cold and hollow. Then he began to sweat.

They went on, through the tall grass. Sanders was holding hard to his rifle to keep his hand from shaking. Erowasi's face was grave and calm; ahead on the



ridge, native hunters appeared, carrying spears.

Erowasi spoke: "Like I said, sir. I go in first."

"Don't be foolish," Saunders said. "I'm all right."

"No, sir. You back me up. I go in first!" "All right," Sanders said. He felt relieved, almost happy.

**T**HEY stood on top of the ridge questioning the natives who kept pointing into the bush. Overhead, high against the vivid sky, vultures circled. Erowasi started walking down into the brush. Sanders followed. Ahead was a thin line of trees. Sanders' mouth was dry, cottony. God, I mustn't panic, he thought. I must hold onto myself. Where is it? He looked ahead. The brush was thick. He hated himself, the shame he felt.

Suddenly, under the trees, the rhino, gathered his feet together where he lay on his side and rose with the native spears sticking out between the armored plating of his flesh. His nose was wet and his vicious little eyes glared at the men. Then he charged, the blood streaming down his side.

Erowasi knelt and fired immediately. The rhino came on huge and fast. It grew bigger and bigger. Sanders stared at it terrified.

"Shoot!" Erowasi shouted. "Shoot!" He fired again. Sanders looked at the massive shoulders coming toward him and then his arms and hands were lifting the rifle slowly. He was amazed to hear his gun crash and then suddenly all the old cool deliberation was there inside him. He aimed and fired. The rhino galloped toward him like an on-rushing locomotive. Bullets seemed to have no effect. Sanders kept firing, seeing his shots going in.

The wet muzzle came on, dripping blood, but Sanders was no longer fearful. Nothing was confused. He felt this as he saw the rhino stagger and pitch forward on his front legs, roll slowly onto his side, then over onto his back until all four legs stuck straight up in the air. Erowasi was grinning exultantly.

"Good shooting, sir. How you feel?"

"Fine, fine." He felt happy and grateful, as if a miracle had happened. A wonderful exhilaration began to spread through his limbs. "Get those boys down here and skin it out" he said quietly to Erowasi. "And get our boys back at the car. They can help, too." His voice was changed, still low, but firm, commanding and direct—as it had been before. He turned and walked over to the rhino. He set his gun against the belly.

Erowasi, and the native with the spear, walked back toward the ridge where the line of natives waited. Neither of them knew about the lion who smelled the spoor of the wounded rhino. Fifty yards away the big lion lay in the tall grass, the smell of blood gnawing into his hungry stomach. He rose, his body light on his big paws. His big head was held high as he stood out, clear of the tall grass, watching Sanders. His tail twitched.

Somebody screamed. Sanders whirled. The lion bounded forward. Sanders felt himself knocked over backwards. The gun flew out of his hands. Somewhere, a rifle roared. The lion was on him. The hunter thrashed and rolled away. He kicked out with both feet then kicked again into the empty air.

He sprang up and pulled out his hunting knife. He ran toward the ridge. The lion was after him and again he felt himself knocked down into the thick, tall grass. He felt scalding pain as the claws

raked across his back. Thorns tore his face. He struggled under the dark belly. The lion was all over him and he felt the claws tear into his stomach. He grabbed the big throat with two hands and held tight. The lion reared like a bronco. He held on. He was in air.

"Bloody lion!" He shouted into the stinking fur. He clutched the neck savagely. The lion tossed its head from side to side.

Sanders drew back his right hand. A knife blade gleamed in the sunlight. The lion struck at the air with his paws. Then it seemed to rise higher and higher on its hind legs. The knife went in all the way—right up to Sanders' fist. The lion staggered, lurched. Again and again the blade gleamed, flashed swiftly, vanished. Sanders felt blood hot along his hand and arm. Then the lion was down, crashing onto his back, Sanders was thrown free.

The lion rose, the hilt of the knife sticking out of his belly. He stood there, swaying. He took two steps toward Sanders, halted, then sank slowly to the ground.

Sanders lay motionless. One side of his face and body and arm were shredded. The flesh in his upper left forearm was torn and he rolled over on his right. He tried to sit up. Erowasi came running. The knife. Must get the knife. Why didn't Erowasi shoot the lion? Where was the lion? Must get him. Sanders fell backward and lay still . . .

**H**E was lying in the back of the truck. Voices were loud. He had to tell them to get the lion. His mouth would not move. The voices faded to a murmur. He opened his eyes and saw Erowasi.

"Get the lion," Sanders tried to say. Erowasi's lips moved, blurred. No sound.

"Don't move him," somebody said. "Hell, he was all right. Damn bloody lion wouldn't do him in. Stupid. Putting the gun down like that. 'Where's the lion?' Sanders asked.

"Dead," Erowasi said. Sanders smiled weakly. "Bloody piece of cake. Damn near got me." He took a deep breath. He felt his body and mind slide away into deep, black sleep, but it frightened him. It was too fast. He forced his eyes open. "I wasn't windy, was I?"

The Benson brothers stared down at him. Their faces were chalky white. "We better get him to a doctor," Arthur Benson said. His voice trembled.

Erowasi shook his head. He did not stop looking at Sanders.

"I could've gone in alone on the rhino," Sanders said.

Erowasi nodded, smiled. "Sure!" Sanders lips were blue. There were deep blue circles under his eyes. His face was gray and a warm bright stain spread slowly out from under him. His breath came deep and fast and then faded.

Erowasi looked at the Benson brothers' tight, worried faces. "Get in front," he said. His voice was preemptory, yet calm. He called to the driver to turn the truck around. Then he sat down beside Sanders and drew a blanket over the captain's face and looked past him toward the blue hills marking the horizon.

END



" . . . Something tactful suggesting that my brother-in-law move out of my house and into the Y. M. C. A."





# This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in local lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$82 a week.

SOUNDS like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young

man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$7-8000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and children.

His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs. If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't expect to compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I. C. S., the oldest and largest in the world.

Don't you be a "Security Risk." Mail the coupon for full, free details while there is still time.

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma!

I. C. S., Scranton 9, Penna.

Member, National Home Study Council

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 93893G, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

(Partial list of 257 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

- ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION**
- ☐ Air Conditioning
  - ☐ Architecture
  - ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
  - ☐ Building Contractor
  - ☐ Building Estimator
  - ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
  - ☐ Carpenter Foreman
  - ☐ Heating
  - ☐ Interior Decoration
  - ☐ Painting Contractor
  - ☐ Plumbing
  - ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ART**
- ☐ Commercial Art
  - ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
  - ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
  - ☐ Sketching and Painting
- AUTOMOTIVE**
- ☐ Automobiles
  - ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
  - ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
  - ☐ Auto Technician

- AVIATION**
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
  - ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic
- BUSINESS**
- ☐ Accounting
  - ☐ Advertising
  - ☐ Business Administration
  - ☐ Business Management
  - ☐ Cost Accounting
  - ☐ Creative Salesmanship
  - ☐ Managing a Small Business
  - ☐ Professional Secretary
  - ☐ Public Accounting
  - ☐ Purchasing Agent
  - ☐ Salesmanship
  - ☐ Salesmanship and Management
  - ☐ Traffic Management
- CHEMICAL**
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
  - ☐ Chemical Engineering
  - ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
  - ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
  - ☐ General Chemistry
  - ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
  - ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
  - ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
  - ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

- CIVIL ENGINEERING**
- ☐ Civil Engineering
  - ☐ Construction Engineering
  - ☐ Highway Engineering
  - ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
  - ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
  - ☐ Structural Engineering
  - ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- DRAFTING**
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
  - ☐ Architectural Drafting
  - ☐ Drafting Machine Design
  - ☐ Electrical Drafting
  - ☐ Mechanical Drafting
  - ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
  - ☐ Structural Drafting
- ELECTRICAL**
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
  - ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
  - ☐ Elec. Light and Power
  - ☐ Practical Electrician
  - ☐ Practical Lineman
  - ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)
- HIGH SCHOOL**
- ☐ High School Diploma

- ☐ Good English
  - ☐ High School Mathematics
  - ☐ Short Story Writing
- LEADERSHIP**
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
  - ☐ Industrial Supervision
  - ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
  - ☐ Supervision
- MECHANICAL and SHOP**
- ☐ Diesel Engines
  - ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
  - ☐ Industrial Engineering
  - ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
  - ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
  - ☐ Industrial Safety
  - ☐ Machine Design
  - ☐ Machine Shop Practice
  - ☐ Mechanical Engineering
  - ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
  - ☐ Quality Control
  - ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
  - ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
  - ☐ Tool Design
  - ☐ Tool Making
- RADIO, TELEVISION**
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.

- ☐ Industrial Electronics
  - ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
  - ☐ Practical Telephony
  - ☐ Radio-TV Servicing
- RAILROAD**
- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
  - ☐ Diesel Electrician
  - ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
  - ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- STEAM and DIESEL POWER**
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
  - ☐ Power Plant Engineer
  - ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
  - ☐ Stationary Fireman
- TEXTILE**
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
  - ☐ Cotton Manufacture
  - ☐ Cotton Warming and Weaving
  - ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
  - ☐ Textile Designing
  - ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
  - ☐ Throwing
  - ☐ Warming and Weaving
  - ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Home Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to P.M. \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.





## Headhunters

Continued from page 22

when a hoolock monkey began screaming down in the ravine. Something was approaching. The Nagas, who had grown fidgety during the long wait, quieted down and took a firmer grip on their weapons. Most of them carried long spears, with the hair of their last victims attached to the shaft just below the broad iron blade. A couple of them had worn-out muzzle-loaders, bound with bronze wire to prevent them from exploding. I was carrying a Martini Henry, old but tremendously powerful and accurate.

A minute after the hoolock screamed, Nataka, our scout, slipped around a bush and squatted on his heels in front of me. He was sweating—and not with the heat, for the hill we were on was over 6,000 feet high and there was a nip to the air. I found out why a moment later, when he said, "Gurkhas."

This was something we hadn't figured on when we'd planned the ambush. Until then we'd been up against run-of-the-mill Indian regulars, who had a superstitious terror of the Nagas. Gurkhas, however, were something else again. I'd fought with the murderous little Nepalese in North Africa and Italy during World War II, and knew they wouldn't panic when we jumped them. They were some of the toughest, coolest, deadliest fighters in the world.

I think I knew then that we'd taken on more than we could handle; but before I could call out to Scind that we ought to head back to the village, where we'd left the women and children, the first two Gurkha scouts appeared on the cow-path. It was too late to back out. We'd have to go through it with it. . . .

You might wonder how I, an Englishman, came to be fighting with the Nagas in their war for independence from India. Well, when you own a piece of property in no-man's land, you can do one of two things: sell-out and leave, or join one of the two sides. You can't stay neutral. I know, because I tried.

**I**N 1952, I got a letter from Tod Markham, an old army chum. After the war, Tod had returned to India where his father had left him a 200-acre tea garden near Titabar in Assam. His letter started off with bad news. Blight had killed two flushes that year and instead of yielding from eight to 15 maunds of tea per acre (a maund is 80 pounds), he was averaging only four. He went on to say that he was having a hard time making ends meet and asked me (jokingly, I'm sure) if I wouldn't care to buy a half-interest in a losing proposition.

His letter caught me at the right moment. For one thing, I'd just broken up with my girl; for another, I was pretty well fed-up with the amount of government red tape I had to plow through in order to make a living as an importer. On a sudden impulse, I sat down with pencil and paper and figured out, roughly, how much cash I could get by liquidating my assets. It came to a little over 2,500 pounds. That afternoon I cabled Tod, telling him how much I could raise and asking if it was enough for a half-interest. His reply was, simply, "Expecting you—partner."

Three months later I stepped off the P. and O. liner in Chittagong, where Tod and his Kachari chauffeur were waiting for me with the jeep.

Tod had changed a lot since I'd last seen him, nearly seven years before. He'd been a big, beefy chap then, with ruddy skin and enough energy for two men. Now his six-foot frame was gaunt and bony, and his skin and the whites of his eyes had an unhealthy-looking yellowish tinge.

"Atabrine," he explained, in answer to my unspoken question. "I picked up malaria a couple of years ago when I was on a tiger-shoot in Cachar."

But besides changing physically, Tod seemed gloomy and dispirited. After we'd exchanged greetings and had climbed into the jeep, he didn't have much to say and seemed to be brooding about something. Finally I asked what was bothering him.

"It's this damned Naga war," he said. "Between the Nagas and the Indians, they've trampled back and forth over the garden half-a-dozen times in the past few years." He went on to explain that the Angami and Konyak Nagas raided the area every couple of months, took a few heads, then fled back to the hills. "And we're right in the middle, in no-man's land."

Now I'd read something about the Nagas fighting for their independence when I was in England, but hadn't paid much attention to it. Just a few natives skirmishing, I'd thought. But what if a skirmish at a distance of 8,000 miles, becomes a full-scale war when you're on the spot. I was made aware of this fact about four months after I'd moved into the bungalow with Tod.

The cause of the trouble was Mati, an educated Naga whom Tod employed as checker. She was an unusually handsome girl of about 19, tall, high-breasted, with a sweet, intelligent face, and I was attracted to her from the moment we met.

But in the East a white man doesn't have casual affairs with native girls—not if he wants to avoid trouble—and I made it a point to maintain a strict employer-employee relationship. . . . That is, until the trouble.

I was in the withering-shed that morning, talking to the *sirdar*, or headman of the garden, when I heard loud voices coming from the direction of the bungalow. I stuck my head out the door to see what was happening, then set off at a furious run.

A huge Bengali, wearing the blue dhoti of a district policeman, was dragging Mati toward his jeep, while a jeering group of Dhoom and Kachari field-hands followed. I knew that Mati wasn't liked by the other employees—both because she was a Naga and because she was better-educated than they were—but I hadn't realized the extent of their hatred.

The Bengali had her arm twisted up between her shoulder blades so tightly that tears of pain were streaming down her cheeks. I remember wishing that Tod were there, since he'd had more experience with these people, but he'd gone into Titabar to buy supplies.

**T**HE Bengali was a good four inches taller than I was, and surly-looking. Since the Indians gained their independence from Britain, they won't stand for any nonsense from a Westerner, so I held my temper in check and said quietly, "What's she done?"

For a moment I didn't think he was going to answer me, then, easing his grip slightly, he said, "She's a spy for her brother, Scind the Angami."

The crowd of field-hands echoed his words. "Yes, Sahib, a spy!"

I looked at Mati. "Is that true?"

Without hesitation, and with great dignity, she replied, "No, Mr. Burnside. My brother is a Pagan. I am a Christian."

There was no doubt in my mind that she was telling the truth. I took a step towards the Bengali and said, "Let her go." His eyes narrowed and his hand went to the butt of the revolver tucked into his dhoti. I don't know whether or not he intended using it, but my reaction was instinctive. I'd served nearly five years with the Commandos and responded automatically to danger. Almost before I realized it, my foot lashed out and caught him in the groin. As he doubled over, I slammed the edge of my hand into his neck. But I was out of practice and hit harder than I meant to. There was a dull crack of breaking bone and he was lying at my feet, head twisted at an impossible angle.

For a moment I was stunned. All the consequences of my action hit me at once—and of them all, one spurred me to immediate movement: the thought of spending years, perhaps the rest of my life, in an Indian prison. I grabbed Mati by the hand and started walking, rapidly but with no hint of panic, toward the heavy growth of ringal which bordered the garden. We'd covered perhaps 50 yards when the field-hands recovered from their shock and started after us. I heard a shout of rage and, looking back

(Continued on page 54)





*If you are bald or losing hair*

# ... IMAGINE THIS TRANSFORMATION on your own scalp

**T**HESE unretouched photographs are not "hair-piece" transformations. They show the actual changes in appearance when *new hair grew back* on the bald heads shown in the inset pictures, after use of the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage.

While once it was believed nothing could be done about baldness except to let nature take its course, today it has been discovered that beneath the surface of the skin there may still be life in the hair roots (follicles)—and with proper stimulation they may begin producing again.

More than 22,000 reports (CPA audit and sworn affidavit) from every state in the Union and all over the free world have come to Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon, telling of these appreciated benefits:

**Renewed Hair Growth • Less Excessive Falling Hair  
Relief from Dandruff Scale • Improved Scalp Conditions**

From these reports bald and balding men, women, and children have new hope for hair growth from the wonderful Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage—without expensive office calls.

If you or someone you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp conditions, **DON'T WAIT!** You owe it to yourself and to your friends, to your family and to your business associates to give the Brandenfels Program a thorough trial. The important thing is to get started as soon as possible. Every day you wait may make your problem more difficult.

Right in the privacy of your own home you may enjoy the benefits of the

Brandenfels System—without expensive office calls. While results may vary with individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized conditions, the Brandenfels Home Plan does offer real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial portion of cases.

Write for information today! Use coupon below, or send letter or postcard now. No agent will call. Address Carl Brandenfels, 2201 Columbia Blvd., St. Helens, Ore.



Copyright 1957, Carl Brandenfels

**CARL BRANDENFELS**

**2201 Columbia Blvd., St. Helens, Oregon**

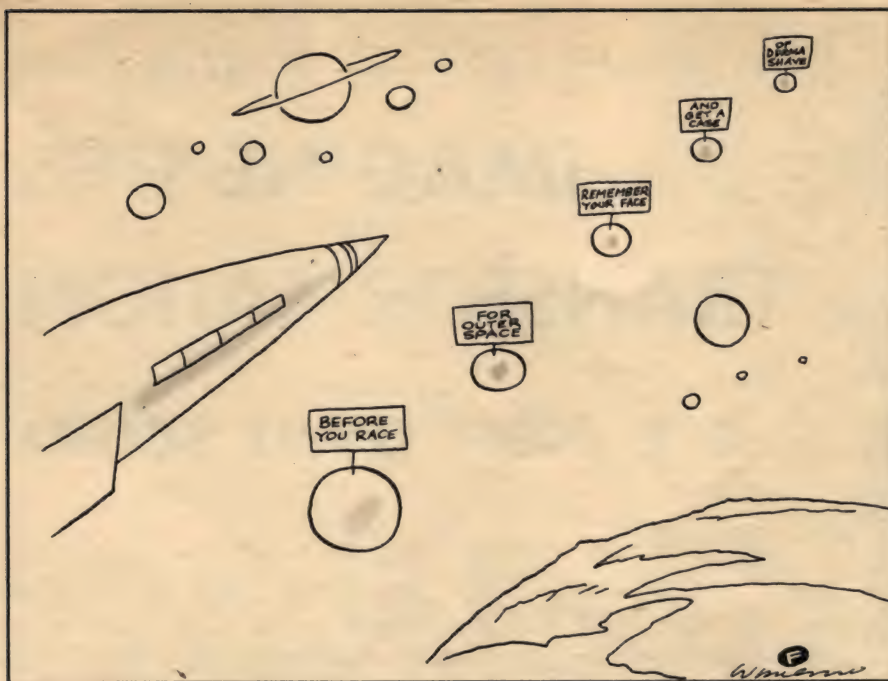
Please send me, without any obligation on my own part, your FREE information on how I can take hope for new hair.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....





(Continued from page 52)

over my shoulder, saw the mob coming. "Run!" I yelled to Mati, and we broke into a sprint.

The 50-yard lead made the difference. Before they could catch us, we were in the ringal, plowing our way through it to the dry watercourse on the other side, then up the steep slope towards Naga country, where they wouldn't dare follow us.

We were less than 40 miles from Scind's village, but it took us nearly three days of up-and-down climbing to reach it. We had no weapons (a very uncomfortable feeling in a country infested with tigers, leopards and Himalayan bears!) and no food. All we had to eat during that time was a few handfuls of half-ripe lantana berries and some wild guavas. Also, we were cold—and this led to further complications.

We spent the first night on a ledge, protected on three sides by sheer rocky walls, but open on the fourth. It was the best we could find. As it grew dark, the temperature fell, and soon we were both shivering. Then a tiger, began calling for his mate, and, as that unearthly screech rang through the trees and ravines, our shivering was multiplied by fear and loneliness. So it was perfectly natural for us to draw close together for comfort and warmth.

**M**ATI fit perfectly, and with a little sigh of pleasure, into my arms. In spite of myself, I began to get excited. I leaned close until I could just see her eyes shining in the darkness. "Mati—" I began, then kissed her. Her body moved against mine; and I forgot the tiger, forgot the cold, forgot everything but the lovely girl in my arms.

When we reached the village, early in the afternoon of the third day, we were tired, dirty and ravenously hungry. Mati's brother turned out to be as big a surprise, in his own way, as Mati herself had been.

I'd expected to encounter a barbarian. Instead, I found a tall, personable young man who spoke to me in impeccable English. After Mati told him what had happened, he welcomed me warmly and we sat down to a huge bowl of stewed sambar. Then he showed us to an empty hut and left us. I'd meant to ask him a number of questions, for I was naturally curious about him, but I was too tired and fell asleep almost immediately.

Scind, it turned out, had been sent to England before the war by his father, the chief of the Angami Nagas. In 1946, when he returned home, he found that his father had been killed, after torture, by Indian troops. "But more than that," he said, "I found that my people were losing their tribal identity, were dying out as some of the South Sea islanders did when the white men moved in."

So he had thrown out the missionaries, rejected the Indian government's proposal to include the Naga Hills in the Republic of India, and had led his people back to the pagan rites they had practiced decades before. "Now look at them," he said proudly, gesturing towards the village.

The people I saw were anything but lethargic and apathetic. Every man, woman and child went about his business, whether work or play, with a natural dignity which was very impressive.

"We have nothing in common with either the Hindus or Moslems," Scind went on to say. "Neither religion, nor language, nor custom. So why shouldn't we be independent of them?" His eyes took on a fierce glow of patriotism. "The Independent Republic of Nagaland," he said.

The next few months passed quickly and, except for one piece of disturbing news, pleasantly. I'd tried to send a message to Tod, telling him I was all right, but the messenger returned with the news that the garden and all the buildings were a gutted ruin and that Tod, after trying unsuccessfully to get compensation from the Indian Government, had left for

England. Apart from that (for which I felt responsible) I was quite content.

Mati and I were married by the *tatur*, or council of elders, and took up residence in our own hut, a curious, two-story affair, made largely of *bet*, a kind of rattan. I hunted with the Nagas, learned how to use the spear and the *dhau*—a sort of half-knife, half-chopper—and busied myself learning Assamese.

**I** PUSHED all thought of the outside world away from me. At any time I wished, I could slip over the border into Burma and return to England. But what was waiting for me in England? Two cousins whom I cared nothing about, and a dull 9:00-to-5:00 life. Besides, how would Mati live in England, married to a white man, subject to all the prejudices, conscious and unconscious, that went with miscegenation? No, I decided; our life was here in Assam.

One day, when I was returning from a hunt with a haunch of ghooral slung over my shoulder, Scind asked me if I wouldn't join the Angamis in their war for independence. I'd expected this request for some time, had thought it over, and finally decided what my answer would be. "Yes," I said, "provided you don't ask me to take heads."

"I don't expect you to become a Naga," Scind said gently, "any more than I became an Englishman."

And so I organized a number of Commando-like raids on Titabar, Jorhat, Golaghat, even towns as far west as Bishnath, on the Brahmaputra. There were many gory scenes I had to close my eyes to, and the bamboo walls of the village were soon surmounted by a number of fresh, dripping heads, but I was determined to contribute whatever I could in the fight for independence. Besides, I figured, the head-hunting would cease the moment Nagaland became a political reality.

Nearly two years passed. Mati gave birth to our son, whom we named Hembraj, after Mati's father. Now, more than ever, I felt myself a part of the tribe. I gave up the last lingering thought of ever returning to England.

Then disaster struck. Our spy in Golaghat sent word that the Tahsildar was sending a punitive expedition into the hills to try to capture or kill Scind. This pleased us, for other punitive expeditions had been sent—and utterly destroyed. We didn't even bother evacuating the village; we were so sure that they'd never reach it. What we didn't know was that the Tahsildar had sent to Katmandu for help, and had been given a full company of Gurkhas.

With a sick feeling of apprehension, I watched the Gurkha scouts advance up the cow-path, then signal the troops following them to come ahead. Scind waited until the mass of men was directly below him before he leaped to his feet and, screaming the Naga war-cry, charged down the hill with his warriors.

As I had figured, the Gurkhas didn't panic. They kneeled back to back and opened up with their sten-guns and rifles. Several of them went down by our spears.

(Continued on page 56)



# What a Pity So Many People Ain't Got Good English

—and don't even realize their handicap!

## Are You Sure of Your English? Try This QUICK QUIZ

### What Is Wrong With These Sentences?

1. I laid down and went to sleep.
2. There's no other alternative.
3. Our firm is famous for it's service.
4. His manners are extremely aggravating.
5. I don't hardly know what to say.
6. Did you hear from him yet?
7. Can I borrow your newspaper?
8. Do you mean to infer that I'm a coward?
9. Having talked the matter over, the cows were finally sold.
10. I appreciate your fulsome praise.

### How Should You Pronounce It?

1. GRIM-ace or gri-MACE?
2. KEW-pon or KOO-pon?
3. ATH-a-lete or ATH-le-te?
4. EX-qui-site or ex-QUIS-ite?
5. Ir-REL-e-vant or ir-REV-e-lant?
6. FEB-yew-ary or FEB-roo-ary?
7. Ce-REE-bral or CER-e-bral?
8. Re-NU-mer-a-tion or re-MU-ner-a-tion?
9. Com-PAR-a-ble or COM-par-a-ble?
10. (Chameleon) Ka-MEE-le-on or Sha-MEE-le-on?

### Which Is the Correct Spelling?

1. Calender or calendar?
2. Embarrass or embarrass?
3. Candelebra or candelabra?
4. Diminution or diminution?
5. Restaurateur or restaurateur?
6. Genealogy or geneology?
7. Sacreligious or sacrilegious?
8. Judgment or judgement?
9. Diphtheria or diptheria?
10. Kidnapor or kidnapper?

### What Do These Words Mean?

1. FACETIOUS: (a) superficial (b) insincere (c) witty (d) versatile.
2. EUTHANASIA: (a) well-being (b) a philosophy of pleasure (c) mercy-killing (d) birth control.
3. FEBRILE: (a) fertile (b) feverish (c) weakened (d) cold.
4. LUGUBRIOUS: (a) oily (b) ridiculous (c) mournful (d) heavy.
5. MERETRICIOUS: (a) gaudy (b) worthy (c) superficial (d) faulty.

NOTE: If you can turn this page completely confident that all your answers are correct, then you probably (though not necessarily) have an adequate command of English. But if you feel uneasy and unsure about a number of your answers, it is a sign that your faulty English may be hurting your self-confidence. In that case, we suggest that you send for the free book on English described on the other side of this page.

IF YOU ARE READING THIS, it is probably because your eye was arrested by the atrocious error in the headline above. It "stuck out like a sore thumb," didn't it?

Poor English always does! So do people who are guilty of it. When you make "boners" in speaking or writing, you create an unfavorable impression—just as you would with sloppy clothes, poor grooming, or bad manners. You cause people of education and refinement to underrate seriously your true intelligence and ability.

The pity of it is that so many offenders feel confident about their English. Others are too polite to tell them; so they don't realize they are blundering.

Your "little" mistakes in English may be hurting you more than you ever realize. They may even help to explain why your business or social advancement may not have been as rapid as you wished.

Naturally, you aren't conscious of making errors. If you were you wouldn't make them!

For example you may be critical of those who confuse "imply" and "infer" or who say "heighth" instead of "height." Yet you may unconsciously have other pet mistakes of your own, ones which are just as bad.

### Why Poor English Is So Common

Why are so many of us handicapped in our business and social activities by our English? Why is it that some cannot spell correctly and others cannot punctuate? Why do so many find themselves at a loss for words to express their ideas well? Why are weak words and wrong words used so often?

The reason is clear. A famous pioneer in English education, Sherwin Cody, discovered it in scientific tests. When people do not speak or write good English, it is simply because they never formed the habit of doing so. Under old methods of learning good English, rules are memorized but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten!

### Sherwin Cody's Great Discovery

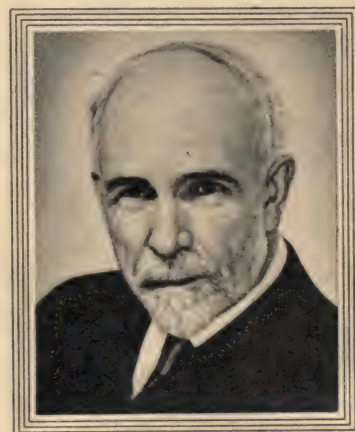
For many years Mr. Cody sought a remedy for this. Finally he developed a foolproof method of making correct English purely a matter of habit rather than of conscious effort and memorizing.

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's method is habit-forming. Anyone can learn to write and speak correctly by constantly using the correct forms. But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, sensible way.

### 100% Self-Correcting Device

Suppose Mr. Cody himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word, suppose you could hear him whisper: "That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time he would pa-



SHERWIN CODY

tiently tell you what was right. He would, as it were, be an everlasting mentor beside you—a mentor who would not laugh at you, but who would, on the contrary, support and help you. Mr. Cody's 100% Self-Correcting Device does exactly this. It is his silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them. You do not need to study anything you already know. There are no rules to memorize.

### Takes Only 15 Minutes a Day

When the study of English is made so simple, progress can be made in a very short time. No more than fifteen minutes a day is required. Fifteen minutes, not of study, but of fascinating practice! Students of Mr. Cody's method do their work in any spare moment they can snatch, riding to work, or at home. They take fifteen minutes from time usually spent in profitless reading or amusement. The results really are phenomenal.

### FREE—Book on English

It is impossible in this brief review to give more than a suggestion of the range of subjects covered by Mr. Cody's method and of what his practice exercises consist. But those who are interested can find a detailed description in a fascinating little book called "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It can be had by anyone, free, upon request. There is no obligation.

Merely mail the coupon, a letter or postal card for it now. (No salesman will call.)

**SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH.**  
1269 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.

### SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH

1269 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ If 18 years or under, check here for Booklet A.



but the others continued firing as calmly as if they were potting clay ducks in an amusement park. I saw Scind stumble and fall, but didn't know if he'd been hit or had just tripped on a root. Nor did I wait to find out.

"Now!" I yelled, forgetting, in my excitement, to call out in Assamese. I jumped to my feet and advanced down the hill, firing my Martini Henry as rapidly as possible, while my group of Angamis duplicated Scind's charge. I was about 20 yards from the struggling mass of men, and had just slammed another shell into the chamber, when something hit me on the head like a hammer and I went out.

**W**HEN I came to, it was afternoon. I was lying in the middle of a tangled mass of basonta and thorn bushes, where I must have rolled after being hit. This, I soon found out, had undoubtedly saved my life, for the Gurkhas had bayoneted all the Naga wounded where they lay. Fortunately, the bushes had screened me.

I found Scind, his guts blown out by a burst of sten-gun fire, and many, many other dead Nagas. I didn't count them, but at least two-thirds of our force must have been strewn about the cow-path. Crying with weakness (for I'd been hit twice, one bullet creasing my skull, the other piercing my right side just below the ribs) I staggered off in the direction of the village.

I'd evidently lost a lot of blood, for I passed out at least half-a-dozen times before I reached the village—or rather, where it had been, for it had been razed to the ground. In the still-smouldering ashes of our hut, I found the burnt remains of two bodies—one a woman, the other a baby. I didn't examine the corpses to find out how they had died. I didn't want to know.

I suppose I should be grateful for the fact that I was wounded, for in my rage and agony I wanted only to kill, and had I been able to, I would have grabbed any weapon and set off after the Gurkhas. But even as I stood there, gazing at the bodies of my wife and son, the last of my strength vanished and I collapsed to the ground.

I wasn't conscious when the Angami survivors straggled out of the jungle, nor when Tenija, the medicine-man, forced juice of the boiled semul root down my throat. It was, in fact, three days before I came to my senses, and over a month before I was strong enough to walk around. In that time I had nothing to do but think, to review the circumstances and events which had led up to this situation. And I realized, with something of a shock, that I didn't care one way or the other if the Nagas gained their independence. The only reason I had fought with them was for Mati's sake.

As soon as I was strong enough to survive the trip, Nataki guided me over the border to Maingkwang, in Burma, where I took the trunk-road down to Rangoon. A few weeks later I stepped ashore in Southampton, pulled up the collar of my overcoat, and walked out into the rain to begin a lonely new life.

END



increased in the months after Harrison's death. And understandably, too, for under his enforcement of the law the town was getting so peaceful that the hooligan element were moving on west to Laramie and Fort Collins—towns where two guns still beat four aces.

Sam's metamorphosis from a popular law-enforcing marshal into the scourge of the West began the morning of May 17, 1863. On that day Slim Easton's gang robbed the bank in Julesburg.

They did it the usual way. They raced into town, pulled their horses up before the bank, dashed in and ran out with the money and leaped onto their horses.

At that stage of their caper Sam performed his customary efficient duty as marshal. Standing in front of the little gray adobe building which served as his office, living quarters and the village jail, Sam put the bead of his rifle on first one of the outlaws then another. When he stopped shooting, four of the six outlaws were lying in the dusty street. The other two were hightailing it north toward the Platte River.

Three of the four fallen outlaws were dead. The fourth, Oliver Brubaker, was unconscious; Sam's slug had only plowed a furrow through his scalp. And not by accident, as later events proved.

Sam dragged the unconscious kid to the jail, locked the cell door and went back down the street to organize the citizens into a posse to pursue the fleeing bandits who unfortunately for the community, had been carrying the bank's stolen money.

Sam did not accompany the posse; he awaited their return in the Blue Moon saloon where Rose Hedges was employed as a dancer and singer. Rose was a somewhat shopworn, overweight blonde to whom Sam was paying a good deal of attention.

**S**AM spent the night in Rose's room above the saloon and next day, about noon, he went to the jail. His prisoner had regained consciousness and he immediately began to demand food and water.

Sam leaned on the cell's barred door. "Where's the gang headquartering, kid?" he asked gently.

The kid said, "Go to hell, Shorty!"

Men had been killed for alluding to Sam's diminutive stature but Sam only laughed at his prisoner and walked away.

On the second day Brubaker, dizzy and weak from his untended wound as well as hunger, talked—and for the last time.

That afternoon Marshal Krell told the citizens that he was going to search for the Easton gang. Since the posse had had no luck, it was his duty, he proclaimed, to try to apprehend the men who had escaped—especially since they had gotten away with

## Renegade

Continued from page 19

almost \$20,000. So Sam rode out of Julesburg, heading southward.

Sam knew where he was going. He had trapped the area before becoming a marshal and knew the country well. So finding the cabin the kid had mentioned was no great problem. It was dark when he came to it, and disposing of the guard was a simple matter of throwing his knife into the unfortunate man's back.

Then Sam kicked the cabin door open and stepped inside. He had a .45 in each hand and he announced to the cabin's five surprised occupants. "Everybody sit down! On that bunk. And face me."

The men backed to the bunk and sat on it, eying Sam unhappily.

"I want the Julesburg bank money," Sam said crisply.

**"W**HAT bank money is that, Shorty?" one of the men asked, laughing and nudging the man beside him.

Sam shot the laughing man in the middle of his forehead.

"You win," a tall bony man said hastily. It was Slim Easton, leader of the gang. He walked across the room, pulled up a plank from the floor and tossed a leather bag to Sam. Then he went back to the bunk, cursing vilely.

Sam waited until he was seated, then he said with a grin, "Now get back there and get me the rest of your loot, Mister!"

Easton grumbled but when Sam raised his guns slightly he screamed, "Hold it! I'll get it!" He ran to the loosened plank and pulled out five pouches and tossed them to Sam.

Sam opened each bag, keeping both eyes and one gun on the outlaws. He felt of their contents and he grinned happily; three were filled with gold coins from the army payroll robbery near Laramie on March 14, 1862. The other two were filled with gold dust taken from the gang's recent raids on pony express riders between Big Springs, Nebraska, and Fort Morgan, Colorado.

Sam tossed the bags into a corner and he said, "I'm taking over, gents."

"Why, that ain't right," Easton said, rising to his feet. "I've spent years building up this outfit and . . ."

Sam fired both revolvers into Easton's chest; then he said, apparently to himself, "I never did like a guy that whines."

Sam stared into the eyes of each of the three survivors of the once-powerful Easton gang, saying when he finished his appraisal, "Anybody got anything to say?"

"We sure ain't!" was the general reply.

Sam shook hands with each of the men.

That was the simple but brutal manner by which Sam Krell became at once an outlaw and leader of a gang of outlaws.

(Continued on page 58)



**MARK**  
THIS SPOT!  
WE'RE NEAR  
OUR GOAL!

**ON TO THE  
POLE!**

**POLO**

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!  
☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck

**SAMPLE PUZZLE**

**THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU**

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!  
 This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying **MARK**, and the other mentions the word **POLE**. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but **MARCO POLO**?

**PUZZLE  
NO. ONE**

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!  
☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remson

\_\_\_\_\_

**HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!**

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

**JUST FOR SOLVING NAME OF FAME GAME PUZZLES**

You may win your share of

**\$40,000** **IN CASH PRIZES**

**"NAME OF FAME" GAME!**



**1st PRIZE**  
 AS MUCH AS  
**\$25,000.00**

PLUS 200 BIG CASH  
 AWARDS, SUCH AS:

2nd Prize.....\$5,000.00  
 3rd Prize..... 2,500.00  
 4th Prize..... 1,500.00  
 5th Prize..... 1,000.00  
 6th thru 10th ea. 200.00

Plus 190 additional  
 Cash Prizes

**Grand Total \$40,000.00**

**FREE  
GIFT**



To All Puzzle Entrants

**The Puzzle Encyclopedia**

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.

great cash awards totalling \$40,000.00 that must be paid!

All prizes paid promptly in full. All cash prizes are on deposit in a New York City Bank. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$2,500.00 promptness bonus award along with the First Prize of \$22,500.00... a grand first prize total of \$25,000.00!

**PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY**  
 In 2 years \$133,000.00 awarded from National Puzzle Contests

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whale of a lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club... with prizes of an additional \$40,000... will raise that grand total to \$173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are on deposit in a New York City Bank.

Paste Your Answer-Coupon On Postcard or Mail In Envelope

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

**Give Yourself A Chance To Win  
\$2,500.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD**

National Contest Book Club, Inc.  
 509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 321, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT) \_\_\_\_\_

I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**NATIONAL CONTEST BOOK CLUB, INC.**  
 509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 321, New York City 17, N. Y.



as recorded in a deposition taken from Tod Evans, one of the three survivors of the Easton gang, before he was hanged by the U. S. Army for the murder of a scout at Laramie in September 1884.

**SAM'S** next move was to find replacements for the seven men of the Easton outfit whom he had killed on his brief and bloody way to the gang's leadership. In an effort to procure men whose courage was high and whose principles were low, he used a system that was effective—but downright hideous.

With unmatched guts Sam himself went into saloons in Julesburg, Sterling and Big Springs for the purpose of enlisting recruits. Since outlawry was an easier—and more exciting and more profitable—way of making a living than drudging away on a ranch for \$25 a month, the hoodlum element was greatly interested in Sam's pitch.

Those were days of the buddy system; it was the custom for each man to have a friend with whom he drank, traveled and worked. So whenever Sam found a likely-looking recruit, he escorted both him and

his buddy back to the gang's headquarters.

Then Sam demanded that the recruit kill his buddy. By that simple but ghastly test of courage and ruthlessness, Sam determined if the recruit had guts enough to be a member of his gang. If the man refused to kill his friend, Sam had them both shot, sometimes performing the dual executions himself.

The way he handled this phase of his operation was also outlined in Evans' deposition. It referred specifically to the case of Fish Cowle and Hank Lowry, both men in their early 30's and both residents of Julesburg.

Fish and Hank were eager to join Sam's outfit. They were admirers of Sam and both men had a yen for an easy buck. Hank had possibilities as an outlaw but Fish was a thick-lipped bar fly whose greatest asset was his ability to mooch drinks.

**AFTER** Sam led Fish and Hank to the hide-out, a cabin located in the gullied, wooded hills south of Julesburg, he said, "You're in, Hank, providing you pass one little test. You have to take Fish . . ." and waved a hand toward the luckless man . . . "and shoot him."

Sam handed a revolver to the stunned and silent Hank. Then Hank said, "I can't do that! Why, him and me are buddies. We been friends for 11 years!"

Fish, meanwhile, dropped to his knees before Sam. He begged for his life. He wept. Then he looked up at Sam, mumbling unintelligibly.

Sam ignored him, saying to Hank, "You've got exactly one minute to do it in."

The men were taken outside. There was a shot and in a moment Hank came into the cabin, ashy-faced and shaking uncontrollably.

When Sam's gang reached a total of 17 men, he put them to work. His band of cutthroats altered western geography. Some of the towns and villages they sacked were never rebuilt. Usually the panicked survivors hastened back east. Or they moved to the protection of the larger towns—like Laramie, Denver or Scotts Bluff, Nebraska.

The burning of the village of Runyon, Nebraska, and the massacre of 14 of its 162 inhabitants, revealed Sam's outfit at its worst. Runyon was in the Platte valley in western Nebraska, west of the present town of North Platte. It was a prosperous little settlement of stores, shops, and the homes of the storekeepers and their employees. The village's economy was based on the immigrant trains which followed the level Platte valley; it furnished the immigrants with foodstuffs, weapons, blacksmith and wagon repair services and other commodities and services. In addition, the village was becoming a trading post for the cattle ranchers of the area. It was a growing, prosperous little village.

According to "The New West," a book published in 1887 by William M. Thayer, a noted western historian, Sam and his gang rode into Runyon on the morning of September 3, 1863, split into two groups and simultaneously robbed the bank and the local branch of the Pony Express Company.

**THEN** they rode their horses into the saloon, and then set it afire after shooting, in cold blood, a half-dozen of the saloon's patrons. Not content with that senseless carnage they rode into the residential section and set three or four fires which rapidly engulfed every structure in the town. Then they raced out of town, shooting and killing several more citizens of the village.

After that, Runyon, Nebraska, ceased to exist. The town was never rebuilt.

In subsequent months the gang robbed banks in Sterling and Yuma, Colorado, and Sidney, Nebraska. Between the bank capers they robbed ranchers—in those days ranchers usually kept large sums of money on the premises—setting their outbuildings afire and shooting and killing wantonly.

They alternated those shenanigans with wars on rival gangs of outlaws—the most notable being their war of extermination with the noted Chapman gang in the Poudre Canyon in northern Colorado, northwest of the present town of Fort Collins.

(Continued on page 60)





LIKE-  
NEW

# MOTOR OVERHAUL JOB

**\$298**  
COMPLETE  
COST

UP TO **54.1% More Gas Mileage!** UP TO **58.2% More Power!**

UP TO **24% Saving on Oil!** UP TO **192% Longer Engine Life!**



As One of My **BEST-BUYS**  
Offers You Can Try For  
**10-Days Without Risk.**  
**Money-Back Guarantee.**  
*by Maude Evans*

**Even 10 Year Old Cars Run Like New  
In 60 Seconds or You Pay Nothing!**

**Performs Miracles on  
Every Make of Car,  
Truck, Tractor,  
Gas Engine!**

It doesn't matter what kind of car you own. The sensational new discovery—"Motor Overhaul"—works miracles of instantly greater power, performance on all makes and models!

"Motor Overhaul" is guaranteed to boost power 58.2%, give smoother performance—add 192% longer engine life to trucks, tractors, automobiles. Your car must give you greater performance or money back! Don't miss out. Order today!



**1936 LINCOLN "RUNS LIKE NEW"  
AFTER 180,000 MILES  
WITHOUT ONE MAJOR REPAIR!**

This car, owned by Mr. M. J. Byrne of Chicago, Ill., was using two quarts of oil every five or six hundred miles—was losing compression, hard to start, slow to pick-up. Faced with a major repair job that would cost \$150, Mr. Byrne instead bought a \$2.98 can of "Motor Overhaul".

Within the first few miles his car delivered faster pickup and greater power! It still hasn't had a major repair job—after 180,000 miles!

## HERE'S HOW IT WORKS



"Motor Overhaul" actually makes your car run like new in 60 seconds because it goes to work instantly—while you drive—to recondition your motor—to give it a tremendous new power and pep!

### Seals Cracks, Pit Marks, Holes

"Motor Overhaul" surface-lubricates every part where friction and abrasion take their toll. "Motor Overhaul's" action results in smoother performance within the first few miles!

### Automatically Tightens Loose Parts

A "tight" engine gives fast pickup, smooth acceleration. Most old engines don't need expensive parts replacement when the surfaces are made glass-smooth by "Motor Overhaul." Pistons fit cylinders and rings the way they did hundreds of thousands of miles before!

Your car—treated with "Motor Overhaul"—recovers all its pep and power and you stop wasting gas. It's almost like owning a brand new car for \$2.98!

Send no money. Just mail coupon for sensational Motor Overhaul. But do it today!

## Read What These Car Owners Say!



G. E. J., Michigan City, Indiana. "Instead of a hundred dollar valve and ring job I added 'Motor Overhaul'. My car runs like new."



C. L. D., Gresham, Ill. "I thought my car was all worn out after 60,000 miles. My car's still going—better than ever with 'Motor Overhaul'—at 100,000 miles."



R. F., Chicago, Ill. "I never saw anything work so fast! 'Motor Overhaul' improved my pickup and gas mileage immediately!"



E. S., Highland Park, Ill. "My car's eight years old. But so far I haven't had one major repair bill—thanks to 'Motor Overhaul'."



## HERE'S ALL YOU DO

You don't have to be an automobile expert to use "Motor Overhaul." Just open the can and add it to your regular oil. Then watch your car perform better than you ever dreamed possible!

### Most Amazing Automobile "Life Extender" Ever Discovered

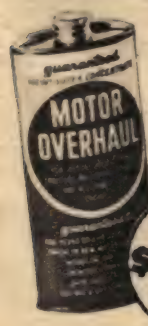
If somebody told you an amazing new automotive discovery would add years of top performance to your present car—regardless of its age and condition—what would you be willing to pay?

Well, with amazing "Motor Overhaul" you can get all these advantages—and more—and your total cost is just \$2.98! Just \$2.98 for this amazing new discovery will do more for your car's engine than an expensive overhaul.

Act now! Mail your order today—on absolute money-back guarantee. See what Motor Overhaul does for your car's performance!

## SENSATIONAL GUARANTEE

Try "Motor Overhaul" in your car, truck, tractor or other gasoline engine. If you aren't astonished at your engine's new, amazing pep and performance—if you can't honestly say, that "Motor Overhaul" makes your car run like new—then return the can within 10 days for complete refund—no questions asked! You don't risk one cent! "Motor Overhaul" must give you **NEW CAR PERFORMANCE** or your **MONEY BACK!**



## Revolutionary Discovery Adds Years to Life of Cars!

Penetrates to All Moving Parts • Seals Up Cracks, Pits, Marks, Holes • Surface-plates Surfaces • Automatically Tightens Loose Parts and Stops Friction Drag • Makes For Instant Starts • Increase Power and Pick-Up 58.2% • Insures Clean Spark Plugs • Saves up to 24% on Oil • Gives up to 54.1% More Gas Mileage.

ONLY  
**\$2.98**

**HURRY! ORDER NOW TO GET  
IN ON FREE TRIAL OFFER!  
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

"Motor Overhaul," 667 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

## SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

**"MOTOR OVERHAUL," Dept. C-479**  
667 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

- ☐ Please rush "Motor Overhaul". I agree to pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D., postage. Same money-back guarantee.
- ☐ Enclosed find \$2.98. Please rush me "Motor Overhaul" prepaid, with the understanding that I must be delighted or return within 10 days for complete refund.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



The Chapmans had an almost impregnable hide-out atop the canyon, in a glacial moraine. They had a sturdy log cabin there and it was concealed by huge rocks. There was only one entrance to their hide-out, and, as they learned to their sorrow, also only one exit—the rugged Poudre Canyon. Theoretically it was not only difficult to find but easily defended.

**S**AM was too bright to attempt a frontal assault. Instead, he put his men at the moraine's canyon exit and starved the Chapmans into surrender. That feat took six weeks, for the Chapmans were well stocked with food and the moraine's mountain streams furnished ample water. Sam's men grumbled throughout the long siege but he rewarded them with equal shares of the Chapman's cached loot—after executing nine of the 10-man gang. The exception was Pete Olson, whom Sam took into his gang, having admired Pete's loyal, but futile attempt to defend old man Chapman from execution.

Fear of Sam spread throughout the West. And he was credited with capers of which he and his men were innocent. Even many of the ravages and atrocities of the bloodthirsty Indian chief, Spotted Horse, were attributed to him. Spotted Horse was an Arapahoe who led his braves in raids on white settlements along a 200-mile distance in the Platte valley.

Sam was outraged by Spotted Horse's atrocities, particularly his massacres of women and children. Neither Sam nor his men ever killed a woman or a child. In fact, on more than one occasion Sam endowed a bereaved widow with generous funds.

But Sam was no Robin Hood; he gave away precious little of the loot. His goal was to accumulate funds enough "to set up the biggest goddam cattle spread in the world." He talked incessantly of the ranch he would one day own. He intended to establish it in the lush well-watered flatlands adjoining the eastern slope of the Rockies near the present town of Loveland, Colorado.

In the spring of 1864, Sam performed a public service. He killed Spotted Horse and ended the Arapahoes' slaughter of the white settlers.

The way he accomplished that worthy deed was typical. In an unpublished autobiography now in the Denver Historical Society's archives, Sam—who was a man of above-average education—wrote: "I saw a man dressed in citizen's clothes across the (Platte) river. I immediately dispatched ten of my men to capture him. When brought into camp he proved to be none other than Spotted Horse. I ordered my men to drive a stake and prepare to roast the heathen alive. I said, in the Arapahoe tongue, 'You have seen many a white woman or child die this horrible death. Now I propose to let you know how it is yourself.'"

"That unnerved Spotted Horse. He pleaded for his life and promised to end his massacres. But I could not trust his word so I ordered the fire kindled. Spotted Horse died like a coward."

Sam's gang continued its activities. The Army attempted to capture the gang on

11 separate occasions, once sending a detachment under Captain Sanborn into the field with instructions to stay out until they captured Krell and brought him to Fort Kearny, dead or alive. But Sam and his men easily evaded the troopers; they simply faded into the rugged bluffs whenever the soldiers approached, sometimes sniping at them just for the hell of it.

Sam was popular with his men. Only once did one of them attempt to desert. And the way Sam meted out justice to the luckless character was enough to discourage any subsequent defections.

The deserter was Hank Lowry. It was on October, 1864. Sam's outfit had captured a supply train and was driving it to Laramie where a fence, Square-Deal Johnson, bought most of Sam's stolen goods.

Day after day the men plodded along beside the ox-drawn wagons. And each day the men grumbled more and more about their slow progress. One evening Hank disappeared. He was captured at noon the following day and brought back to the wagon train.

Sam himself spread-eagled the unfortunate deserter to a wagon wheel, tying his wrists and feet to the spokes. Then Sam ordered the train to proceed. For a while Hank's screams could be heard the full length of the train of creaking wagons. But when Sam called a halt late in the afternoon Hank was dead. His hands and feet were gory stumps—the rocks and rough brush along the deeply rutted trail had worn them off.

**S**AM was no celibate; he liked women.

But he suffered a humiliating sexual incapacity. That phase of Sam's physical make-up was related in later years by a one-time prostitute in a Laramie saloon who later became a wealthy saloon owner in Denver.

Sam and the girl went into a dingy little room and Sam locked the door. He turned to the girl. "Here," he said, "is \$100. Now show me \$100 worth of your charms."

According to the lady, there was still some \$75 dollars' worth uncollected when Sam left.

Sam had enough funds in 1865 to establish the elaborate cattle ranch he dreamed of. He was 42 then and, except for one more big deal—the downfall of many a criminal—he might have become a famous cattle baron.

But the money was rolling in too easily and too fast to quit outlawing at that specific moment. Besides, Sam was inspired by a spectacular idea: He would raid the Army's arsenal at Laramie, sell the weapons to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Apaches and—with the proceeds from that job, plus his accumulated loot—retire into an honest and respectable life.

It is no credit to the Army that Sam's outlaws were able to raid the armory and make off with five wagonloads of rifles and ammunition which they promptly sold to the Indians.

True to his word, Sam retired from outlawry after that. He broke up his gang, paid each man off, and went to the town of Fort Collins, Colorado, where he deposited his money—totaling \$143,000—in the Cattle Bank, a bank which his men had twice robbed.

Then Sam bought 84 sections of land

south of Fort Collins, adjoining the Rockies. He hired every man he could find to work as carpenters on his mansion and outbuildings. He went to Denver and brought back glass for the house windows, a sink for the kitchen and a pump for the attached washroom. He even bought a bathtub, a genuine back-east luxury.

Sam drove his carpenters. They grumbled under his lashing tongue, but he paid generously and he offered bonuses if they completed his spread by the first of July, 1865. During the construction Sam made frequent trips around the countryside buying cattle. Whenever he found a herd, big or little, he bought it, and always at a price that the farmer or rancher eagerly accepted.

But it wasn't Sam's gold that influenced the stockmen to sell their cattle so rapidly and so hastily. Everywhere there were rumors that the Indians up north, around Laramie, were ravaging homesteads, ranches and sometimes entire settlements. And, according to the rumors, those Indians were equipped with U. S. Army rifles.

One day when Sam was in Denver buying supplies, the Indians raided Fort Collins and went on south, almost to the outskirts of Denver. Sam's spread, of course, was burned to the ground. Worse, the Indians massacred the president of the Cattle Bank, one Jacob Ainsworth, who was trying to flee with the bank's money.

Sam was broke. His money was gone, his ranch spread was reduced to ashes and his cattle were slaughtered. Ironically, the little man had planned to move into his elaborate home only a week later.

Sam moped around the ashes of Fort Collins for a day or two. Then he tried to find the place where banker Ainsworth had been killed, hoping to retrieve the money he'd been carrying. Sam found Ainsworth's scalped and mutilated body but there was no trace of the money; the Indians had taken it with them.

What Sam did next is almost incredible. It was a bold, unexpected gamble. He went back to Julesburg and asked for his old job as marshal.

"I'm sorry," he said simply and perhaps with honesty. "I have learned the wages of sin. But," he assured the astonished townspeople, "I'll be an even more efficient marshal than I was before. I have learned how outlaws think and act. And I can use that knowledge to your advantage."

**M**AYBE if Julesburg hadn't been in the throes of outlawry Sam would have been lynched. But the facts were the town needed a marshal with guts and a fast trigger finger. So Sam was hired—at \$80 a month plus quarters in the old adobe shack.

That was on August 1, 1865. And until he died of a heart attack 18 years later, Sam Krell made Julesburg, Colorado, one of the most moral, law-abiding towns in the West.

On his grave in the little cemetery three miles south of Julesburg, there is a small stone inscribed with the somewhat inaccurate epitaph: "Here lies Sam Krell, a man who yielded to temptation but who saw the Light and returned to the Service of his fellow townsmen."

END



# Set Yourself up for Life!



Thousands of men and women are doing just that today, in all parts of the country, working for themselves and making real money. You can do it, too, with the help of this great new handbook . . . most complete and practical guide ever published on how to choose and run a profitable business of your own.

**BRAND NEW!**

## HOW TO RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS —AND MAKE IT PAY by W. R. MINRATH

● Here, at last, is the book you've been waiting for—a big, complete, really authoritative guide that can make your dream of a *profitable business of your own* come true . . . for this great new handbook tells you *everything* you need to know to start and run a successful, money-making business.

● Whatever you want to do—run a retail store, a home mail-order business, restaurant, motel, neighborhood service, small factory . . . or whatever you want to be—a contractor, jobber, independent salesman, distributor, manufacturers' representative—this amazingly practical book tells you clearly and simply every step you must take to be successful, from choosing a location and financing your venture right on through to the mechanics of your day-to-day operations. What's more, it tells you in complete detail exactly how profitable businesses in different parts of the country were started and how they operate today. It gives you examples of all the best and most effective methods of buying, selling, advertising, and bookkeeping. It explains credits and collections, tax and personal reports, etc., etc.

### “How to Run Your Own Business— and Make it Pay” tells you exactly:

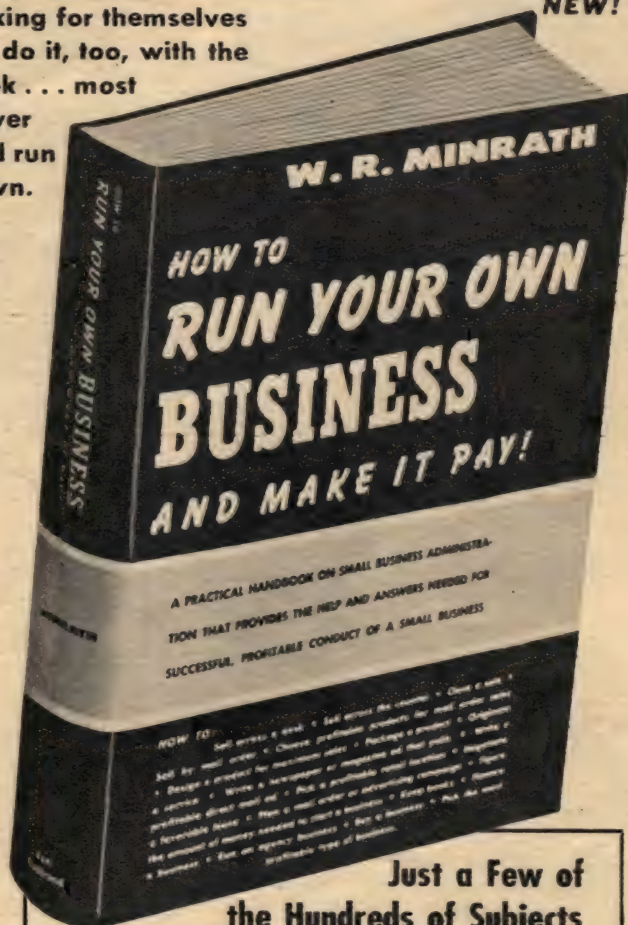
How to select the most profitable type of business for your means and training • How to finance your business • How to pick the best location for a retail store • How to negotiate a favorable lease • How to originate a service • How to start a small factory • How to start a mail-order business • How to plan a mail-order campaign • How to choose profitable products for mail order • How to write a direct-mail advertisement • How to write and prepare newspaper or magazine advertisements • How to design a product for maximum sales • How to package a product • How to become a manufacturers' representative • How to sell across a desk • How to sell in a retail store • How to sell by mail • How to keep books • etc.

VAN NOSTRAND, PRINCETON, N. J.

**SEND NO MONEY**

**USE 10 DAYS FREE!**

Mail the coupon at right for a free-examination copy of “How to Run Your Own Business—and Make it Pay.” Use it ten days at our expense. Learn how to manage a business of your own. Then, if you decide you want to keep the book, remit only \$5.95. Otherwise return it and owe nothing.



### Just a Few of the Hundreds of Subjects Simplified and made Crystal Clear

**PLANNING THE BUSINESS:** Retail, mail-order, service, selling or manufacturing. **FINANCING:** Loans from U. S. Small Business Administration—regional and branch offices. Bank loans, Commercial credit, sales financing or factor. Loans from fixture and equipment dealers. Credit from manufacturers and wholesalers. **PERSONNEL:** Your needs. Finding, interviewing and training. Pay-roll records, Social Security and Withholding tax returns. U. S. and State Unemployment Insurance. **CONTROLLING COSTS:** Time and motion studies, cost accounting. Labor-saving devices. Accounting as a means of pricing, cutting handling costs. **BUYING, SELLING, ADVERTISING, MERCHANDISING, BOOKKEEPING, CREDIT AND COLLECTIONS, BANKING,** etc., etc.

### MAIL THIS COUPON

D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Dept. CM68-57  
120 Alexander Street, Princeton, N. J.

Send me a copy of “How to Run Your Own Business—and Make it Pay.” I'll use it for 10 days FREE. At the end of that time I will either remit \$5.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment, or return book and owe nothing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Save! Send \$5.95 with this coupon and we'll pay postage. Same return privilege and refund guarantee.





## The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 41

crime punishable by death in Greenland, and she struggled to feel sisterly toward the handsome youth. "How did you ever find time to make a raid?" she jeered at her father. "Leif and myself and now this Thorn—and no two of us sharing the same mother!" She weakened long enough to shoot Thorn a knowing glance. "And I'll wager you've planted many a thorn yourself in the past few years!"

Thorn turned from her and swiftly changed the subject. He looked at Leif Ericsson. "It is said that you are a Christian. Why is this? It is a strange religion for a son of Eric the Red."

Leif smiled. He was a head shorter than his father, and his hair was blond instead of red, but he gave out the same sense of strength, tempered by a patient wisdom that glowed in his eyes. "Several years ago," he said, "my father decided that we had to establish trade with Denmark, else our colony would have perished for lack of manufactured goods. My father is still an outlaw in Denmark, with a price upon his head. So he sent me to King Olaf as his representative. I brought a boatload of rich furs, walrus hides, sea ivory and ambergris. In exchange the King filled my dragon ship with plowshares, axes and nails and kept me at his court for many months. And there I learned about Christianity. I promised Olaf to teach my people that the fierce gods to whom they have offered bloody sacrifices all their lives are not as powerful as the humble Jesus."

"Odin forgive him," Eric the Red said glumly, "for he is young and a fool." He turned to Thorn. "Don't be appalled, my new son, for the worst is yet to come. Tell him about Hy Breasail—The Happy Land," he commanded Leif.

**L**EIF smiled. "Some Christians believe that far away, separated by a boundless sea, there is a land of beauty and warmth, alive with fruit and flowers, running with game. It is supposed to be a land of eternal youth. King Olaf believed it existed. Before I left I promised that I would try to find such a place."

"Do you believe it exists?" Thorn asked, half smiling at the idea of a world that wasn't bleak and cold.

"I don't know," Leif said. "I know that other lands exist, and they could be like Hy Breasail. When we fled for our lives from Iceland we sailed westward and there was land, this island of Greenland on which we now live. Bjarni the Mariner has been to an island many days to the west of here. I believe that if we continue to sail westward from there we shall come upon more land, perhaps better and easier to live in than this."

He pulled his chair close to Thorn's. "There must be new lands, westward to

us," he said earnestly, "and perhaps they are better than any of us have ever dreamed. Certain philosophers tell us that the world comes to an end at a sharp edge, but I don't believe them. Every few years, there being no trees on Greenland, we take a dragon ship and go on a voyage to cut lumber, which we bring back so that we can build farm equipment and furniture. Soon I shall lead such an expedition again. Only instead of going eastward, to Iceland or Norway, I shall sail to the west, to a finer land."

"May the gods see you home safely," said Freydis with bland innocence.

Leif laughed, a big, square laugh that echoed warmly through the room. "Jesus will see that I tumble over no brinks at world's-end," he corrected her gently. "Come with me, my sister, and we shall find the promised land together. I could use a smart lieutenant."

This time it was Freydis who laughed. "I am a raider," she said, "the only woman in all of Greenland to lead a dragon boat full of cutthroat fighters. I raid every village within sailing distance, and I keep strange tribes a respectful distance from our shores. No, this is a good enough life for me. There is excitement, and fighting, and plenty of mead; my crew may have to fight to see who gets the pretty girls we capture, but I have my pick of the men."

Thorn stared at her in open admiration. He had never met her equal before. But then he became aware that Leif was talking to him.

"And you, Thorn," he said. "My father describes you as being an eager fighter. Will you be my lieutenant and help me search for Hy Breasail?"

"Careful, Thorn," Freydis laughed. "Remember, our father named this barren hump Greenland in the hopes of deluding some stupid farmers into coming here to colonize. The Happy Land sounds wonderful, but it may turn out to be worse."

Thorn stared at Leif Ericsson. "I'll take that chance," he said.

The dragon ship they would use on the voyage was a long, low craft, built to cleave the waves and roll before the gales of the north. It was about 125 feet long, and was equipped with an underdeck from which 15 long oars projected on either side of the craft. Several feet above the oars the shields of the crew of 40 were lined up like a ship's rail, and on the prow the figure sprite was a large, fierce dragon's head and neck of wood, intricately carved and awesome to look at.

Leif supervised the loading of the ship himself, making sure that the grain was stowed in a dry place, that the barrels of mead were placed under lock and key, that a suitable stall for the bullock was prepared behind the quarter deck. Wood

expeditions always took along a bullock, he explained to Thorn, to do the heavy log-hauling when the timber cutting began.

The one square sail, stout and heavy to withstand the severest of blows, was hauled down and gone over carefully by the entire crew. One morning Eric visited the ship, bringing Tyrker the bard with him.

"He will be your navigator," Eric told Thorn. "Tyrker is German, but the sea-wind sings in his veins. He can find his way to and from anyplace—and he can make music while he goes. Once he was a slave, but I freed him for his faithful service. Treat him well."

**T**HE most interesting additions to the crew were three running slaves. Haki and Hekia were Scots, a boy and girl in their mid-teens. They had been captured as children on a raid of the British Isles, but they still recalled the dress of their homeland, and both wore short homemade kilts of wool. The third runner was a girl, several years older than the Scots. Thorn stared in wonderment the first time he saw her. She was tall and slender, with skin the color of newly-crushed red berries. She wore the same kind of short garment as the Scots, but hers was of worked doeskin, and where it ended at her thighs the skin was dark and silky-looking, instead of white and freckled. Her hair was black, worn in one long braid. Leif showed Thorn a strange, slender little boat, made from the bark of trees.

"Bjarni the Mariner found her in this eight years ago—many days sailing time to the west of here. There was an old man with her, probably her father; he was dead. She says the boat is called a kah-nu."

Thorn studied her curiously. She did not look like a slave. Where Haki and Hekia were simple and humble servants, happy with their lot there was an animal wildness in this girl's proud brown eyes that made Thorn think of a doe he had seen once in a wooden cage. Her name, too—Lightfoot—reminded him of the wild female deer.

Several days before the ship was ready to sail, Leif demonstrated for Thorn how the running slaves would be used if they should reach a strange land. He summoned Lightfoot. "Go to the other side of Greenland," he told her, "to the farm of my cousin Esan. Ask him how the crops and livestock have fared in the last half year. Then come back to me and report. Observe the land as you go and come by different routes. Run as fast as you can." The girl nodded her understanding.

Lightfoot ate a meager meal of some corn porridge, then she slept for several hours. When she awoke she spurned offers of more food. Leif gave her a gold ring to give to his cousin; she placed the ring in a small pouch which she hung around her neck and slipped into the bosom of her deerskin kirtle. Then she bounded off, running like a wild thing due north without a backward glance.

Two-and-a-half days later she was

(Continued on page 64)



# A New Kind of Bargain Offer to MYSTERY READERS

take **3** GIANT VOLUMES  
(WORTH \$8.90)  
(IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS)

plus **4** NEW NOVELS  
(WORTH \$12.00)  
(IN PUBLISHERS' EDITIONS)



TOTAL  
VALUE  
\$20.90

all **7** for only **\$1.00**

**TREASURY OF SHERLOCK HOLMES** by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Big 630-page omnibus of the most thrilling tales from the casebook of the world's master detective! 27 short-story adventures PLUS two complete novels. Pub. ed. \$2.95.

**TREASURY OF GREAT MYSTERIES.** These two volumes are the greatest reading treat ever offered to mystery fans: 5 full-length novelettes, 4 famous novels, 10 pulse-tingling short stories! Over 1150 exciting pages by Ellery Queen, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Agatha Christie, Eric Ambler, Daphne du Maurier and many more. 2 vols. Pub. ed. \$5.95.

**MAN ON A ROPE** by George Harmon Coxe. A bullet-riddled body . . . \$100,000 in diamonds gone . . . and you're the chief suspect. But you're not worried—until the jewels turn up in your room and the cops try to pin another murder on you! Pub. ed. \$2.75.

**DEATH OF A FOOL** by Ngaio Marsh. The weird, centuries-old "dance of death" had just ended—but the man who played the victim was really dead. How could the murderer have committed his brutal crime in front of the entire village . . . and not be seen? Pub. ed. \$3.50.

**INSPECTOR QUEEN'S OWN CASE** by Ellery Queen. The local Connecticut folks called Nair Island "Million-Nair Island." Nobody but blue-bloods were allowed. Until scandal came . . . in the form of a curvaceous night-club singer, a white Jaguar sports car, an illegitimate baby . . . and three incredible MURDERS! Pub. ed. \$3.00.

**NIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD** by Rex Stout. Young Paul Herold was framed for theft—and eleven years later he was framed for murder! He was still young . . . good looking . . . a nice guy. But he was going to wind up in the "hot seat"—unless Nero Wolfe could find the real killer . . . and do it fast! Pub. ed. \$2.75.

Just imagine getting ALL these new books by top mystery authors for just a dollar. They're worth \$20.90 in publishers' editions, but you can have all seven in one giant package, if you join the Mystery Guild on this amazing offer.

The club's plan is simple and popular: Each month the editorial board selects two top-notch new books—often by authors like Rex Stout, Ellery Queen and Agatha Christie. These are described to members well IN ADVANCE. If you don't want a book, simply tell the Club. It will not be sent. You pay the postman nothing; bills are due only after you examine your selections.

These brand new novels cost \$2.50 to \$3.50 in the publishers' editions. But members pay only ONE DOLLAR each (plus a few cents for shipping) for their hard bound, large sized volumes! Occasionally you will have the opportunity to choose extra-value, three-in-one optional selections at \$1.49. But you buy only the books you want—as few as four \$1.00 selections a year if you wish—and build a fine library almost for pennies.

No wonder so many people consider Dollar Mystery Guild membership the greatest value in the world of books. Best of all, if you join NOW, you can get SEVEN new books for ONE DOLLAR as a membership bonus! Send the coupon today to: Dollar Mystery Guild, Dept. CMG-9, Garden City, N. Y.

WHEN YOU JOIN THE DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD AND AGREE TO ACCEPT AS FEW AS FOUR NEW MYSTERIES (AT ONLY \$1 EACH) DURING THE COMING YEAR

**DOLLAR MYSTERY GUILD, Dept. CMG-9, Garden City, N. Y.**

Please enroll me in the Dollar Mystery Guild and rush me these new books worth \$20.90 in publishers' editions. Later, I'll send only \$1.00 (plus shipping) for the entire package.

**3 GIANT VOLUMES PLUS 4 NEW NOVELS  
ALL SEVEN FOR ONLY \$1.00**

Treasury of Sherlock Holmes • Treasury of Great Mysteries • Man On A Rope • Death Of A Fool • Inspector Queen's Own Case  
Might As Well Be Dead

New book bargains will be described to me each month in the Club's advance bulletin "Mystery Guild Clues." Whenever I don't want a book I will notify you, and it won't be sent. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents for shipping (unless I choose an extra-value selection.) I need take only four selections a year—and I may resign any time after accepting four selections. **NO-RISK GUARANTEE:** If not delighted, return books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Same offer in Canada; Address Dollar Mystery Guild, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)



back, her deerskin blotched with perspiration and her eyes showing the fatigue which weighed her down. Leif and Thorn were standing on the deck of the dragon ship when she ran up to them and stood before them, her legs spread wide, a triumphant smile on her lips. From her belt she pulled a silver-embossed dagger, which Esan had sent to Leif. The pouch she took from between her heaving breasts held nine black pebbles and 14 white ones, which she quickly separated into two piles, kneeling on the deck.

She touched the black pebbles. "There are this many cows in the fields," she said. Then she touched the white pebbles. "This is the number of sheep. There was a sheep sickness in the fall and several sheep died. The corn was good and plentiful last year, but the wheat had a sickness and it is scarce."

"And the land along the way?" asked Leif.

"The rivers are swollen, but I was able to swim each of them. There is a fresh landslide four hours north of here, and it created a new waterfall. On my return I traveled the coast; there is a new run of herring and the boats are out. Someone has camped three hours northeast of here. There were three men and a woman, and their campfire was still warm when I discovered it."

Leif patted her on the shoulder. "You have done well," he said. "Go now and rest." The two men watched her walk to her pallet. "If we find land," Thorn said, "we know one thing—we shall not lack for good scouts."

**B**UT the two females, Lightfoot and Hekia the Scot, presented a problem which worried Leif Ericsson. "They will be on board for a long, lonely time with 40 restless men," he told Thorn. "We must do something to make sure they go unharmed." He thought in silence for a long while, then he summoned Haki, the Scottish boy. "Are you and Hekia lovers?" he asked bluntly.

The boy frowned; clearly, he was puzzled.

Leif smiled kindly. "Do you sleep with her?" he asked.

Haki's face cleared. "Oh, no, my lord," he said. "She prefers to sleep in the female slave-barracks. I sleep in the male barracks, because I like to watch the gambling."

Leif threw back his head and roared with laughter. "I trust, little Haki," he said, that this will soon change. Meanwhile, I am going to announce that you and Hekia are betrothed. When you both are old enough to understand what this means you can decide yourselves what shall actually be done. In the meantime, I shall make the announcement."

"Yes, Lord," Haki said. He didn't understand, but trusted Leif Ericsson with his life.

Lightfoot was a more difficult proposition. "Mere betrothal to just anyone won't stop the men from sampling that morsel," Leif said. He called the crew together. "Listen to me," he announced, "the two running slaves, Haki and Hekia, are promised to one another, and she is

his woman. The slave Lightfoot is promised to me, and I shall kill any man who troubles her." The crew took this news matter-of-factly, and Leif was satisfied.

Only Thorn was troubled. He accosted his commander. "Was this a necessity?" he asked. "Did you have to betroth yourself to Lightfoot in order to protect her?" Leif stared at him in surprise. "It is only a device," he said. Suddenly he grinned. "It can be broken by either of us." He stared at Thorn again, and the grin widened until it became a guffaw, and he walked away, shaking his head.

On the day of sailing all of Eric the Red's householders, relatives, friends and slaves came down to see the dragon ship leave Greenland. Eric himself rode up to the ship on a white horse, which shied and threw him just before he reached the beach. The old Viking was unhurt but horrified. "It is a sign," he grieved, "a bad omen. We must sacrifice so that the voyage shall not end in ruin and death."

Leif listened to his father with darkening face and knit eyebrows. He knew that before his return from this voyage Jesus would be forgotten on Greenland, and the old Norse gods would regain their bloody rule.

Many goodbyes were said amicably. Thorn lifted a wooden mallet high above his head and brought it crashing down on the stone coxwain's block; at the sound 30 pairs of hands pulled on 30 oars, and the great dragon began to move majestically out to sea. Again and again Thorn beat time with the hammer, and the oarsmen put their backs into their tasks. Soon, however, when they were a good distance from shore and their friends and relatives had dwindled in size until they had become indistinguishable specks of black, the breeze freshened and the sail puffed out with a crack. Cheering, the rowers leaned on their oars and rested

while the dragon surged forward before the wind.

The expedition quickly settled into its routine at sea. The hours ran together until a day had passed, and then another, and then more days than anyone bothered to count.

**O**NE morning he noticed that Lightfoot was kneeling before her kah-nu, working the undersides of the little craft with animal fat to make it waterproof. On impulse he went over to her and knelt nearby. The girl looked up and saw him, but she continued working in silence. For a long time he knelt and watched her, noting the grace with which her slender body moved. The day was chill and overcast, and he noticed that whenever the icy spume landed on the flesh of her naked legs the girl would shiver. Thorn was wearing a sheepskin kirtle, and he slipped out of it and placed it around the girl's shoulders. She looked up in alarm and started to rise, but then the warmth of the downy lining, still hot from his body, reached her flesh, and she pulled it close around her and smiled in delight.

She went back to work again and this time he helped her, dipping his fingers into the pot of fat and kneading it with his palms into the bark. At last she spoke to him—for the first time. "Sometimes I remember the country from which I come," she said shyly. "Is it there that we are sailing?"

"I don't know," Thorn told her. "What do you remember?"

"I remember a place where it is sometimes cold, like your country, and sometimes so warm that the people shed their clothing and splash in the rivers like animals. I remember whole forests of trees, and tall mountains and flat prairies. I remember herds of animals which looked like bulls, only were shaggier and hump-



"I bet they'd look mighty good surrounded by several strips of bacon and fried sunny side up."



backed like Tyrker; they were so many that when they ran the earth shook and thunder filled the air. I remember how my father hunted them on a horse, throwing small spears at them with a bow. I remember other people like myself." She turned away from him, and he realized with sudden shock that she was crying.

Thorn looked at her, amazed. *Some Christians, Leif Ericsson had said, believe that far away is a land of beauty and warmth, alive with fruit and flowers, running with game. Could Lightfoot have come from Hy Breasail, the Happy Land? If so, then the sea which separated it from the Northern lands was not boundless, and perhaps Leif Ericsson might find it, after all.*

Each sailing day blended into the one before. Mile after mile of sea water slid smoothly beneath the keel of the dragon ship and disappeared in its wake. Sometimes the winds blew fiercely and the rain pelted the voyagers so that they huddled from its cruel fingers beneath animal skins, while giant waves lifted and tossed the dragon as if it were a tiny chip. Other times the wind failed, and the grumbling crew pulled themselves and their vessel over water as smooth as glass. Not once did they sight land or signs of land. Once in a while a great white iceberg loomed like a sea-ghost high above the water, but not even an island was sighted, and the men began to cast fearful glances at the sea and pray to Odin when Leif wasn't nearby.

**E**ARLY one morning a miraculous thing occurred. The lookout spotted a speck against the surface of the sea. At first it was thought that the speck was a whale, but as they approached it they saw that it was a skerry, or small boat, with four persons in it. They were Thori, a captain from Leif's own Greenland colony, his wife Gudrid and two of their crewmen. Their ship had broken in half in a storm, and all the others had lost their lives in the sea. When the survivors saw who had saved them they wept for joy, and they called him "Leif the Lucky." His own men tasted the sound of the words and found it to their liking. And Leif had a new name.

Thori brought news which disturbed Leif. Several days before the fatal accident which had befallen his craft, Thori's ship had crossed paths with the dragon ship of Freydis. "She didn't tarry," he told Leif. "We exchanged greetings and she sailed right off in the direction in which we now sail—westward."

Leif explained to Thorn why he was worried. "There is a large island two days ahead of us," he said. "It is populated, and I had planned to stop and trade for fresh meat and vegetables. Bjarni did the same thing when he made his voyage. But then he turned around and went right home again. That is the farthest west anyone has traveled. We will continue on, and what we shall find no one knows. We may face an even longer ocean voyage, and without new provisions we could perish.

"But if Freydis and her cutthroats go to the island, they go there for one purpose only—to raid. At the sight of another dragon ship the whole island will



R. C. Anderson  
President of CTI

## TAKE THIS *Short Cut* TO A *Good Job* IN **AIR CONDITIONING** AND REFRIGERATION

**I will train you at home in spare time**

You know that the air conditioning and refrigeration field is one of America's greatest. And it grows bigger every day! There are over 150 million units in use. Each year, an additional 6 million air conditioners, refrigerators and freezers are sold. You can see that thousands of trained mechanics are needed to install and service all this equipment in homes and industry. These mechanics earn top hourly wages in good jobs; many start in business. Because the industry is growing so fast, the shortage of skilled men is greater than ever. Many, many well-paid

jobs are open—waiting to be filled by fellows like yourself.

You need training, of course. But don't let this discourage you, because CTI brings practical training to you at home. Yes, you can learn by practicing with 23 kits—by reading the easy-to-understand instruction material. Let CTI prove that you belong in this industry—that you can learn to be a mechanic—that you can succeed. Get this proof by filling out and mailing the coupon below. Do this today! CTI will send you two opportunity booklets. Both are Free.

### Make up to \$10 or \$15 a week as you train



Soon after you enroll, you can start earning money in your spare time by doing service and repair jobs in your community. Earn up to \$15 a week

and more in this manner, and gain extra experience besides. CTI kits make training so practical that you will make service calls with confidence.

### CTI helped these men and can do just as much for you



"Thanks to CTI training, I am now employed full time at good wages. I got 3 raises and a bonus. Have my own home."  
—Daniel Stevens, Springfield, O.

"Have a swell job here in Freeport. I've fixed every job. Everyone seems to like my work."  
—Kenneth Whalen, Ill.

"Am now an able refrigeration technician... earning good wages... find my work interesting. I recommend CTI to any ambitious man."  
—A. W. Heindrich, Ohio



"I started a refrigeration service business of my own. It's a great feeling to be the boss. Business is good and profits pile high. Have been able to expand."  
—C. G. Ginn, Texas

"After completing my CTI training, I went into business for myself and my work has been very good."  
—Paul Bowen, Ill.

"After studying for three months, I went into business. Today, 5 months later, my business is growing rapidly."  
—J. F. Hines, Ga.

### AUTO AIR CONDITIONING IS ONE OF FINEST NEW OPPORTUNITY FIELDS

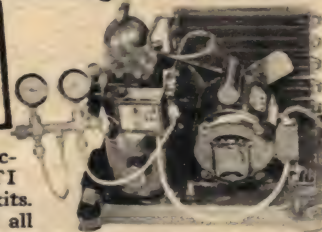


Now you can have a bright future in the auto field. Each year, experts say, 4 million new autos will have air conditioners. Trained mechanics are needed to install, repair. Be one!

**BE SURE TO MAIL TODAY**

### Learn by practicing with 23 Kits

YOU BUILD A  
REFRIGERATOR  
FREEZER  
AIR CONDITIONER  
OR MILK COOLER



Your training is practical because CTI sends you 23 big kits. These kits include all essential tools and equipment to assemble a heavy-duty, commercial-type ¼ h.p. high-side. (Illustrated above). You run many tests, do 10 complete service and trouble-shooting jobs. You actually build a refrigerator, freezer, air conditioner or milk cooler. Kit training lets you practice, gives you a background of on-the-job experience. Remember—only CTI sends 23 kits. You get them all at no extra cost—and you keep the unit you assemble!

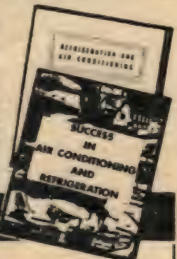
### Your opportunity for independence

How many times have you said to yourself, "I wish I owned a business"? You have a splendid opportunity to be "on your own" in the air conditioning and refrigeration field. At first, you can work for someone else. Then, as your reputation grows in the community, you can open a shop. At the same time, you almost surely will want to add a sales division and handle nationally-known lines of merchandise. Ambitious CTI students have gone into business even before they graduated—they never found it necessary to work as an apprentice. CTI graduates say it feels great to be the boss!



### Mail coupon—Find out how easy it is to make top pay

You need not make up your mind right now. Get the facts before you come to a decision. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We'll send two Success Books. No obligation.



### 2 FREE BOOKS

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE  
1400 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago 26, Ill. Dept. R-374

Mail me new SUCCESS BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON No cost or obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# MEN PAST 40

## Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Dysfunction. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of dysfunction occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such dysfunction causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken before malignancy has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Dysfunction. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

### NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted particularly to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 3,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and new health in life.

#### LOW COST EXAMINATION

On your arrival here our Doctors make a complete examination. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. They are so mild they do not require hospitalization. A considerable saving in expense.

#### Write Today for Our

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to you. There is no obligation. Address

#### RECTAL COLON

Are often associated with Glandular Dysfunction. We can treat these for you at the same time.

**FREE**  
ILLUSTRATED  
BOOK



EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE  
Dept. 9065

Excelsior Springs, Mo.  
Gentlemen. Kindly send at once your New

FREE BOOK. I am \_\_\_\_\_ years old

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

arm itself to the teeth, and we shall have to fight our way back to sea."

Tyrker let out a howl of joy and began to sing a saga of conquest in battle, but Leif frowned. "We are Christians now," he said, "and it is not right for Christians to spill blood without cause. Wait until we reach the island. Then we shall see."

The lookout spotted the island just as the sun dropped into the sea behind it. Leif pulled his ship back over the horizon and ordered the drag-anchor dropped. Just before dawn he sent the two Scots ashore in a small boat to scout. They were gone only a few hours. When they climbed aboard Thorn knew that they bore evil tidings, for there were tears in Hekia's usually placid blue eyes.

"Freydis has been here, Lord," Haki said, but his eyes were downcast, and he would not look at Leif's face.

Leif waited.

"Somehow she and her men were defeated when they raided the village. All are dead, and the dragon ship burned and sunk. Freydis' body is hung at the village square." Now he raised his head. "She is no longer pretty to look at, Lord," he said.

Thorn remembered the half-sister he had known for so little time. She would never take another lover now. He looked at Leif. Tears dulled his eyes. "She lived a Viking and she died a Viking," he said. "Now she shall have a Viking funeral. Tonight we raid."

THE day was spent in preparation for battle. Weapons were sharpened and the shields were taken down from the ship's sides and handed out. Leif ground the edges of a giant sword until they gleamed sharp and bright in the weak sunlight. The crew, too, sharpened swords and knives, but Thorn wasted no time on metal blades. He hefted Doom thoughtfully, making sure that the great stone head of the axe was fastened securely to the handle. This was all the weapon he desired or needed.

Tyrker played his lyre and sang saga's of bloody heroism all afternoon, working the spirits of the crew to a fighting pitch. In the late afternoon the wind slackened, and Leif ordered the blades of the oars to be wrapped in animal skins to muffle their sound. Having no wind to help them get away in case of trouble only served to make the crew more reckless, and all afternoon they talked of the men they would kill, the women they would ravish, the plunder that would be theirs.

As soon as the sun had fallen Leif ordered the anchor hoisted. The oarsmen put their backs into their tasks. The Vikings' dragon glided slowly over the still waters, toward the town.

It was a small place, a gathering of mud huts with wattled roofs around a square which now was torch-lighted. Thorn found himself wondering how Freydis and her warlike crew had ever been defeated by the inhabitants of so miserable a place. Someone came and stood near him as the dragon ship approached the beach. It was Lightfoot. She reached out and placed a cool hand on his burning cheek. She looked not frightened, but regretful. But he had no time to ponder this. The pebble beach grated loud on the bottom of the

dragon ship and the crew started to pour off, shouting a strange mixture of war cries.

Leif the Lucky was the first to hit the beach, and he waved his sword above his head with both hands, shouting to Jesus to make his arms strong. Others took up the Christian cry. "Jesus, Jesus!" they screamed, and still others answered with the war-cry which had been used by their fathers and their fathers' fathers before them: "Odin! For Odin and the gods!"

The Vikings poured into the village. Thorn ran as hard as he could, rushing ahead of the attacking party. A fat, slant-eyed man gaped at him and turned tail and ran. Thorn didn't pursue him. Instead he went to where the nude corpse of his half-sister hung from a pole. Haki hadn't exaggerated. Freydis was no longer pretty to look at. Her torn and mutilated body would no longer lure young men.

Thorn didn't bother to cut her down. Instead he swung the axe in his hands once, and Doom cut through the pole as if it were cheese. In the nearest hut a man and a woman sat on a crude bench. The man leaped up when Thorn burst through the door, but Thorn swung Doom lazily and the islander dropped, the side of his head crushed in like an eggshell. Thorn left the woman screaming by the side of her dead husband and lifted the bench high over his head. It splintered into kindling when he crashed it down, and he heaped wood around Freydis' body. There was a torch burning outside one of the huts and he dropped the flaming brand on top of Freydis' funeral pyre. The dry wood caught instantly.

He was standing there, gazing into the crackling flame, when the thing whizzed by and plunked into the wall just inches away from his head. It was a very short spear, with feathers on the end of it. Thorn stared at it, remembering that Lightfoot had told him how her father had hunted with these. He turned and searched the huts which ringed the square, seeing the fat man who had run a few minutes before, just as he was about to loose another bolt. Thorn dropped flat on the ground, and the barbed missile whizzed harmlessly over his head. Instinct told him that the strange weapon was what had defeated Freydis.

HE was on his feet in an instant, his mouth full of a cry that had no meaning except blood-lust. The thong on the end of the handle of his axe was around his palm, and Doom was an invisible windmill whirling over his head. He released the thing and the heavy axe flew straight to its mark. Thorn could hear bones break as it stuck the fatman in the chest. He ran to retrieve it, and as he bent over the body of his slain foe he saw the piles of bows hanging from pegs on the sides of the building.

At the same time he noticed the oncoming islanders making a dash for the weapons. There were five of them, and Thorn dispatched three with Doom before the other two turned and ran into the swords of oncoming Vikings. Thorn gathered the bows in two huge armloads, then he dumped them on the leaping flames of the pyre, giving to Freydis in



death the weapons which had deprived her of life.

All through the village the Vikings were butchering the islanders at will. The screams of the maimed and dying pierced the night, and the flames of the burning town dispelled the darkness. As the remaining men were killed or fled into the sea, Leif Ericsson's crew turned their attention to the women.

They took them wherever they found them, pinning them to the hard clay of the square or throwing them upon their own beds, which the Vikings burned as soon as they had taken their satisfaction upon them.

The blood of Eric the Red, aroused to a pitch it had never before experienced, raced in Thorn the Lonely's veins and hammered in his brain. He found the house of the first islander he had killed. The woman was still kneeling by her dead husband, keening, her head covered with a cloth. She looked up when he burst once more into her home, and her mouth opened in a soundless scream as he dragged her to her feet. The cloth fluttered from her head. She had black hair, oiled and drawn tight around her skull. Her clothes made a fine ripping sound as he tore them from her body. She had her eyes closed.

"Open your eyes," he shouted. "Open your eyes!" But she would not, and he struck her with the back of his hand. He hit her in the mouth and her lip began to bleed. Her skin was dark, but her blood was red, like that of the North-people.

Pretty soon he didn't care that her eyes were closed. The last thing he thought of was that while she had a body like Freydis, her face reminded him of Lightfoot's.

Dawn came up over the island and Thorn grimaced as he lay on the bed of the man he had killed the night before. The events of the previous evening lay thick and heavy on his mind, like a layer of corrosive dust. Sometime during the night the woman had made her escape from him. But he cared nothing for her and he hadn't tried to keep her with him.

HE arose and arranged his rumpled clothing, then stepped out into the weak early morning sunshine. The island was a shambles. Leif Ericsson's men were busy collecting the dead of the first Viking raiding party, making piles of the corpses and placing them in pyres. Two men carried a body past Thorn as he stood there, and he recognized the noseless face of Ivar, who had been Freydis' boat captain. The stench of burning human flesh hung heavy over everything.

Tyrker had found a barrel of dark, bitter ale, and he was dispensing it with drunken liberality. "It is almost like the beer we make where I come from," he told the men, but the Vikings, used to the smooth sweetness of mead, spat the bitter potion out on the ground in disgust.

Every hut was looted. Leif's crew adorned themselves with the trinkets they found hidden in family treasure-chests. They placed bone earrings into their ears,

entwined their hair and beards with all sorts of carved ivory gewgaws. Leif had separated the men into work details with the coming of daylight, and the dragon ship was quickly being filled with fresh provisions. Two goats were led aboard and penned next to the work-bullock, so that there would be a supply of fresh meat in the days to come.

Even the two Scottish slaves had collected their share of the spoils. Haki now wore a bone dagger in his belt which, 24 hours before, had been the property of an island boy. Hekia wore a necklace of gleaming fish-teeth around her throat. Only Lightfoot seemed not to have helped herself to anything. She was working on her bark boat, and she looked at Thorn out of troubled eyes when he approached her. "I will find you some animal fat in one of the houses," he said. "Or perhaps there is even some pitch; then you would not need to keep fixing the bottom of the boat all the time."

"I do not wish anything from here," she said quietly. "I still have some fat in my pot. When we leave, the few living ones in hiding will need everything that is left."

Suddenly, without knowing why, he felt numb with anger at her. He wheeled and ran to the house in which he had slept. There was a pot of fat drippings by the hearth and he seized it and carried it to where the redskinned girl sat by her canoe. "Take it and use it," he commanded.

Lightfoot looked up at him sorrow-

# MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

## In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

### LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

### PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 35th YEAR!

### FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

National School Of Meat Cutting, Inc.  
Dept. K-59 Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. K-59, Toledo 4, Ohio

Send me FREE 52-page school catalog on LEARN-BY-DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING, SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEATS at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call.  
(Approved for Training Korean Veterans)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



# This \$1000 SALES KIT IS Free!



**Puts You in the BIG MONEY  
Tailoring Business Quick  
MAKE UP TO \$30  
IN A DAY!**

If you'd like to make up to \$30 in a day, even in spare time, I'll send you this amazing \$10.00 Tailoring Kit **absolutely Free!** Contains everything you need to start you in big-pay Made-to-Measure Tailoring Business — over 100 Actual Fabrics, Style Display of smartest new Suits and Coats for men and women, at low prices—plus complete money-making plans and equipment. No experience needed—just show Kit to friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, etc., take easy fast orders, **collect Generous Advance Profit.** We deliver to customers.

**YOUR OWN SUITS to Wear Without 1c Cost!**  
Your best-selling ad is your own Made-to-Measure Suit... and we'll show you how to get yours without paying 1c! Mail coupon today for Valuable Tailoring Kit and Suit Offer—all sent **FREE!**

**PIONEER TAILORING CO.**  
Congress & Throsp Streets, Dept. N-1095, Chicago 7, Ill.

**PIONEER TAILORING CO., Dept. N-1095,  
Congress & Throsp Sts., Chicago 7, Ill.**

Rush **FREE** and Postpaid, your valuable \$10.00 Tailoring Kit so I can start making good money quickly. Include Actual Fabric Samples, Style Display, money-making plans and details of how I can get my own Suit without a penny of cost.

Name.....Age.....  
Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....



fully. She took the pot and dug her fingers into the grease, then started to spread it across the bark. Suddenly he couldn't bear to watch her. He climbed to the top of the mast and clung there, watching the smoke rise from the ruins of the town he had helped destroy.

Two days after they left the island Leif Ericsson's expedition saw their last iceberg, and eight days after that they came upon a new land. There were a few stunted trees on the bleak shoreline, but on the whole the land was not unlike their own cold, bare Greenland.

"It is not Hy Breasail, that is certain," Thorn said in disappointment.

"Have patience," Leif said. "At this point we have gone as far west as the sea will take us. So we shall sail our dragon ship southward. Perhaps this is a large island which we can by-pass."

For days they voyaged down the coastline, hugging the shore, examining the land closely as they sailed by. And, miraculously, the farther south they traveled, the warmer it grew. The air softened and became full of the songs of birds which were new and strange to the Vikings. With every hour more trees appeared on the shore. Soon they were passing whole forests of straight, thick timber.

"This is what we came for, Leif Ericsson," Thorn said one morning as he pointed to a luxuriant wood. "Shall we land and get the logs?"

Leif smiled. "We both knew that logs are not what we really came for," he said. "I want to see where this ends. This must be the Happy Land of the Hy Breasail legend." He looked at the verdant shore growth which showed green under the hot spring sun. "What else could it be?" he asked softly.

No one knew. The Vikings had entered a softer and more gracious land than they had known before. It was a tale out of their folk lore come true; many felt that they were about to trespass on a sacred place. As the days grew from warm to hot, fur and skin garments were discarded, until all the party wore costumes like the kilts of the Scots.

Only Lightfoot seemed not to be

amazed at the wonders. She was moved, and tremulously happy. Thorn went to her one morning. "Is this your land?" he said.

"This is not my land," she said. "But I think that my land may be reached from here. I remember that my father and I traveled down many mighty rivers for a long time before we reached the sea. To reach the land of my people I think it would be necessary to go westward, either up the same rivers or up others."

"What kind of people are your people?" he asked.

"They are good and they are bad. Mostly, I seem to remember, they are happy. They fish, they hunt, they swim in the streams and lakes, they make love. They are good people, I think."

"Do they make war?" Thorn asked.

"Sometimes the tribes fight," she said, "but mostly the chiefs settle arguments. All I can remember about my father was that he was a chief. I should like to know more."

Thorn remembered the constant care she gave the canoe. Suddenly he realized why she tended it so carefully. "You are going to return to your people, aren't you?" he said. "You are going to wait until the time is right, and then you will run away."

Lightfoot looked at him. "Yes," she said simply.

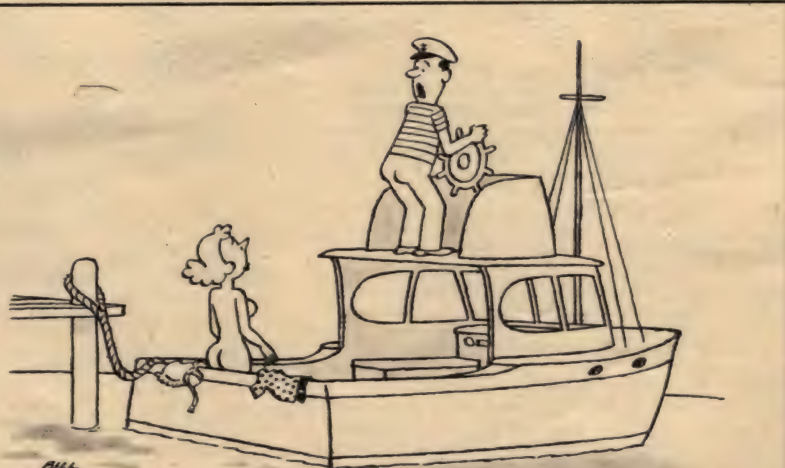
"Why do you tell this to me?" he asked. "You are a slave. I could have you killed for planning to run away from Leif Ericsson."

"Will you have me killed?" she asked quietly.

He looked at her. "No," he said.

That night Thorn stood on deck talking to Eric. It was a warm night, and the air was soft with summer. There was a scuffling noise behind a pile of shields, and when the two men went to investigate they found Haki and Hekia in fervent embrace. The little Scot slave boy looked up at Leif Ericsson, unabashed.

"My lord," he said. "I think it would be a good idea if you would marry us now. I am no longer very interested in gambling."



"That isn't exactly what I meant when I said, 'Cast off!'"



Next morning the dragon ship came upon a long, white beach. For hours they sailed along its shores, and its whiteness was unending. White sand was unknown in Greenland. "It is wonderful," Leif Ericsson said in awe. "We will call it Wonderstrand." When the beach finally ended the dragon ship came to a sheltered, woody bay, and Leif steered his craft into the inlet. "We will go ashore," he said, and the whole crew broke into a cheer.

They beached the dragon on a grassy shore. That night they spent in the ship, but at dawn the next morning Leif jumped to the ground, and the whole crew followed, one by one. There was a grassy area between the beach and the forest, and this was filled with wild flowers. "Lord," said Hekia, "may we pick these?" The Viking leader gave his permission, and soon everyone was gathering the fragrant blossoms and weaving them into crowns.

Tyrker's fingers struck something sticky on a leaf. He licked them, and a look of pleasure came over his face. "It is sweet," he exclaimed to Thorn. "Once when I was a child in Germany I experienced this. It is called honey dew." Soon the whole expedition was picking the vegetation and licking sweetness off the leaves. "In the stories the old German people tell before the hearth," Tyrker said, "they say that in the Happy Land honey falls like dew from heaven in the night..."

"Leif Ericsson," Thorn asked his commander, "is this true Hy Breasail?"

"WE will find out," Leif said. He summoned the two Scots. "We have found the wood for which my father Eric the Red sent us," he said. "Now we shall cut it and load the logs on the dragon ship. While we do this, I want you to scout the country. Tomorrow morning at dawn, set out and run toward the west. You can be away for three days. Tomorrow you will run straight inland, and part of the next day, and on the third day you will come back by a different way, so that you can give me an account of as much of the country as possible."

Early the next morning, while the world was still grey with darkness, Thorn saw Hekia wake and shake Haki. A litter of bones and meat, the left-overs of their last night's meal, was on a platter nearby. They gnawed at them briefly, said a few words to the sentry and set off running from the camp in the uncertain light of dawn. They ran steadily and not very fast, as if conserving their energies for the long way ahead. Soon they were lost among the trees.

That day the logging began. The Vikings felled the straightest, healthiest trees and cut them into logs, which the bullock dragged to the ship. Leif worked his men hard. "They have too much energy stored up," he told Thorn. "This will tire them out, give them something else to think about besides the women they left behind on Greenland."

On the third day the logs were in the boat. The Vikings sat on the green sod, dozing in the warm sun and drinking the extra ration of mead which Leif had issued to each man as a reward. Suddenly

Just RUSH me your LAST CHANCE COUPON below with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS ON IT

and I'll show YOU absolutely FREE

## How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

Are YOU SKINNY like I was?

a 90 lb. weakling who became world's strongest man



George Jowett BEFORE



AND BECOME A REAL HE-MAN LIKE MANY THOUSANDS OF MY PUPILS IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY  
Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick, Easy Methods How To ADD POWERFUL NEW INCHES OF MUSCLES around YOUR ARMS, CHEST, LEGS, etc.  
How to IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 100%.

BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE IN ALL POPULAR SPORTS.  
BEAT ANY BULLY. DO FEATS OF STRENGTH.  
Be a WINNER in EVERYTHING YOU TACKLE.

YES! Your Success Story Can Soon be like John Sill and thousands of my pupils. Think of it — a skinny weakling like you became a MAGNIFICENT MR. MUSCLES — won a BIG SILVER TROPHY, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and \$100. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. TODAY everybody admires John's movie star build, he-man STRENGTH, his mighty ARMS, heroic CHEST, slender WAIST, rock-like TORSO, broad manly BACK, wide military SHOULDERS, new popularity with the BOYS and GIRLS. His winning drive in ALL SPORTS, his energy at work and studies.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you are in your teens, twenties or thirties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes a day in your home, you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from a wreck to a WORLD CHAMPION.

YES! YOU'LL ADD INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLES to YOUR ARMS, YOU'LL DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, BROADEN YOUR BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED, ENDURANCE. You'll become the SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN IN LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERYTHING, athletics, business, studies.

THIS CAN BE YOU IN A SHORT TIME!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

BEFORE

Mailing Coupon I was a 125 lb. 6 ft. skinny weakling



AFTER

says JOHN SILL

I added 7 inches to MY CHEST, 3 1/2 INCHES to EACH ARM. No, Pal! You don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.



Mailing Coupon 185 lb. HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN POPULAR ATHLETE You can be, too!

WIN A BIG

Silver Trophy and \$100



MAIL COUPON TO ME NOW AND I'LL SEND YOU FREE these 5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES. PLUS PHOTOBOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN



Formerly \$5.00 each. MILLIONS were sold at \$1.00. Send for them ALL FREE. Mail coupon BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE and you have to pay \$1.00 or \$5.00.

DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES BY THE GREATEST METHOD!

Friend, I traveled the world, studying every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "5-Way Progressive Power Method" is TESTED-PROVED by hundreds of thousands LIKE YOU! SAVE YEARS, hundreds of DOLLARS! Do as movie stars, champions — John Sill, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella — did! Mail coupon NOW!

THEY CALLED ME "SKINNY" NOW THEY CALL ME MR. MUSCLES

BEFORE

Thanks to Jowett's easy methods I GAINED 28 LBS. of MUSCLE-PACKED STRENGTH ALL OVER. I won new handsome looks — great athletic ability. Now You do it!

TONY PASCARELLA



BEFORE

became Athlete of the Year. Lifted the front End of a 2700 lb. Car. Quit being a bag-of-bones weakling like I was. In 10 minutes of fun a day JOWETT CAN DO FOR YOU ALL HE DID FOR ME! I gained 25 TERRIFIC LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES.

AFTER mailing coupon below — like you do NOW.



PICK THE KIND OF BODY YOU WANT!

JOWETT INSTITUTE, 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y., Dept. FM-79

Dear George: I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body

I want: ☐ I want to gain ..... lbs. (all in).  
☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ Arms ☐ Chest ☐ Legs ☐ Shoulders  
☐ I want to become a winning athlete ☐ I want NEW PEP, NEW ENERGY  
☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

Also please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses, now all in 1 volume. ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

Name ..... AGE .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....



# NOW! Turn Your Waste Gas Into Blazing SUPER POWER!



## Up To 15 More Horsepower, 6 More Miles Per Gallon . . . Or It Doesn't Cost You a Cent!

It's true! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration . . . jack-rabbit starts . . . blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years — simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!

Get performance from your car that will make friends gasp with astonishment — and save \$25, \$50, and even \$75 a year on gas bills doing it!

Yes! You, yourself can fit this amazing gasoline atomizer onto your car in as little as 20 easy minutes! Then simply turn on your ignition — and a modern miracle of engineering science — comes to life under your hand!

### Test It 100 Different Ways!

Use it to flash away from other cars . . . spur up the steepest hills! Feel the new, life-saving reserve power, passing power you get at 50-60-70 miles an hour with your foot still only halfway down on the pedal!

Actually SEE for yourself the enormous gas savings it gives you! Savings that must pay you back its full purchase price in the first two months that you use it, or YOUR FULL MONEY BACK! Here's why!

This Power Booster is patterned after superchargers selling for as high as \$600. It SUPERMIXES . . . SUPER-VAPORIZES . . . SUPERATOMIZES your gas . . . mixes that gas with much greater volumes of air . . . makes that gas more explosive in your engine . . . squeezes the hidden power out of that gas! No wonder dozens of leading car magazines call this the "money-saving discovery of the year."

### Try It Entirely At Our Risk!

This MINI-SUPERCHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,409,937) sells for only \$11.95 for most cars — or \$14.95 if your car comes equipped with a special four barrel carburetor. This is your total cost — there is no installation fee! You have nothing to lose. You must be amazed and delighted or your full money back! ACT TODAY!

FREE! AMAZING DIAL-O-MAGIC TROUBLE SPOTTER! Saves you up to \$250 on repairs! Lets you dial your trouble with a flick of your finger! BUT ACT TODAY!

### We Guarantee Your Gas Savings!

Yes! This device must save you — on gas alone — EVERY SINGLE CENT OF THE MONEY YOU PAY FOR IT — OR YOUR FULL MONEY BACK! This offer is good for a full two months! ACT TODAY!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Zephyr Sales Corp.  
114 E. 32 St., Dept. S-909  
New York 18, N. Y.

IMPORTANT! For Fast Service Be Sure Coupon Is Completely Filled In. (Please Print)

Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER entirely at your risk! I will pay postage only amount checked below plus low C.O.D. charges:  
☐ \$11.95 (My car does not have a four barrel carburetor.)  
☐ \$14.95 (My car is equipped with a special four barrel carburetor.)  
 I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may keep it even if I return the MINI-SUPERCHARGER.

NAME OF CAR \_\_\_\_\_ YEAR \_\_\_\_\_  
 MODEL \_\_\_\_\_ 4 DOOR OR 2 DOOR \_\_\_\_\_  
 4 CYLINDERS \_\_\_\_\_ 6 CYLINDERS \_\_\_\_\_ STRAIGHT 6 \_\_\_\_\_ V-8 \_\_\_\_\_  
 STANDARD TRANSMISSION \_\_\_\_\_ AUTOMATIC \_\_\_\_\_  
 NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ CHECK HERE TO SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we pay all postage and handling charges! You save as much as \$1.00! Some money-back guarantee, of course!

© Entire Contents Copyrighted by Zephyr Sales Corp., 1967

Tyrker stopped strumming his lyre. "Lord," he shouted to Leif Ericsson, "the Scots are coming in!"

Haki and Hekia trotted up to Leif. They were panting but happy. Haki carried a few ears of wild wheat and a handful of cranberries. Hekia's girdle was laden with bunches of small purple grapes.

Even before they had stopped running, Leif asked a question. "Did you see any signs of men?" he said. Thorn looked at him in surprise. For the first time he had heard strain in his commander's voice. Suddenly he realized the responsibilities which weighed upon the shoulders of the leader of an expedition into an unknown land.

"Lord," said Haki, "there are men in this country, but we did not see them. We found signs of their fires and campsites, but they were old."

"Is this a good land?" Leif asked.

"Lord, we could never tell you the wonders we have seen," Haki said. "This is a good country. It is better than Norway. It is better than my own land. It is better than Greenland. There are animals and flowers and fruit of every sort. Hekia and I killed a young deer with no weapon but a sharp stone. And we ate our fill of wild berries and fruits. There is enough food for everyone. This is the best land in the world."

"What kind of a land is it?" asked Leif.

HAKI smiled. "Lord, it is every kind of a land." He pointed in the direction from which he had just come. "Over there is a fine bay, still and deep, the home of scores of great buzzards which were feasting on codfish and a dead whale. To the west we ran through deep sticky bogs with thousands of cranberry bushes such as we have back home. When we reached the highlands we saw miles of vines, laden with these." He took a bunch of grapes from Hekia. "The birds were eating them and so we tasted them. They are sweet in the mouth."

"They are grapes," Tyrker said with delight. "In Germany we made wine with them. I can make wine for us!"

Leif took them and tasted one of the purple fruits. His face showed his pleasure. "There are many of these vines?" he asked.

"Lord," said Haki, "there are multitudes."

Leif Ericsson smiled. "We shall call this country Vinland the Good."

That evening, after everyone had eaten, Tyrker picked up his lyre. No one had ever heard the song that he sang; it was the saga of Vinland, and it told of the wonders of the new country, with its warmth, its forests, its abundant game. Thorn leaned against the trunk of a tree and closed his eyes, listening to the little hunchback's clear, strong voice. Suddenly there was a twanging sound from the underbrush nearby, and Tyrker's song ended in a startled gasp.

Thorn looked up to see the tiny bard tugging at a feathered shaft protruding from his hollow chest. Terrified, the Vikings picked him up and carried him aboard the dragon ship.

"Lord," the little minstrel gasped, "remove the barb from my body, for the pain is too great." But Lightfoot touched

Leif Ericsson's arm. "I have seen such things before," she said. "If you remove the shaft the blood will come and he will die."

"And if I leave the shaft in his chest?" Leif asked. "He will live longer," Lightfoot said, "but in the end he will die anyway."

Leif closed his hand around the arrow, and as gently as he was able he withdrew it. The German shrieked then gasped in relief. "Thank you," he whispered. The blood gushed like a red well. In a few moments his cheeks were pale and his breathing had stopped.

Leif Ericsson picked up the puny corpse of the man who had been his faithful friend and his father's friend before him. For the second time Thorn saw tears in his eyes. "This is not the Happy Land," he said.

Well off-shore, the dragon ship moved slowly down the coast-line. Lightfoot peered into the thickets.

"Do you think they will follow us?" Thorn asked.

"I think that there was only one warrior," she said. "A scout, perhaps. If there had been a large war party they would have fallen on us from hiding, and many more than Tyrker would have died. He probably has returned to his chiefs to report our presence in the country. If the chief decides on war, they will search us out, wherever we go. If they decide to wait and see what we do, we may get away unharmed."

"What do you think they will decide?" Thorn asked.

She looked at him. "The dragon ship is a frightening thing. You have cut down a piece of their forest and are taking it away. You Vikings are warlike in appearance and are frightening to look at." She looked away impassively. "I think that they will fear you, and so they will attempt to kill you all."

Early the next morning, on a grassy off-shore island, the Vikings made a funeral pyre and burned the body of Tyrker. Leif threw the bard's lyre into the flames with his own hands. Then the Vikings boarded the dragon ship again, and cast off, leaving nothing but a bed of glowing coals.

"Shall we go home now?" Thorn asked Leif.

"NO," Ericsson replied. "This is a good land, the best I have ever seen. We cannot conquer it now, but perhaps someday we shall return in force. This would be a good place to start a colony. I want to learn all about the people here — how they live, how many they are, if they are good fighters. We shall wait a few more days, and send scouts out."

That afternoon they anchored at another island, and made camp. Leif summoned Haki and Hekia to him. "Go and seek out the people who live in these forests," he said. "Find their towns and note their weapons. Return to me in three days."

But Haki hung his head in shame. "Lord," he said, "if you tell me to end my life I shall do so, but do not send me into the forest now."

Leif glanced up in surprise, his face reddening with anger. Haki was a slave,



and never before had he questioned his master's order.

"Lord," Haki said again, his voice low with sorrow, "I do not fear to go, but Hekia thinks that the same ones who slew Tyrker will slay us, and she is afraid. She has made me promise to ask you not to send us."

Leif looked at the little Scots for a long time, remembering that he had married them a few short days before. "So be it," he said. He turned to Lightfoot. "Will you go?" he asked.

"I will go," she said.

Almost against his will, Thorn heard himself speaking. "Let me go with her," he said to Leif Ericsson. "If they find her alone they will kill her, and you shall never learn what you wish to know. If I am with her we can fight our way back to the ship."

Leif agreed. "But," he continued, "we must move the ship within three days, lest the people of the forest find it and fall upon us in force. If you are not back by then I shall consider you dead, and we will return to Greenland without you. Is it understood?"

"It is understood," Thorn said. He and Lightfoot placed a few things—a net, his battle-axe, extra flint and steel for fires—into the bottom of her canoe, then they launched the little craft. It rode high and dry on the swells. Thorn sat in the stern and the girl sat in the bow. The paddle in his hands felt twig-like in comparison to the round sturdiness of the dragon ship's oars. He handled it clumsily, but

every time he shoved the canoe off course the girl would redirect it with patient skill, and in a few minutes the dragon ship was out of sight.

IN a while they came to a salt-water creek which ran inland from the sea. The high tide was running in, and they rode with it, watching the wooden banks on each side as they glided slowly along in silence. After a few miles the creek emptied into a large lake, which they followed until it became a river. Thorn lifted his face to the sun and let it beat down on his skin. "This is a good country," he said. "A man could be happy here."

"Yes," the girl said; she did not turn her head.

At mid-day they beached their canoe at a small pool. Lightfoot unfurled the net she had brought along for fishing, and they worked it up the pool. Thorn watched Lightfoot. She was very intent upon the water and moved quietly and stealthily, but she was smiling. Clearly, it was great fun to her. A sudden longing possessed him, but he forced himself to watch the net.

There were two big fish in the seine, a trout and a stickleback. "The one with the spots is very sweet," Lightfoot said matter-of-factly. She threw the stickleback into the water. The water had soaked through her deerskin. It clung, accentuating the tight hardness of her young body. He dropped his end of the net, and the trout wriggled from the seine and

darted to freedom. Lightfoot stared at him calmly. Her voice was unfrightened when he waded to her and carried her in his arms to the grassy bank.

"We shall have to catch another fish," she said softly as he set her down. . . .

It was late afternoon when they paddled around a sharp hook in the river. Lightfoot raised her arm and pointed to a hill. A thin ribbon of grey woodsmoke rose lazily against the blue sky. Quickly the girl's blade bit deep into the water, and the canoe shot into the leafy shelter of some overhanging willow boughs.

"Have they seen us?" Thorn asked.

"I do not think so," she said. "It is not a signal fire. They are probably cooking. We will leave the canoe here and go see their camp."

Thorn secured the canoe, then followed the girl through the forest, feeling gross and clumsy as she slipped through the underbrush. They circled the base of the hill on which they had seen the smoke, then they climbed it from the other side. When they had almost reached the top she stopped and touched his arm. He followed her finger and sucked in his breath when he saw the village of animal skin tents which lay in the valley below. There were over a 100 rude dwellings nestled together; Thorn could make out women working outside the tents, and dogs and children ran and played in the morning sun.

Thorn motioned to the top of the hill. "And these others?" he asked.

"Sentries, I think," she said. "Wait

## What makes WRITING ABILITY GROW?



### WINS WRITING SUCCESS AT 56

"I enrolled in N.I.A. because I wanted to convince myself whether at 56 an old dog could learn new tricks. At my first try, I sent a manuscript to the NEW YORK TIMES and was amazed when it was accepted. Another story was also sold to the TIMES." Michael I. Passarelli, 25 Spring St., Millburn, N. J.



### WINS ESSAY CON- TEST WITH N. I. A. TRAINING

"The N.I.A. method prepared me for almost any type of writing I may want to do. I won a prize for my entry in the Christopher Essay Contest which all but paid for my N.I.A. Course. The Colorado Republican published two of my stories and asked for more." —Mrs. M. Y. Hunter, 3319 W. 31st Ave., Denver 11, Colo.

For a number of years, the Newspaper Institute of America has been giving FREE Writing Aptitude Tests to men and women with literary ambitions.

Sometimes it seems half the people in America who are fired with the desire to write have taken advantage of this offer to measure their ability.

### What the tests show

Up to date, no one who could be called a "born writer" has filled out our Writing Aptitude Test. We have not yet discovered a single individual miraculously endowed by nature with all the qualities that go to make up a successful author.

One aspirant has interesting ideas—and a dull, uninteresting style. Another has great creative imagination but is woefully weak on structure and technique. A third has a natural writing knack—yet lacks judgment and knowledge of human behavior. In each case success can come only after the missing links have been forged in.

Here, then, is the principal reason why so many promising writers fail to go ahead. Their talent is one-sided—incomplete. It needs rounding out.

### Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE training is based on continuous writing—the sort of training that turns out more successful writers than any other experience. Many of the authors of today's "best sellers" are newspaper-trained men and women.

One advantage of our New York Copy Desk Method is that it starts you writing and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily.

All your writing is individually corrected and criticized by veteran writers with years of experience "breaking in" new authors. They will point out those faults of style, structure or viewpoint that keep you from progressing. At the same time they will give you constructive suggestions for building up and developing your natural aptitudes.

In fact, so stimulating is this association that student members often begin to sell their work before they finish the course. We do not mean to insinuate that they skyrocket into the "big money" or become prominent overnight. Most beginnings are made with earnings of \$25, \$50, \$100 or more for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, shop crafts, travel, sports, hobbies, local, club and church activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

## FREE to those who want to know

If you really want to know the truth about your writing ambitions, send for our interesting Writing Aptitude Test. This searching test of your native abilities is FREE—entirely without obligation. You will enjoy it. Fill in and send the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925.)

(Licensed by State of N. Y.)

(Approved Member National Home Study Council.)

Newspaper Institute of America  
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Free

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

Mr. {  
Mrs. {  
Miss {

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 164-P-437

Copyright 1957 Newspaper Institute of America



# HOW BLACK BEAUTY<sup>®</sup> turns on also-ran into VIDEO VIC!



## BECOME AN ALL-ROUND WINNER!

Win Friends—Gain Popularity—Be A Success  
Let Mighty JOE BONOMO Show You How

Why grope in the dark always wishing? Why let other guys run off with the best of everything? Specially when you can be the most popular fellow in your class. Just let mighty Joe Bonomo and Black Beauty show you how easy it is. Think of it! You may become a Leader-Winner-Athlete... "tops" in popularity.

Scientific? And how! Just wait and see!

Joe Bonomo's big action-packed Cable Course is loaded with dynamite... 96 complete pages that tell you how... hundreds of photos, diagrams and charts that show you how. Your "Black Beauty" 3-Cable Exerciser (given to you FREE) is designed by Joe Bonomo himself... the world's strongman and "hercules-of-the-screen." You can be sure of the best. But, don't wait! Act right away!

Stop Dreaming!!

If you want to be somebody, get into action. Strongmen think fast—act fast! Get going—NOW—IMMEDIATELY!

Free SMCA Membership Card

FREE membership in the Strongmen's Club of America also included to those who act right away!



SENT FREE WITH EVERY COURSE

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

Strongmen's Club of America

Joe Bonomo, Director  
1841 Broadway, Dept. CM-9  
New York 23, N. Y.

MAIL THIS SPECIAL ORDER

Okay, Joe! Rush me your famous 96 page Cable Course and include FREE your "Black Beauty" 3-Cable Exerciser plus membership in the SMCA—no dues, no fees. If I am not 100% satisfied, in any way, I can return within 30 days for full refund.

☐ I enclose \$2.98 in full. Ship prepaid. ☐ Ship C.O.D. for \$2.98 plus postage.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Name..... Age.....

Address..... Weight.....

City..... Zone..... State..... Height.....

FOREIGN & APO's (Except Canada) \$3.98 with payment in full.

here." She melted into the undergrowth before him, and he waited for a long time until she returned. "Follow," she said, and she led him through the forest, traveling slowly and showing him where to step and where not to step in order to go without noise. Presently they lay on their stomachs on a tiny bluff, and Lightfoot parted the foliage to let him look at the camp just below.

IT was Thorn's first look at the people of the country. There were three men. They were thin and sinewy, clad in breech-cloths and soft shoes of hide. Their hair was black and their skin was the color of polished copper. He glanced at Lightfoot. "Are these your people?" he asked.

For the first time since he had known her he saw rage on her face. "These people are to my tribe what curs are to your people," she said bitterly. The men sat in front of a tattered, conical tent. One of them turned a quartered squirrel slowly over a small fire; the second was rubbing a wooden bow with a bit of sharp rock; the third dozed as he lay against the bole of a giant pine.

Lightfoot tugged at his elbow and wriggled away backward on her stomach. Clumsily Thorn started to follow her, but as he pushed himself away the stone head of Doom, which he carried suspended upon his waist, struck a small rock. The noise it made was only a small click in the stillness, but Thorn froze. He raised his head slowly, and found himself staring into the startled eyes of the savage at the fire.

Reason left him and instinct took over. In one split second he gathered his legs beneath him and leaped. The redskin had half-risen, and Thorn's hands found his throat the moment his body had cleared the space between them. The man who had been scraping the bow was on his feet. Thorn's great hands closed tight around the straining neck and then moved in opposite directions. It was no different than throttling a fowl. There were two snapping noises as the vertebrae cracked. Suddenly the man was nothing but dead weight.

The Viking cast him aside. The man with the bow had succeeded in getting it strung. He was just reaching for an arrow when Doom made red pulp of his face. The man who had been asleep, however, awakened to the sound of the struggle, and now he leaped to his feet, a gleaming bone knife in his hand. They circled one another warily, the redskin leaping back every time Doom whistled by his head.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, Thorn noticed a flash of black hair. He glanced that way for an instant, then saw with relief that it was Lightfoot. But in that split second his opponent saw his advantage, and his knife hand slipped under Thorn's guard. The point of the blade dug into his bare forearm, cutting a furrow of fire from elbow to wrist as the redskin slashed down. Gasping with pain, Thorn dropped Doom and grabbed the other man's wrist. Even when wounded, the Norseman's strength was by far superior to the native's. Slowly but surely the blade was pointed away

from Thorn and toward the redskin. Finally, when the knife rested on the other's taut stomach, Thorn shoved.

The native stepped back, an uncomprehending look on his face. Both his hands reached for the knife handle, and then he fell like a stone, pitching forward until his face was inches from the fire where the squirrel meat now scorched.

Lightfoot touched him arm. "Is it bad?" she asked.

"I do not think it is bad," he said. He let her lead him down the hill. When they came to the spot overlooking the tent village she stopped.

He stared at the scene below; a peaceful panorama. But something was wrong. "Where are the warriors?" he asked.

"The dragon ship," she said.

When they reached the river Lightfoot plastered Thorn's wound with a poultice of thick black mud. Then they launched the canoe and paddled back in the direction from which they had come.

They paddled all night. Thorn was content to trust Lightfoot's instinct. To him the night was a blackness in which gleamed only the hot pain of his wound, but the girl sensed every twist and turn of the river unerringly, and when dawn broke over the hills they had left the river and were half-way across the lake.

THEY heard the approaching warriors long before they rounded a promontory a half mile away. They were making noise, and emitting sharp whoops of triumph. Thorn's heart sank within him as he thought of what the victory cries meant. He and the girl hid their small craft in some tall shore rushes, and the war party passed scarcely a hammer's-throw from their hiding place. There were 40 war canoes, each holding two warriors. The sounds they made floated weirdly and discordantly over the water.

"Do you know their tongue?" Thorn asked the girl. She listened hard, a puzzled look on her face. "It is not any tongue they speak," she said. And then her face cleared. "They have drunk mead!"

Thorn looked closer. She was right, he saw. The savages were more than tipsy. They had tasted a honey drink brewed half a world away, and the strange liquor had turned their heads. He smiled, but in a moment his face had become grim again. He had seen a warrior in the last canoe. The man was scrawny like the others, with a naked body and feathers stuck in his braids. But one thing about him was different. On his head he wore a Viking's helmet, the sun glinted on its bleached bull's horns.

They reached the sea when morning was waning. The island off which the dragon ship was anchored lay just around a clump of tall pines which jutted out over the water, and Thorn had steeled himself to accept whatever the scene offered, but when the island came into sight the shock made him forget the pain of his wound.

The dragon ship was not there... They beached their canoe and looked at the place which had sheltered the Vikings. Signs of a battle were in great



evidence. A broken spear jutted from the turf, and scores of small feathered lances showed that the redskinned bowmen had used much ammunition. A cask of mead, its top smashed in, showed that Lightfoot had been right. Probably it had been thrown at the savages from the deck as a delaying action. Four beds of coals, hasty pyres such as the Vikings had made twice before on the voyage to Vinland, glowed dully to show that they had been lighted hours before. Thorn stared at them. Which of the expedition's crew had gone through flames to the land of the dead, he wondered to himself.

A sudden shout from Lightfoot sent him racing around the far side of the island. The girl pointed, and he followed her trembling finger until he saw it, many miles away, a toy dragon bobbing north-eastward across a trackless sea. They watched in silence, until the dragon had become a speck and the speck had disappeared against the horizon.

"They face a long voyage," she said softly.

"Is it a long voyage to the land of your people?" he asked.

"There are mighty rivers. It takes many days."

"We have many days to spend," he said.

The funeral pyres had died out when he shoved their canoe away from the island. They paddled to the salt water creek and left the sea. Thorn thought of the dragon ship, leaving him farther and farther behind with each stroke of its oars and his paddle. He watched the lengthening shadows touch and then cover the black hair of the girl in the bow of the canoe. His paddle bit deeper and deeper into the water, pushing them westward.

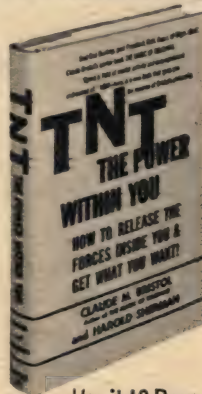
Leif Ericsson returned to Vinland the following year, and twice again in the two years after that, bringing many dragon ships laden with fierce, battle-wise Vikings. Each time he returned he fell freshly in love with the warm, game-filled promontory we now call Cape Cod. And each time his company was sniped at from the cover of the forest by a foe which commanded winged death, and each time several Vikings died and were burned on funeral pyres.

**F**INALLY Leif the Lucky grew old.

The dream faded, and he returned to Brattahlid, content to stay in his own barren land and try to warm it with the light of Christianity. Often on his later expeditions he had thought of his half-brother and lieutenant, Thorn the Lonely, and had sought to find a trace of the fate which had befallen him and the running slave, Lightfoot. But no trace had ever been found and the two were presumed dead.

Two thousand miles west of Cape Cod, in the rugged country of the Apache, a legend was born. Indian *sachems* told small boys of the tribe of a great white god who had returned to earth to become a chief in the councils of the red man. The story flourished and grew, and for 500 happy years the white man lived in the minds of the red man in North America only as a glorious legend. **END**

# HOW TO GET WHAT YOU WANT BY USING THE POWER OF YOUR "INNER MIND"



Use it 10 Days  
FREE

## TNT—The Power Within You

by CLAUDE BRISTOL, Author of "The Magic of Believing,"  
and HAROLD SHERMAN

This amazing new book will show you how to *release the forces inside you and get what you want*. This is no "head-in-the-clouds" theory. It is as down to earth as the job you want to get, the house you hope to own, the person you want to marry. "TNT" shows you how to turn your desires into REALITIES . . . how to make your *subconscious work for you* to help you overcome obstacles and accomplish whatever you set your mind to do. "TNT" will show you:

- How to make up your mind when you're undecided what to do.
- How to blot out unhappy experiences of the past.
- How to get what you want by making mental pictures.
- How to keep your mind free from upsetting fear and worry thoughts.
- How to make your subconscious mind "click" by using the process of repetition or reiteration.
- How to make your "pipe dreams" come true.

### PROVED WORKABLE BY ACTUAL EXPERIENCE . . .

"More powerful than 'The Magic of Believing.' Works every time."

—Charles Metro, Montgomery, Alabama.

"Contains an 'open sesame' to all who use it. I use it and my business sales are leading others selling the same merchandise."

—Kenneth F. Korn, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"This book paid for itself 3 days after I bought it! The day after finishing reading it for the first time, I was led to make a telephone call to a man I had never met and who did not know me. Within a 10-minute conversation we consummated a business transaction that I had been working on unsuccessfully for three weeks."

—H. E. Brandt, Whittier, Cal.

"I've gained more from its contents than from 25 years of hard experience."

—Margaret Walsh, Patchogue, New York.

"I have used this force of believing and of images with very gratifying results to improve my business."

—Alexander Pinter, Jr., New York.

"Dynamic! Positive! Practical! Opens the door to illimitable resources within and tells how anyone with willingness and patient practice can tap these resources and have the very desires of his heart!"

—Rev. Carroll Blakeslee, Orlando, Florida.

"The most practical exposition on mind management and personal progress I have ever read."

—Jesse T. Hobbs, Jr., New York, N. Y.

One idea alone—which you learn in chapter two—can change your whole life for the better. It will release you from chronic nervous tensions, chase the butterflies out of your stomach, restore your self-confidence, and enable you to face things you've been running away from for years!

Scientifically proved in case after case, this book tells you how to create a mental image of the thing you want—make your "pipe dreams" come true—believe in a thing so firmly that it actually happens—think positively every minute of your life—make your subconscious work on conscious problems—dispel fear and worry for once and for all—influence others to your way of thinking through "mental suggestions" . . . accomplish *anything in the world* you set your mind to do!

**FREE 10-DAY TRIAL—Why not see for yourself how "TNT—THE POWER WITHIN YOU" can help you? Read it for 10 days free. Then, if you decide to keep it, pay only \$3.95 plus few cents postage. Otherwise, just send it back and owe nothing. Mail the coupon now to get your free-trial copy.**

### MAIL THIS COUPON.

Prentice-Hall, Inc., Dept. 5125-K3  
Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey

Without obligation, please send me for 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, a copy of "TNT—THE POWER WITHIN YOU" by Claude Bristol and Harold Sherman. In ten days I will either remit \$3.95 plus postage, or return book and owe nothing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.... State.....



## NEW MAGIC RADIO WALKIE TALKIE!

### Your Own Pocket Size Radio Station!



BROADCASTS TO ANY HOME OR CAR RADIO WITHOUT WIRES OR HOOKUPS! Wt. only 5 oz. Size (1½" x 2½" x 1½"). Built-in telescoping antenna. Powerful Transistor-sensitive microphone, frequency setter, break-in switch! Runs for weeks on self-contained flashlight batteries. Durable plastic case. With this Radio Talkie you CAN TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS UP TO A MILE OR MORE AWAY! Talk up to 1 mile or more between two automobiles—INSTANT OPERATION! Just push button to talk! No license needed. Uses inductive field magnetic radiation. Useful and real fun in a million ways! GUARANTEED TO WORK. 1 YEAR SERVICE GUARANTEE.

**SEND ONLY \$2.00** (cash, ck, mo) and pay postman \$9.99 COD postage or send \$11.99 for prepaid delivery. COMPLETE READY TO OPERATE with instructions and hundreds of ways and tricks for broadcasts thru any radio you desire. Price may go up soon, so get your NEW POWERFUL RADIVOX WALKIE TALKIE NOW. Available only from:

**WESTERN RADIO, Dept. RCM-9, KEARNEY, NEBR.**

## POEMS

★ Wanted to be set to music.  
★ Any subject. Send Poems today.  
★ Immediate consideration.  
★ **Phonograph Records Made**  
**FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS. 442 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.**

**LAW** MEN AND WOMEN STUDY AT HOME for Business Success and LARGER PERSONAL EARNINGS. 44 years expert instruction—over 114,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree awarded. All text materials furnished. Easy payment plan. Send for FREE BOOK.

**AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW**  
Dept. AR-9, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago 6, Ill.

**LEG SUFFERERS**  
Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Method—used while you walk. More than 60 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

**FREE BOOKLET**  
LIEPE METHODS, 3250 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. J-35, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

## 40 ACRE GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES—\$100

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Free map and booklet. Write to:

**AMERICAN OIL SCOUTS, Dept. M-5**  
7321 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 36, Calif.

## JOBS ON SHIPS & YACHTS

MEN (16 to 50) Go to Sea. Travel foreign countries. Experience unnecessary. Civilian occupation. Excellent pay. Ship and yachting jobs adventurous-exciting.

Write for FREE information.  
**DAVENPORT SEAMEN'S SERVICE, Dept. 35**  
BOX 1354, G. P. O. NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

## BUILD MUSCLES & HEALTH \$1 post with BODY BUILDER ONLY

This new Chest Pull Body Builder develops powerful he-man muscles F.A.S.T. Ideal for the beginner to give him a real start in championship muscularity and perfect for the more advanced body builder. Includes training with his regular training for faster, all around muscle growth. Body Builder is wonderful for developing massive arms, shoulders, chest and back. Mail your order today. Only \$1.00 postpaid. R.O.C. O.D. MEDFORD PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. MG9 P.O. Box 39, Bethpage, New York

**GOVERNMENT LAND ALASKA OIL LEASES MAY MAKE YOU RICH!**

U. S. Congress opens up fabulous oil and gas leases on government land to citizens over 21. Major oil companies drilling. You pay no taxes. You don't drill. Oil companies pay hand-some royalties for oil on your land. Low cost. Time payments. Airmail for free information.

**ALASKAN OIL SCOUT, Box 1555**  
Anchorage H, Alaska



## The Flyboy

Continued from page 17

Worst of all, we were gripped by the overwhelming fear of being surrounded, chopped up piecemeal or being taken prisoner by a cold-blooded enemy hoard. Already we were battling the Communist Chinese and North Koreans on three sides. Our lines were only open to our rear and we were sure the enemy would slam shut their trap on that side soon.

All this would have been bad enough had we been with an American unit. Our assignment, though, was with the ROK 8th Division. A good outfit but still Korean which meant contact and communication between us was practically zero.

I didn't belong up here in the bare, frozen hills of North Korea I kept telling myself. My orders were only for 21 days temporary duty. I was just a visitor, and this was one hell of a way to treat a guest!

My tour with the ground fighters began the week before in late October when I flew up to Pyongyang in a C-119. I had finished 50 support missions with the 18th F-B Wing and came up for duty as a forward air observer.

It was a normal rotational assignment and most of us didn't mind it as a change of scenery. The job of a FAO was refined in Korea to give the troops close air support through coordination with an Air Force man right with them on the line. A flyer, it was found, would best know the capabilities of the aircraft flying in support and so could get the maximum amount of firepower on the target facing the foot soldiers.

THERE'S nothing greater than being with a winner and I came with the ROK 8th Division right on the crest of a victory march. The South Koreans had taken the enemy capital of Pyongyang just the day before I pulled in. The men were celebrating what seemed to be the end of the war. The division brass had a big banquet with plenty of sake and boasts that we'd soon be up at the Yalu River.

The next couple days I moved northward with the ROK's. There was a small group of American KMAC officers assigned to the division. They advised the ROK staff members on tactics and I kept close to them as we rolled on from Pyongyang to Takchon and then into the tiny village of Huichon. There I picked out the best building I could find for my billet; a school house with walls thick enough to keep out the icy winds that howled down from the north. There were other, more sinister things moving out of the wilds of Manchuria now, too, but of

this we were still mercifully innocent.

As forward air observer I worked almost independently with the ROK's. With me were two Air Force sergeants who were my radio operators. We had three jeeps. Two were equipped with R-4 radio transmitter-receivers, the same kind used in the T-6 observer planes with which we worked.

The third jeep was our utility vehicle. In it we carried our gear and there was quite a bit of that. There was no point in being miserable if you could help it, so when I joined the Infantry, I did it in style. I had my fur lined parka, my heavy flying clothes, a cot. I even brought along my electric razor!

Each morning we went to work after we had rustled up some breakfast on our own portable stove. The division commander and the U.S. lieutenant colonel from KMAC would brief me on the outfit's tactical position. Then I'd take one of the radio jeeps up front. When I'd find the best forward position, I'd set up shop.

The troops liked the idea of my being up there to call in air strikes against enemy strong points but they didn't like me being too close. There was a good reason. Whenever I'd run up my long radio antenna, the enemy could spot it. They knew it meant trouble for them, so they'd start tossing in mortar rounds and rifle fire at the whip.

But I fixed that. I strung out 50 feet of cable, hooked up my microphone to it and worked by remote control from behind the safety of a knoll. Once situated, I'd be ready for the day's business. It began when the spotter plane assigned to my sector from Joint Operations Control back under Fifth Air Force reported in.

"Tumbleweed one four, this is Wild West one," he would chant. "I'm coming in from the west at one five zero feet. What do you have? Over."

Then I'd go on the air and give the pilot the map coordinates so he could locate me. I'd give him a fast briefing on what routes our advance columns would take and where we might need air strikes, then JOC would send up two or three Mustangs to work over the targets with machine gun fire, rockets, bombs or napalm—which ever the situation required. It was a smoothly working system that gave the infantrymen a big assist from tactical aircraft which served as aerial artillery.

We worked this way every day with the most advanced line units. On the sweep northward from Pyongyang, we moved fast. There was fighting all the way along the route but nothing strong enough to



slow the ROK's down. Everyone was feeling great. This was the big "end the war" offensive. General MacArthur had told the troops that they'd be out of Korea by Christmas. We even heard that the North Korean premier, Kim Il Sung, was escaping on the route ahead of us. The ROK brass speculated over the great honor it would be if they could capture him.

That was the rather easy-going situation on the morning when I rolled out of my sack in the Huichon school house. While breakfast was in the works I went outside and got the radio switched on. I figured I'd check back with the boys at Fifth AF and find out what was going on.

I could hardly believe the message. We were alerted that about 30,000 enemy troops were in our division area! This couldn't be. There were four U.S. divisions pushing north on this offensive plus the 6th, 7th and 8th ROK divisions. Ahead of us were only supposed to be beaten North Koreans with their backs to the Yalu.

I GRABBED my helmet and ran across the dirt street to our division Hq. to report the message. My warnings weren't needed. Our ROK troops were already being fired on. Runners kept moving in from our flanks. We were being hit and hit hard. And worse—the rumor which now was confirmed—the Chinese Communists were in the war. It was their hordes, newly equipped and fresh for battle, which were thrown against us now.

What had been the last big offensive of the war suddenly became one of the worst retreats. The Chinese at this moment were well *behind* us. Virtually unknown to the UN commanders, their army had filtered down from Manchuria, over the Yalu and actually managed to dodge between our units in a masterpiece of overland infiltration.

Better than two divisions were in our area alone. In fact, on the war maps being hurriedly drawn up at the II ROK Corps Hq., our position at this time was actually superimposed on the grim shaded area marked "C.C.F."—Chinese Communist Forces.

There was only one thing to do—pull back and hope to regroup to the south. It's a terrible thing to see an army in rout. We moved back, our vehicles bumper to bumper. If the Reds had had any air power then they could have destroyed us completely that first day. We were punched up tight on the one narrow mountain road leading back. It wasn't wide enough for a turn-around let alone dispersement. The road was cut out of the side of a mountain which rose up sheer on one side. On the other, it dropped down straight into a stream 30 feet below. A shooting gallery couldn't have provided any easier targets, yet the Chinese missed their chance.

The first day of the retreat passed with fighting boiling up all around our route but we still kept moving. We didn't know it, of course, but we were still north of the main body of enemy troops. The next day, our ROK commander made a change in battle plans. He ordered his division to veer off to the west through a valley and try to link up with the 1st U.S. Cavalry Division.



## OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)



For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Mon., July) 1957

### EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

**AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING** In Two Years. Northrop Aeronautical Institute in Southern California prepares you for highly paid positions in Aviation Industry. We help you earn while you attend school. Placement service after graduation. Approved for Veterans. Write for free catalog. Northrop Institute, 1169 Arbor Vitae, Inglewood 1, California.

**COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL** at home in spare time with 60-year-old school; texts furnished; diploma; no classes; booklet free. Write American School, Dept. XB-64, Draxel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

**SOLVE MENTAL WORRIES.** Become Doctor of Psychology. Correspondence only. Free Book, Universal Truth, 23-S East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4.

**PHYSICAL THERAPY AND Massage** Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. National Institute, Desk 5, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

**FREE "TALENT APTITUDE Test"** Learn acting at home for TV, radio, theater, movie career. Hollywood Royal Academy, Studio G6, 5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

**CLAIMS INVESTIGATION TRAINING.** Low Cost. Free Information. American Schools, Box 62, Carrollton, Missouri.

**LEARN WHILE ASLEEP!** Details free. Research Association, Box 610-MG, Omaha.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORSHIP AVAILABLE** in most areas for world-famous Cadmium Battery guaranteed to outlast your car. Tremendous profit opportunity. Investment for merchandise only. Free Franchise. Cadmium Battery Corporation, Dept. 107, El Segundo, California.

**\$\$\$GROW MUSHROOMS.** Cellar, shed, Spare, full time, year round. We pay \$3.50 lb. We have over 25,000 customers. Free Book. Mushrooms, Dept. 411, 2954 Admiral Way, Seattle, Wash.

**LIFETIME INCOME.** LEARN Scientific arch support making. Details free. Hermanson, 210 Fifth Ave. Suite 1102, New York 10, N.Y.

**OPERATE PROFITABLE Mail order business.** Write Walter Service, 4159-W, East 112th, Cleveland 5, Ohio.

### STAMP COLLECTING

**GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE**—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—British Colonies—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete Collection plus Big Illustrated Magazine all free. Send 5c for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept MB, Toronto, Canada.

**FREE! LARGE NEW** profusely illustrated catalog of United States postage issues complete; 64-page Stamp Collectors' Guide; other unusual offers. Write today! Harrisco, 3792 Transit Bldg., Boston 17, Mass.

### SALESMAN WANTED

**MAKE EXTRA MONEY.** Cash commissions. Everybody buys easy-to-sell Advertising Book Matches. Union label. Big variety—Glamour Girls, Scenics, Hillbillies, Powerhouse selling kit Free. Steady repeat business. No experience necessary. Superior Match Co., Dept. Z-757, 7528 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19.

**CALENDARS ADVERTISING NOVELTIES.** Matched Good Side Line or Full Time. Now is the time to sell—All types of Calendars. Hundreds of Advertising Novelties, Book Matches, etc. Fleming Calendar Co., 6533 Cottage Grove, Chicago 37, Ill.

### OF INTEREST TO MEN

**EAVESDROP WITH PACK** of cigarettes. Miniature transistorized radio transmitter. Complete diagrams and instructions. \$1.25. Q. Carrier, 734 15th, N.W., Washington, D.C.

**TREASURE FINDERS, URANIUM & Mineral Detectors.** Assay & Test Kits, etc. from the world's oldest, most reputable supplier. Radiac Co., Inc., 489 Fifth Ave. (G), N.Y.C.

**RAZOR BLADES, VERY good double edge.** Send \$1.00 for 100. Box 274, Alameda, California.

### MOVIE FILMS & EQUIPMENT

**SAVE \$\$\$.** FREE Catalog. Guaranteed fresh 8mm, 16mm, B&W, color film. Home Processing Equipment. Superior Bulk Film Co. 444 N. Wells, Chicago 10.

### AGENTS WANTED

**PERFUME BEADS, SENSATIONAL Sellers.** Particulars free. Mission, 2328A, West Pico, Los Angeles 6, Calif.

### WANTED TO BUY

**QUICKSILVER STERLING, SCRAP Precious Metals.** Immediate Payment. Write Mercury Refiners, Norwood, Mass.

### PERSONAL

**STOP FALLING HAIR,** one day forever, \$4.00. Write, Edlin, B2139 Palerson, N.J.

### INVENTORS

**INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY** for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corporation, 127, Fremont, Ohio.

### MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

**MEN-WOMEN! START** Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11c brings back \$2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in \$20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room 2-S, 1517 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Ill.

**MAKE \$25-\$50 Week,** clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth \$5.00 each. Particulars free. National, 81-A, Knickerbocker Station, New York.

**MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspapers** Items For Publishers. Write, Newscraft, PM-983-E, Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

**\$300. MONTHLY POSSIBLE** mailing circulars. John Hall, 1265-C Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.

**SELL TITANIA GEMS.** Far more Brilliant than Diamonds. Catalog 10c. Diamonite, 2420-P 77th, Oakland 5, California.

**USED AND NEW watches** \$2 up. Free List. Southern Watches, Gray 6, Georgia.

**EXTRA MONEY PREPARING** Mailing Postcards, Gul. 1815 Meyers, Lombard, Ill.

**\$20.00 FIRST DAY** introducing smart personalized luminous doorplates. Complete sales kit Free. Reeves, Attleboro 9, Mass.

### FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

**"FOREIGN, ALASKAN, USA, Jobs!"** To \$1500.00 Monthly. Million Americans Employed Overseas. Copyrighted Reports. Who to Contact for Highest Paying jobs. Laborers-Trades-Truck Drivers-Office-Engineers, Many Others. 52 Countries. St. Lawrence Project, Spain, Latin America, Northern Projects, Europe. Year Registration-Advisory Service. Application Forms, Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee! \$2.00 (Airmailed, \$2.25) (COD'S Accepted). International Reporter, St. Louis 1 MT, Missouri.

**HIGH PAYING JOBS:** Foreign, USA. All trades, Travel paid. Information. Application forms. Write Dept. 21A, National, 1020 Broad, Newark, N.J.

### INSTRUCTION

**U.S. CIVIL SERVICE Tests!** Training until appointed. Men-Women, 18-55, Start high as \$340.00 month. Experience often unnecessary. Get Free 36-page book showing jobs, salaries, requirements, sample tests, benefits. Write Today: Franklin Institute, Dept. H-36, Rochester, N.Y.

**BE A REAL Estate Broker.** Study at home. Write for FREE book today, GI Approved. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2018 S. Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

### LOANS BY MAIL

**BORROW \$50 to \$500.** Employed men and women over 25 eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Repay in monthly payments to fit your income. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan applications sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. CD-7, Omaha, Nebraska.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**FISHERMEN! BRING HOME** fish, not excuses. Atomic age discovery. Guaranteed. Free information. Alhaco Enterprises, West Salem, Illinois.

**WANT YOUR BOOK published?** Free Booklet MN. Vantage, 120 W. 31, N.Y.

### BOOKS & PERIODICALS

**PROSPECTOR'S DIGEST**—30 cents per copy. Box 335, San Bruno, California.

**FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue.** Write Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 46W, California.

### HOME SEWERS OPPORTUNITIES

**\$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE.** Sewing Babywear: No house selling! Send stamped, addressed envelope Babygay, Warsaw 12, Indiana.

### BUY IT WHOLESALE

**BUY WHOLESALE! DISCOUNTS** to 80%! Appliances, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Housewares, Watches, Tools, Clothing, etc. Buy-Rite, Hawthorne 44, N.J.

### HELP WANTED

**EARN EXTRA MONEY** selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished, Matchcoor, Dept. PC-57, Chicago 32, Illinois.

### PATENT ATTORNEYS

**INVENTORS WRITE** PATRICK D. Beavers, Registered Patent Attorney, 1092 Columbian Bldg., Washington 1, D.C.

### MAGIC TRICKS—JOKES—NOVELTIES

**FREE CATALOG—MAGIC—Jokes—Novelties—Houdini Hand-curl Escapes**—Write Heaney the Great, Oakkosh, Wisconsin.

### DETECTIVES

**LEARN DETECTIVE WORK** at home. National Institute, 810 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

### WORK AT HOME

**FREE "DO-IT-Yourself"** Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-R19 Fort Worth, Texas.

### FAMOUS RADIO GUITARIST SAYS—

## I Can Teach You to Play the Guitar in 7 Days



When I was a young fellow, I had to learn the guitar by ear as I had no money for costly music lessons. Now, today, I have helped literally thousands of people on the road to profit and popularity by teaching them to play the guitar in just 7 days. My 66 page book is the answer... it has 52 photographs and 87 finger placing charts to show you easily and quickly to pick out chords and play popular and Western music. This amazing book shows you how to tune, keep time, build chords, bass chords, dance, swing, etc. Nothing complicated. The book shows exactly how I learned the guitar and taught thousands how to play like a professional. I know you can do it, too, so please write today and (free of charge) I'll include 110 popular and Western songs plus a \$1.00 chord finder, plus a \$2.00 Encyclopedia of Guitar and Show Business Guide. This would ordinarily cost \$5.75 but if you act now, the whole course of lessons, 110 songs and chord finder and guide are yours for only \$2.98. Don't delay. Write me today. Send no money... just pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. charges when he delivers the book (or send \$3.00 with order, I pay postage). Same Guarantee. Remember play in 7 days or your money back. This may be the means of opening up a whole new host of friends and life for you.



### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—

**Ed Sale, Studio 8509A, Bradley Beach, N. J.**  
Please send me your book on How to Play The Guitar, plus 110 Popular and Western songs, plus \$1.00 chord finder plus a \$2.00 Encyclopedia of Guitar and Show Business Guide for which I will pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage (or if I send \$3.00, with order, you pay postage). No C.O.D. to A.P.O., P.O., or outside U.S.A. Send \$3.00 with order. My money will be promptly returned if I am not overjoyed.

MY NAME IS .....  
STREET ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... ZONE NO. .... STATE .....





**MEN! Make up to  
\$1,000 IN A  
MONTH!**

**without "SELLING"**

**Sensational Demand for Low-Priced Fire Alarm  
PLUS Sure-Fire "No-Selling" Plan Offers Ambitious Men Huge Profit Opportunities**



Even beginners cleaning up unbelievable profits with first practical, effective, low-priced Fire Alarm. Needed in homes, factories, offices, stores, on farms, etc. Merlite Fire Alarm hangs on wall like a picture... no wiring, no installation. It's always on guard, "smells" fire before danger point. When temperature rises, Fire Alarm goes off automatically, howls loud warning that can be heard 1/5 mile, wakes up soundest sleeper, gives precious time to put out fire, call fire department, or escape. Sells for only \$4.95, with profit up to \$2.70 on each one.

**Nearest Thing to Automation Selling**

With our field-tested plan customers sell themselves. No cold canvassing; no hard selling. It's the nearest thing to "Automation Selling". Even a child can use plan successfully with powerful sales tools we give you (which you leave with prospects). This plan makes money for you even while you sleep! No room here to give you full details, but write for amazing facts.

**FREE SALES KIT!**

Send no money. Just rush your name and address for all the exciting money-making facts, complete illustrated Sales Kit, everything you need to make money first day. Learn how selling only 20 Fire Alarms a day brings you \$1,080.00 a month. No competition. Get in on ground floor now. Rush your name and address—that's all.

**DRAMATIC  
LIGHTED-  
MATCH  
DEMONSTRATION**  
Sensitive! Lighted match triggers Alarm in 3 seconds!

**MERLITE INDUSTRIES, INC. (Alarm Div.)**  
114 E. 32nd St., Dept. F-37W, New York 16, N. Y.  
In Canada: Mops Co., Ltd., 371 Dowd St., Montreal 1, P. Q.

**POEMS WANTED**

**To Be Set To Music**

Send one or more of your best poems today for **FREE EXAMINATION**. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

**Phonograph Records Made**

**CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 120, New York 1**

**RUPTURED**

**BE FREE FROM TRUSS SLAVERY**

Now there is a new modern Non-Surgical treatment designed to permanently correct rupture. These Non-Surgical treatments are so certain, that a Lifetime Certificate of Assurance is given.

Write today for our New **FREE** Book that gives facts that may save you painful and expensive surgery, and tells how non-surgically you may again work, live, play and love and enjoy life in the manner you desire. There is no obligation. **Excelsior Hernia Clinic, Dept. 4105, Excelsior Spgs., Mo.**

**Giant "LIFE OF THE PARTY" Package**

Now fully revealed and illustrated... professional tricks, magic, stunts, hypnotism, etc. 100's of amazing ways to entertain and astonish your friends. Hurry, be first to own this **BRAND NEW** set of **PARTY BOOKS**.



**"STRONG MAN STUNTS"**  
**"84 CARD TRICKS"**  
**"25 LESSONS IN HYPNOTISM"**  
**"MAGIC MADE EASY"**  
(40 amazing tricks)  
Free catalog with order!  
\$8.00 value  
Complete set of 4—  
\$2.00 ppd.

Only 75c ea.

**ALADDIN Book Co., Dept. GM, 210-5th Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.**

**Better Than  
Your Own**

**SHOE STORE  
AT HOME**

No investment, no experience needed. Just show magic cushion comfort to friends, neighbors, co-workers. Advance commissions to \$4.00 a pair, plus Cash Bonus. Paid Vacation, \$25.00 Reward Offer. Outstanding values for men, women, children. Money back guarantee. Shoe samples supplied without cost. Write TODAY for **FREE** new 64 page catalog and full details.



**Two-Eyelat  
Hit With  
Cushioned  
Comfort**

**TANNERS SHOE CO., 430 BROCKTON, MASS.**



**"When we were their age we didn't have half the toys kids have today."**

Fire fights were breaking out all along our flanks but even so we kept on moving. I went all the way up to the forward Command Post in one jeep and left the other equipment back with division rear some miles behind.

**T**HE valley was 30 miles long and 12 wide. I had plenty of targets that day for our fighter bombers. JOC evidently figured ours was a priority area. We got cover continuously. As one flight of three or four planes would expend its ammo or fuel, another would come roaring in overhead to take its place.

By late afternoon we were well into the valley. As the last rays of the sun were cut off by the jagged peaks, the fighter bombers peeled off and headed for their bases. I packed up my gear. We were done for the day. I got some chow and then turned in early. The crackle of rifle and machine gun fire dropped off to sporadic bursts as patrols clashed in desperate struggles on the hills on either side of our bivouac.

This camping out just wasn't my bit. And we were hardly in the best spot for security. My sergeant had a Thompson sub-machine gun and I packed a .45 and a carbine. The bodyguards assigned to us were not the most dependable so I slept only fitfully. Maybe that's why I was awake when the Chinese slammed their neat little trap shut on our battle-weary troops.

First came the bugles, weird and shrill floating down from the ridges. Then the Chinese began to blow whistles and to scream. It was a full-blown attack. They boiled in out of the blackness of the night, their burp guns stammering and red tracers from machine guns cutting the sky in a crazy pattern.

Seconds later artillery and mortar shells began to drop into the heart of our troop concentrations. The fighting I had seen before was nothing but a prelimi-

nary; this was the main event. The Chinese were throwing in everything they had and we were getting hurt—bad.

The ROK officers shouted orders to their men as the perimeter defenses were pushed back. There was no front or rear now. The Chinese were all around us and often in our midst.

The small group of Americans got together and hastily decided to pull back together. We didn't care to get separated and be left alone to figure out who was friend or foe between the Koreans and the Chinese. There was no chance of bugging out with our vehicles. I grabbed my weapons and became a foot soldier. I even left my flying clothes and electric razor behind in the melee.

All through the night we stumbled back, trying to get to the division rear where some sort of unit defense would be possible. All along we picked up ROK stragglers and a couple of officers. Finally there was a band of 150 of us with a South Korean colonel in charge of the soldiers.

By early morning we were back to division headquarters where I got my other radio jeep and went on the air. There was no problem in finding targets for our air cover now. The hills were crawling with Chinese. In addition they had all our trucks and artillery pieces that had been abandoned during the night assault. From a vantage point, we could see them through binoculars trying to conceal our heavy weapons and vehicles under hay stacks.

**I**F we couldn't use the valuable gear, we sure weren't going to hand it to them. I got on the air to the T-6 spotter plane. "Hit those hay stacks in the center of the valley. The enemy is trying to conceal our captured heavy equipment there."

The Mustangs took the cue. They went over the area with everything they had.



We didn't have to worry about that gear against us. But there were plenty of other things to worry about. The ROK colonel was setting up a defensive position but he had only a handful of men. The big mystery at the moment was where the rest of the units had disappeared to.

Casualties had been plenty heavy during the night and much of the fighting had taken place away from our particular position. But even so, there should have been a lot more soldiers around this morning. I thought back to accounts of the first days of the North Korean invasion in June. Then the South Korean army had folded up like a stack of cards before the first rush of the enemy. This new army was better trained and equipped. Yet I was worried and a little scared.

We were off by ourselves now. We had standing orders to cover just such a reversal but I didn't care for the idea. They called for all Americans assigned to ROK units trapped behind enemy lines to form guerrilla bands and fight as such. This just wasn't my calling. I was strictly Air Force. Flying airplanes was my ticket. This walking over mountains packing a gun wasn't.

**B**UT we walked just the same. By the next evening we reached a town called Kunuri. It was almost dark but the sky was light enough to throw the treeless ridges into sharp silhouette. We were moving along quietly when I happened to glance up. Some of the others in our band, must have done so at the same time for we all stopped short, our mouths hanging open.

There, filtering down from along the ridge lines appeared the black shapes of armed men. They came down toward us almost without a sound. I stared in fear. They had to be enemy troops, I was sure.

We held our fire. It was pointless to open up against hundreds who could kill us off without half trying. I could see their rifles and machine guns being carried at the ready.

There's probably a correct, GI way to surrender but I didn't know it. I just stood there waiting for whatever was coming next. Yet nothing happened. Up ahead I heard someone talking excitedly in Korean. There was the metallic rattle of weapons as the soldiers relaxed and banged rifle butts on the ground. This was goofy. This isn't the way the Chinese took prisoners.

And then the wonderful truth dawned on me. These weren't Chinese; these were our own ROK soldiers! Quickly I got the details from an English-speaking South Korean officer. When the Chinese attacked in the valley the night before, the ROK's were badly chopped up. The units were scattered but instead of falling apart, the men regrouped. Then in small units they began to pull back taking out their crew-served weapons and what gear they could carry.

We had gotten through the Chinese lines now and ahead a few miles away were our own U.S. positions. The ROK's were reorganized there, got new artillery and went back into action against the Chinese Communists. A few days later I completed my Infantry stint and I can't say I was sorry to see it finish. **END**

# HERE IS THE KIND OF HE-MAN BODY YOU CAN HAVE!

## WHAT'S THE SECRET?

You can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back; add inches to your chest, develop a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours powerful, shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, cram your body full of vigor and red-blooded vitality! The new "home gym method" that's the sure best and most inexpensive. It has changed many a 90 lb. weakling to a he-man. It has turned many a skinny boy into a marvelous physical specimen. It can do the same for you! *No \$50.00 courses! No expensive gadgets.* You simply use the inexpensive home gym which helps you use the dormant muscle power in your own body. You will watch it increase in double quick time into solid muscle. The home gym method is easy!



**YOU MAIL THE COUPON BELOW AND YOU CAN PROVE TO YOURSELF YOU CAN BE A NEW MAN! THE SECRET METHOD CALLED THE "HOME GYM METHOD" HAS DONE WONDERS FOR THOUSANDS. HERE'S WHAT IT WILL DO FOR YOU IN JUST 10 MINUTES A DAY!**

You'll be a winner where muscles count! Many gain up to 60 lbs. of muscles and add inches to chest and arms...

Many turn fat into muscles... You can develop your back, your grip, your legs—you'll look, feel, act like a real he-man. You'll find it easier to win women and men friends... You'll win in sports, win promotion, you'll win more praise and popularity! You get everything you need in one compact package—you do it all in just 10 minutes a day, with the HOME GYM.

**WIN A SILVER CUP**  
Awarded to Users Making Greatest Improvement in Next 3 Months.



You get complete and full instructions with the HOME GYM... you'll be amazed at how easy it is to get in shape and stay in shape with the HOME GYM.

## MAIL NO RISK COUPON NOW!

**HOME GYM CO., DEPT. 280**

403 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey  
**PLEASE RUSH THE HOME GYM WITH FULL INSTRUCTIONS FOR ONLY \$2.98** complete on guarantee that I must gain inches of solid muscle, and I must be 100% satisfied or I get my money back! ☐ I enclose \$3.98, send Deluxe Model.

☐ I enclose \$2.98 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage by sending \$2.98 with my order)!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

**No matter how skinny or flabby you are, the amazing new muscle power body builder can help you gain inches of solid muscle in double quick time—only 10 minutes a day!**

**THE HOME GYM IS SOMETHING EVERYONE WHO WANTS A BETTER BUILD WILL PRIZE! JUST MAILING THE COUPON MAY MEAN THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!**

# JET ENGINE INDUSTRY NEEDS MEN!

**Tremendous Future with Good Pay for Qualified Men, 17-55, in Jet Engines, Gas Turbine Engines and Fuel Injection Systems! —Experience Unnecessary**



The engine power of the future is here **TODAY!** Aircraft and other industries are being revolutionized by jet engines, gas turbine engines and fuel injection systems! Help is needed **NOW!** Tremendous opportunities for you if in on ground floor. Large "HELP WANTED" advertisements in leading newspapers tell the story: a serious shortage of trained qualified help. Here's your chance to get into the Jet Industry while it's in its infancy! Starting salaries for 40-hours up to \$117.00 per week for trained qualified men; industry maximum benefits such as automatic pay increases, paid holidays, vacations with pay, group hospitalization, surgery and life insurance, pensions, cost of living allowance, recreational facilities and other important advantages. **NON-ENGINEERING** positions. Office or shop jobs. Help given in financing training through easy terms. Get the facts! They're **FREE** of cost obligation. But the need for men between 17 to 55 is great, so don't delay! Write **TODAY!**

**JET ENGINE DIVISION, Northwest Schools  
Dept. 509, 228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.**

Please send me full information without obligation about your Jet Engine Training Program.

Name.....

Address.....

Hours I work.....Education.....Phone.....Age.....



# "I'M MAKING MORE THAN \$1000 a Month



C. KAMA

Haven't Touched Bottom Yet!"



—reports Charles Kama, Texas, one of many who are "cleaning up" with orders for PRESTO, Science's New Midget Miracle Fire Extinguisher. So can YOU!

Amazing new kind of Fire Extinguisher. Tiny "Presto" (about the size of a flashlight) does job of bulky extinguishers that cost 4 times as much, are 8 times as heavy. Ends fires fast as 2 seconds. Fits in palm of hand. Never corrodes. Guaranteed for 20 years! 2 million sold! Sells for only \$4.95. Shows it to civil defense workers, owners of homes, cars, boats, farms, etc.—and to stores for re-sale. Make good income. H. J. Kerr reported \$20 a day. Wm. Wydalita, \$15.20 an hour. Write for FREE Sales Kit. No obligation. MERLITE INDUSTRIES, Dept. P-372, 114 East 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y. IN CANADA: Mopa Co. Ltd., 371 Dowd St., Montreal 1, P. Q.

## LAW FREE BOOK THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course. All necessary books and lessons provided. Moderate rate; convenient terms. Write for FREE law training book today.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Founded 1890 Dept. 146 Chicago 1, Ill.

## GOVERNMENT 40 ACRE OIL LEASE \$100

Act of Congress gives citizens equal rights with Oil Co's. to obtain Govt. leases. You do no drilling yet may share in fortunes made from oil on public lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming areas. Write:

NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS  
8272-W Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.



## Wanted MOTEL-RESORT MANAGERS

Men, women. Qualify for hundreds of fascinating, leisurely well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick your own location, climate! Join our thousands successful graduates up to 75 years young. Employment assistance! Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Apartment and hotel opportunities, too.

FREE! "Resort-Motel Opportunities" booklet. Write—Dept. MB0, MOTEL MANAGERS TRAINING SCHOOL, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5.

## FREE! Inside Story on Publishing Your Book

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.

Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book

COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. FM-9  
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

## BECOME AN EXPERT IN

## TRAFFIC and TRANSPORTATION

Traffic men earn \$4,000 to \$10,000 and up. Thousands of firms need experts on rules, tariffs, regulations. We train you theory in spare time at home for executive traffic jobs. Personal training under traffic authorities. Write for free book "Traffic and Transportation."

LASALLE Extension University, 417 St. Dearborn St. A Correspondence Institution Dept. 53787 Chicago 5, Ill.

## FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

Sizes 10-16 Widths AAA-EEE

We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual and work shoes; golf shoes; insulated boots; socks; slippers; rubbers; overshoes; shoe trees. Also... sport shirts in your exact, extra-long sleeve length. Enjoy perfect fit in your hard-to-find size at amazingly low cost. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, Inc.  
348 Brockton, Mass.



are careful not to handle the sort of pictures which result for those who actually take their cameras along to these high-priced private strip-tease sessions. Rather than have any trouble with the police, they destroy the film, say that it was damaged in processing and willingly hand over another. But the "models" themselves can usually supply their customers with the addresses of back-street outfits who will develop and print this sort of photo—usually the same outfits which produce the pornographic movies for showing in the tiny, \$15-a-seat "blue" theatres which are also causing the cops considerable trouble.

London's new model racket has grown up since the police really moved in on the escort racket which preceded it. This one also contacted its clients through the shop-windows of Soho with advertisements like this:

No Need To Be Alone  
In London

Escorts and Friends  
Arranged. Phone—

Or, more blatantly:

Lola Is Lonely  
Why Not Call Her?

And again a phone number.

You will still see such advertisements put out by call-girls operating on their own, but the big organized racket came to an end when Mark Langtry, the 27-year-old ex-mechanic who headed a vice empire was hauled into court and sent to jail for 18 months.

Langtry had literally hundreds of call-girls on his books, with bulging files of provocative pictures to whet appetites of prospective clients, and thousands of printed cards displayed all over London advertised the sex services he had to offer.

The Langtry organization has been broken up, but his call-girls are still around, many of them now operating as models. London's vice squad has around 7,500 known call-girls and prostitutes listed in their files, a figure swollen most nights by the small army of enthusiastic amateurs—housewives, shop-girls, typists—who are willing to be picked up either for the kick they get out of it or to make quick pin-money.

MOST of the professionals operate out of Soho . . . and by no means in backstreets alone. Hunting usually in pairs, flamboyant in their high-heeled shoes and cheap fur stoles, they parade such elegant thoroughfares as Piccadilly and Regent Street even in broad daylight, accosting solitary males with their operating gambit, "Hello, my love."

At night they are there in droves. Walk the length of Piccadilly and a sultry, tight-skirted figure will accost you from almost every shadowy doorway. And after dark the adjoining acres of Green Park are so

## Photo Call-Girls

Continued from page 14

thickly populated with prostitutes at work that residents of the area out walking their dogs automatically apologize if they trip over any unseen obstacle on the grass.

The same applies to Hyde Park, which skirts the Paddington area, London's second biggest vice district. The girls here are less well dressed, more reasonable in their charges than those in the West End, and you can case a big selection of them most nights in the vicinity of the Columbia Club which the United States Air Force now runs as a hotel for the benefit of its officers on temporary duty in London.

Since World War II, London has become pretty much the mecca of European prostitutes, and even those from points further east. In Soho you can take your pick: hard-bitten Londoners, girls still with the peaches and cream complexions of Britain's provinces, Italians, Belgians, French, Chinese, and girls from the British West Indies.

THE largest group of foreign girls working out of Soho are the French. Most gain entry into Britain through the simple expedient of marrying a Britisher. In this way they acquire citizenship and so cannot be run out of the country if—as eventually they must—they run afoul of the police.

These marriages of convenience take place in France, with the husband being paid anything from \$100 up—according to the estimated future earning capacity of the girls. The husband makes himself scarce once all the legalities and formalities have been completed.

The estimated earnings of London's 7,500 listed prostitutes average around \$60 a day each. This sort of money enables many of them, though they still do business around the sordid back-streets of Soho and Paddington, to take their "customers" to luxury apartments rented for around \$75 and \$100 a week in such fashionable London districts as Kensington, Knightsbridge and Mayfair. A recent police raid on an agency which specialized in renting such apartments to call-girls revealed a total of \$80,000 a year in revenue from 22 apartments.

The police do what they can, but as fast as they clamp down in one direction it rears its head in another, just as the models took over the escorts when the cops clamped down there.

As it stands, British law does little to help them in their endeavors. Every day a token batch of three dozen girls is whipped into London's police courts on charges of soliciting. Explains ex-Chief Superintendent Arthur Thorp of Scotland Yard: "The law at present is not strong enough to permit a thorough purge. Those who cry for action do not appreciate that prostitution does not constitute an offense



in itself. It becomes an offense only when it causes an annoyance to members of the public and this can be proven."

Proving it, is often the biggest difficulty. Police find people reluctant to go into the witness box and give evidence against the girls. Another big drawback is the comparatively small punishment which can be meted out under the existing law even if a case is proved. A \$6 fine is the present maximum for soliciting—London's police courts collect an average \$60,000 a year from this source—which most prostitutes pay with a grin then go straight back to their beats, winking at the cops on their way out.

**POLICE** action will be strengthened when the recommendations of an investigating committee, set up to probe London's vice, becomes law. The committee has suggested, among other things, a \$300 fine instead of a mere six bucks for soliciting. This may hit the prostitutes where it hurts. Or it may simply mean that the increased overhead will force them to raise their prices.

Although the law, as it stands, does comparatively little to help them, London's cops have their own methods of keeping at least a pretense of control over the situation. There was one call-girl establishment where clients were being rolled for their wad while they slept. Unable to prove a thing, the cops took successive victims back to the place (on the pretense of seeing if they could identify anyone) and turned a blind eye while the victim got his money's worth by ripping down light fittings, slashing wallpaper, smashing up furniture.

James Maxwell, ex-chairman of the Association of British Travel Agents, has gone on record as saying: "The unsavory aspect of London by night is without parallel in the western world. It is almost impossible for visitors to walk through the main thoroughfares of the West End without being accosted by the aggressive street-walkers. Visitors from abroad express amazement that this country should allow its capital city to be so degraded."

Mr. Maxwell was saying openly what most Britons have known for a long time—that London, staid and respectable on the surface, is one of the sexiest cities in the world once you know your way around. And the way things stand, only a big change in British law—and stiffer penalties for vice offenses—can pave the way for police action which can effectively stamp out such vice rackets as this latest crop of strip-tease models.

END

## CREDITS

Cover, John Leone; Pp. 12-15, Author; P. 16, INP and P. 17, WW; Pp. 20-21, N.Y. Daily News; Pp. 22-23, RKO's *Jungle Headhunters*, P. 23, European and P. 23 (top right), B. Jones of Pix; Pp. 24-27, Hugh Bell; Pp. 30-31, Columbia Pictures' *Devil Ship* and *Wreck of the Hesperus*; Pp. 34-37, Black Star; P. 42 (left), Kelpix, (right) European, and P. 43 (left), Hirz of Frederic Lewis, (right), Gatti of Pix; P. 44, Illustrations by Len Kabatsky.

Reducing Specialist Says:  
**LOSE WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

**REDUCE**

MOST ANY  
PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH

**SPOT REDUCER** RELAXING SOOTHING  
Penetrating MASSAGE

**TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!**

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE  
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY**  
without risking HEALTH



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE! With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!



**MEN USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS**

**CAN'T SLEEP**

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



**MUSCULAR ACES:**

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle relaxing massage.



Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room. It is Underwriters Laboratory Approved! Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

**"PSYCHIC  
DOMINANCE"**

**How to RULE OTHERS WITH your THOUGHTS.** (Full course). No promises. Telepathy controversial. But USED by unusual persons, mystics, Yogis. (For adults). \$2. Satis., or ref. WISDOM, 846-M5 Sunnyside, Chicago 40.

**MAKE EXTRA MONEY**  
**EVERY BUSINESS EVERYWHERE**  
**USES UNION LABEL BOOK MATCHES**

No experience needed to earn big day commissions. Be a direct factory representative of the world's largest exclusive UNION LABEL Book Match manufacturer. Prospects everywhere. Feature Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, scenes and dozens of other styles—Double Books—Jumbo Books—nearly 100 color combinations. New, bigger portfolio makes this fastest selling line a real profit maker for you. Write TODAY for full details.

**SUPERIOR MATCH CO.**

Dept. R-957, 7528 S. Greenwood Ave., Chicago 19, Ill.



**Shrinks Hemorrhoids  
New Way Without Surgery**

**Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids**

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne\*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.\* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. \*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**Your Own Private Masseuse at Home**  
When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseuse at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

**UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED**

**TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS  
FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!**

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$3.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT.

**SENT ON APPROVAL**

**BODY MASSAGER CO., Dept. 8679**

403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the SPOT REDUCER for

10 days trial period. I enclose \$1.

upon arrival I will pay postman only

\$8.95 plus postage and handling. If

not delighted I may return Spot Reducer

within 10 days for prompt refund of

full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.95 cash, check or

money order. Send Deluxe Model.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you

enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay

all postage and handling charges.

Same money back guarantee applies.

**WONDERFUL FOR THE TIRED MAN AFTER  
DAYS WORK! GREAT FOR ATHLETES!**

**GROW MINIATURE TREES**  
**FREE! SEEDS & PLAN**



**New fascinating HOBBY!**

**\$55 OPPORTUNITY! Real**

**LIVING "Ming" Trees—Beautiful elm,**

**orange, oak, cypress—any kind! Full**

**grown but miniature. Take orders from**

**Interior Decorators, Offices, Hotels, etc.**

**FREE Seeds (8 kinds)—Illustr. Plan, write:**

**LIVING MINIATURE NURSERIES (Home-Growers Div.)**

Dept. E-9 Gardena, California

**RUPTURED?**  
**NEW LASTING RELIEF!**

**ENJOY NEW FREEDOM**

of action, peace of mind and comfort at work or play. Proven, patented MILLER holds your rupture back Day and Night—will bring you lasting relief, has helped thousands. For FREE facts in plain wrapper.

Send Name and Address to

**FRED B. MILLER, Dept. 31-N**

Hagerstown, Maryland

**ENTIRELY DIFFERENT**

**Get FREE FACTS**

**Exclusive Manufacturer**



**HANDS TIED?**

**—because you lack a  
HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA**

• You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

**—OUR 60TH YEAR—**

**AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H629**

Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Complete Canadian Courses available. Write American

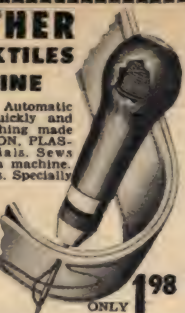
School, Dept. H629, 6083 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal.



## SEWS LEATHER AND TOUGH TEXTILES LIKE A MACHINE

With SPEEDY STITCHER Automatic Sewing Awl, anyone can quickly and skillfully sew or repair anything made of LEATHER, CANVAS, NYLON, PLASTIC, or other heavy materials. Sew firm, even lock-stitches like a machine. Gets into hard-to-reach places. Specially made for heavy duty sewing on LUGGAGE, FOOTWEAR, RUGS, AWNINGS, SAILS, SADDLERY, UP HOLSTERY, OVER-ALLS, AUTO-TOPS, SPORTS GEAR, and other tough sewing jobs. Here's the handiest tool you'll ever own. Will save you many times its small cost. Comes ready for instant use complete with bobbin of waxed thread and 3 different types of diamond-pointed needles. Easy-to-follow directions will make you an expert in minutes. Extra needles and waxed-thread always available. Save money, send \$1.98 for postpaid delivery. If C.O.D., \$1.98 plus postage. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

**SPORTSMAN'S POST**  
366 Madison Ave., Dept. A-700 New York 17



198

ONLY

## RHEUMATISM

**NEURITIS • SCIATICA • LUMBAGO • ARTHRITIS**  
Why continue to suffer agonizing pains when usual remedies have failed. Learn how thousands have been successfully treated by an amazing new method which is fully explained in our New FREE Book. Don't wait. Write today. No obligation.  
**EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE, Dept. C907 Excelsior Spgs., Mo.**

## NEW, NATURAL LIGHTWEIGHT DENTAL PLATE

**MADE FROM YOUR OLD ONE**—New, Professional Method gives you natural-looking, perfect-fitting plastic plate—upper, lower or partial—from your old cracked or loose plate without an impression. CLINICAL method means fast service, huge savings. Try new plate full 30 days at our risk. New plates sent you Air Mail same day.  
**SEND NO MONEY**—just your name and address for full particulars. FREE. No cost. No obligation. Extra no. sent you FREE. Write now for FREE catalog HFG-17.  
**CLINICAL DENTAL LAB., 335 W. Madison St., Dept. M-124, Chicago 6, Ill.**

New Prices  
Low As  
**\$15.95**



**FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME**  
No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog HFG-17.  
**WAYNE SCHOOL (Div. Utilities Inst.)**  
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

## Find HIDDEN TREASURES

**GOLD, SILVER, PRECIOUS METALS** with the Famous Model 27 Metal Detector. Lightweight, ultra-sensitive, low cost. None finer. Also GEIGER COUNTERS for uranium and the VIOLITE for lungsten.

• INFORMATION FREE •

**THE Detection CORP., Dept. 29**  
5528 Vineland Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif.



## AMAZING NEW "LIFETIME" RADIO

Guaranteed to work for your lifetime! Uses no tubes, batteries or electrical plug-ins. Never runs down! Smaller than a pack of cigarettes! Receives local radio stations most anytime, anywhere without extra antenna. Uses crystal diode HI-Q Tuner. Beautiful black gold speaker-phone grill-plastic cabinet.



**SEND ONLY \$2.00** (bill, ck, mo) and pay postman \$4.99 (OD on arrival) or send \$6.99 for postpaid delivery. SENT COMPLETE—READY TO LISTEN—NOTHING EXTRA TO BUY EVER! Aerial kit included free for distant stations. Available only from:

**MIDWAY COMPANY**

KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

Dept. GCM-9

## MAKE Extra MONEY!

**A DELIGHTFUL CAREER—SPARE OR FULL TIME—WITH FAMOUS**

## HOOVER Uniforms

A permanent big-income business for you—spare or full time! Experience not necessary. Take orders for famous HOOVER line of smart, colorful uniforms for waitresses, beauticians, nurses, doctors, etc.—including Nylon, Dacron, Orion. HOOVER UNIFORMS are known everywhere for smart, dress-making style plus top quality and value. Complete Style Presentation, actual sample fabrics, full instructions for starting—all supplied FREE. Write TODAY.

**HOOVER UNIFORMS**  
Dept. JC-46 NEW YORK 11, N. Y.



## The Long Haul

Continued from page 31

But I didn't know the Guli. I didn't have the deep respect for it then, that I learned to give it later. We fitted out, and started from Brownsville on the 25th of March. We made five knots, then eight, and finally we hit ten, a very good speed for a shrimp boat. We were in a kind of holiday mood, and we even did some trolling, nailing two beautiful king mackerel that weighed 13 pounds apiece. The sun was hot, the Gulf was on its best behavior, and the trip looked like an easy, pleasant time.

We hauled out at Harvey, Louisiana, which lies just south of New Orleans, tied up alongside a floating dry dock in the Harvey Canal, and waited till we could get into the dock and paint our bottoms, fix a few struts, and generally overhaul the three boats.

The second day we were there, it began to rain. It came down so hard that the crew of the dry dock quit work and beat it for home, while we six New Yorkers got into our pilot houses and swigged coffee and waited impatiently for the rain to stop. But it got worse, and a wind sprang up that started the dry dock pitching and rocking ominously. I stared out of the window and could barely make out the heaving dock or *Skimmer 4* tied alongside it in back of me.

Suddenly a wind hit like a blast from hell and the canal seemed to rise up under our keel, as if a charge of dynamite had gone off on the bottom. The boat tipped up, then back, dug its nose downward, and I heard through the roar the rattle and crash of coffee pot, dishes, cups and tin cans being flung around the pilot house. I saved myself from a bad fall by catching at the wheel.

I was shaken, but unhurt. It took me a few seconds to realize what it must be—*Another twister!*

IT was suicide to stay alongside that dry dock. I was out on deck and fumbling with the line before I'd given the matter more than a quick brushing in my mind. Everything was a hell of confusion on that canal. There was a big barge loaded with pipe coming down-channel, looking like a juggernaut as it swayed and moved erratically along. Two river boats tied up nearby were like a couple of oak chips in a whirlpool. Only *Skimmer 4* behind me had managed to get loose and veer off from the dock. *Skimmer 2* and my own boat were still roped up.

The twister was mounting so rapidly that I didn't dare stay in the open a second longer. I plunged for the pilot house, scared out of my wits. I could see a picture in my mind's eye of me being snatched up and carried high in the air, to be dropped into the Mississippi.

I staggered with the fury of the twister.

Seconds after I'd managed to catch a corner of the pilot house and plaster myself against the door, *Skimmer 3* slammed herself against the dock with a force that would have ground me to bone dust if I'd been down in that roiling water. I tore my fingertips bloody, splitting a couple of nails and driving a splinter deep into my forefinger, in getting the door opened. I just didn't have time to grope for the handle; I had to *claw*.

The pilot house looked safe and warm from out on that heaving deck. Inside, I got hold of myself. The twister was now in the full violence of its power. The floating dock broke its moorings, and came rolling over against my boat, shoving it toward shore. But now there was a wicked obstruction—the pipe-loaded barge.

With a smash you could have heard in Montreal, the dock drove my boat full into the projecting ends of the cargo of pipe. I was thrown to my knees. I heard the wrenching shriek of timbers strained and cracking below me. I knew that it was possible that my boat was smashed so badly it might sink in minutes, and suddenly I wasn't scared any longer. I suppose I got fatalistic. I actually shrugged. Whatever happened now, I couldn't do a damn thing about it.

So nothing happened . . . I stood up and went to the door. Chancing the wind, I opened it to peer out. The rain lashed in at me, and I saw that the barge had veered off and was now well past me, while the dry dock was slowly turning in the crazy current. But the great wind was dying.

The twister had passed over us. Broken-loose dock and all, we'd ridden it out. In a little while I was able to cast loose and make for shore. There, Bill, Cliff, Lon, and two others—helped me go over *Skimmer 3*. She'd stoved in seven ribs, and she'd need some overhauling to check on her gear, but she wasn't maimed, not by a damn sight.

"Nice going, Art," somebody said.

"Nice going, nuts," I retorted. "I didn't do anything. It was fine fool luck!"

We were there quite a while. One reduction gear was out, and that took time to fix. Then, when we finally got under way once more, *Skimmer 4* socked something in the Gulf and we had to put back and lay up a while longer.

We left again in high spirits, with gorgeous weather—and 3's reduction gear went out! Oil seals leaking, we towed her back and sat around two more days while she was repaired. Off we went again. This time, the reduction gear on the third boat lasted just one hour out of Harvey!

"That's a perfect score," Bill said bitterly, as we chugged back to port, the pilot burnt out of the crippled boat, her motor clanking, going like hell but with her speed reduced way down. We threw



her a line and towed her in. Talk about jinxes . . . !

At last we managed to leave the Mississippi behind for good, and made it to Panama City, Florida, just in time to get ourselves weatherbound there for three days. That Tuesday we took a look at the sky. It was clear and sunny. The sea was rough, but there was a good weather report on the radio. We shouldn't have started with that sea running—but that's hindsight. We started.

How often, in the hours to come, was I going to wish that we'd stayed in Panama City and got drunk.

**A** GALE is a strong wind, just between a stiff breeze and a hurricane. I might say that we had ourselves a minor gale less than 30 minutes from shore. But we were so infernally sick of feeling landlocked. We were going to St. Petersburg this time if every blasted reduction gear went out, if every hull sprung a leak, and the Gulf threw all its viciousness at us!

That's what the Gulf did. The gale rose, little by little, throughout the morning. We scarcely noticed the seas getting higher, the surface of the blue-green water lacing more and more with roiled white foam, the stiffening of the wind. But we noticed it shortly after noon, for by then it had grown toward a "whole gale"—55 to 75 miles an hour, which is some wind!

Bill was aboard my boat, an unusual thing, for Bill was one of the other two captains. But this was a long, potentially dangerous haul, and we'd decided that my boat should take the lead. I'd taken Bill aboard as mate—he was a fine navigator and engineer.

We plunged on in the direction of St. Petersburg. And it was shortly after noon when I started to get the feeling that we'd be greeting St. Peter at the golden gates before we ever made his Florida namesake. We couldn't cook, for the seas were far too rough. We couldn't even make coffee; and we'd have given a stack of coin for a cup of java about then.

Then we had a frantic signal from *Skimmer 4*. We closed in, bucking the wind and sea to do it, and got within hailing distance. What we heard made us turn a little pale. She'd broken her tiller cable!

In those seas, she was virtually helpless. The third boat and my own came up on either side of her, and all three of us headed into the teeth of the gale. The middle boat, rudderless for the moment, smacked first one guarding craft and then the other. And for one solid hour we lay to, while *Skimmer 4's* two-man crew frantically repaired the cable. At last she was set to go on her own power once more, and with a sigh of relief I took the lead again. As afternoon wore into evening, the seas grew worse. The Gulf was really being racked by that wind. At last, the seas reached the 20-foot mark. *Twenty-foot waves, each one a menacing wall that towered over our boats!*

We were shipping about a ton of spray every five minutes. They were mighty good boats, and I'd have taken them just about anywhere in the world and bet on them to come through; but the Gulf was fiendish, malignant, and deadly. I started to pray. Almost unconsciously at first,

then with words and powerful thoughts behind them.

Bill and I took turns sailing her; steering and gulping. It was just about sunset when Bill came up and told me there were flying fish in the engine room.

"So long as it isn't octopuses and sharks," I said. "I don't care what's there."

Then, abruptly, a great curler caught us, lifting the boat's nose and plunging it down violently. Bill caught the door handle and braced himself as I clamped myself to the wheel. I don't know yet why it happened, but we shot nose-down into the green and white water, and all the breath seemed to go out of my body. This was it.

The door yanked out of Bill's hand. The nose was under—there was damn near a foot of water already in the pilot house—and I heard the engine conk out!

We were back on the course suddenly, and the water was running out of the cabin; Bill disappeared down the stairs behind me. In a moment, miraculously, I heard the engine start again. It had been running for a good many hours, and it was plenty hot. It had dried out, therefore, in seconds. If it hadn't, in that terrible sea, God knows what would have happened to *Skimmer 3*.

**N**IGHT shut down, the stars and moon glowed above the raging wind. Still we couldn't make coffee, couldn't relax. The Gulf was still trying to get us. But with that one dreadful dip, that one long moment of shipping water and losing our engine, of feeling death in our throats, we seemed to find our luck. For that was the final incident of any consequence. When we emerged from that trough that had very nearly taken us to Davy Jones, we'd seen the end of our rotten breaks.

The night was no picnic. We sailed the whole time until dawn, and we didn't eat or sleep, and we drank plain water and watched the spray shoot over us like a constant jet from hell. But with the morning light we picked up Anclote Keys, Florida, and from there, taking all day to it, we sailed on to St. Pete.

And we almost had trouble there, for in a haze that had misted up from the water as the gale died, we couldn't find the sea buoy. We nearly went ashore. There was a hell of a sea running even yet, and, too far inside the sea buoy, we got into a four-foot spot that might have grounded us. The Coast Guard, though, was on the ball as always. Over the radio they told us they'd seen us, and gave us directions on how to get out; then they gave us the course.

From there we went to Norfolk, with no trouble and beautiful weather; and Norfolk to Sayville we did in one 25-hour day and night run. The entire trip had taken us just nine weeks. In Sayville the three boats were fitted out, and in a week they were skimming clams.

I'm captain of my own boat now, a skimmer called *The Alarm*, and I'm doing all right. If you ask me, "Would you take that Gulf cruise again, Art?" I'd say "Yes," right off the bat. Because, rough as it was, I think it was worth it. For I learned how to pray in that gale on the Gulf!

END



## LAW TRAINING FOR BUSINESS

(In spare time at home)

Earn L.L.B. Degree

Thousands of men and women who never intend to practice Law are studying it in spare time at home as an aid to business advancement.

Today Law is involved in practically every business decision. In many lines of work it is almost indispensable. Law training develops keen, clear, quick, correct and decisive thinking.

You can study LaSalle's American Law and Procedure right in the privacy of your own home—progressing as rapidly as your time and ability permit. For nearly 50 years we have helped over 1,350,000 ambitious people get ahead in the business world.

### A MOST UNUSUAL LAW LIBRARY

This training includes the 14-volume LaSalle Law Library—AMERICAN LAW AND PROCEDURE—that is the basis of all our instruction service. This library has been compiled by leaders in the field of Law. It covers the whole field in an orderly and simple manner that is easy to learn and understand. Collateral reading and printed lectures, furnished at regular intervals, supplement the texts. Law instructors personally supervise your program. Under the LaSalle method you learn by actually solving legal problems—not just memorizing rules.

### WRITE FOR TWO FREE BOOKS

Send the coupon below TODAY and find out how you can qualify for the many fine openings available to the law-trained man. In our FREE books "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" you will find answers to your questions about the study of Law and the LaSalle method.

### — MAIL COUPON TODAY —

#### LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn St. Dept. 9378L, Chicago 5, ILL.

Please send me, FREE, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



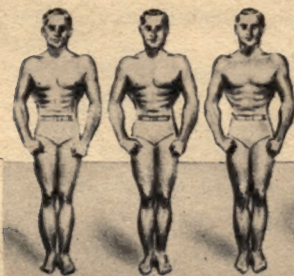
# I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!



Check the Kind of NEW BODY You Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW ... and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!

I'm no magician. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings—turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE—is simply my job. But my secret *does* work like magic. It has for thousands of fellows. And it will for YOU—no matter how old or how young you are, and no matter how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be!

Do you want broader shoulders—a magnificent "barrel" chest—trim tapering waist and hips—more powerful arms and legs—a mid-section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want—RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you I can give it to you in just 15 minutes a day—right in the privacy of your own room—or it won't cost you a penny!



*Charles Atlas*

Holder of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



## ARE YOU:

Skinny, Weak and run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Fat and flabby?

Want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

SKINNY

WEAK

TOO FAT

SHY AND SELF-CONSCIOUS



## My Secret Works Wonders—in Just 15 Minutes A Day

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret—"Dynamic Tension." It turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

## "Dynamic Tension" Works Fast!

My secret—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you FAST. It's the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES—melt off unhealthy flab and fat—gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. When you develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over. And you'll be using the method many great athletes use for KEEPING in condition—in boxing, football and every other sport.



Prize Trophy Given Away  
Be the envy of friends!  
Win handsome trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

**FREE** My 32-Page Book is Yours  
Not \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE

SEND NOW for my famous book describing my wonderful method. 32 pages packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life—and it's yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body YOU want in coupon below.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 412J, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 412J 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



## You Practice **SERVICING** with Kits I Send You

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make \$10, \$15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

## You Practice **BROADCASTING** with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

# I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a **RADIO-TELEVISION Technician**



## TELEVISION Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.



J. E. SMITH, President  
National Radio Institute  
Washington, D. C.

Our 40th Year

## America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

## N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

### I TRAINED THESE MEN



"I have progressed very rapidly. My present position is Studio Supervisor with KEDD Television, Wichita."—Elmer Frewaldt, 3026 Stadium, Wichita, Kans.

"Fix sets part time in my shop. Made about \$500 first three months of the year. Could have more but this is about all I can handle."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.



"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.



BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator.

Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.



## Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets the day you enroll, that show you how to fix sets. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way.

## Mail Coupon—Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7JG1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

**AVAILABLE to all qualified VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS**

## Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7JG1  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.  
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

VETS write in date of discharge .....

The ABC's of SERVICING

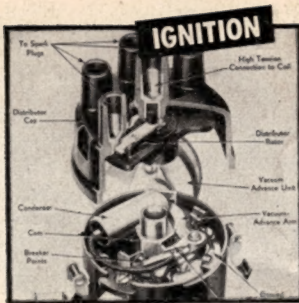
Job and Career Opportunities for RADIO-TV TECHNICIANS

**Mail Today—Tested Way to Better Pay**

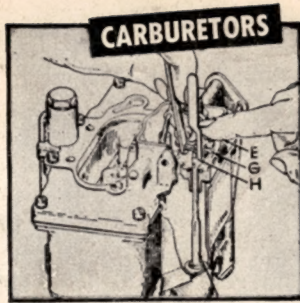




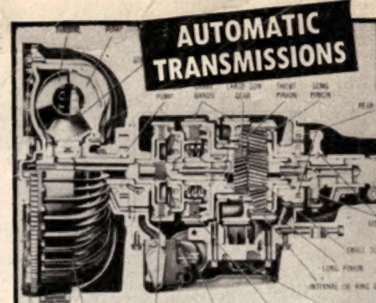
2900 photos and diagrams, plus crystal-clear directions, make every operation easy as A-B-C.



Diagrams, tables and text take the "mystery" out of all ignition systems.



You get illustrated adjustment procedures for all types of carburetors.

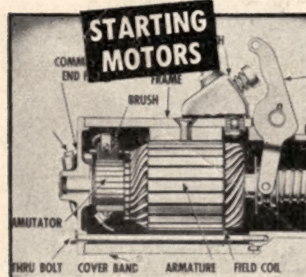


ALL AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS are fully covered in special big section. (NOTE: All pictures shown here are greatly reduced in size. Actually, this giant book is almost a foot high!

# Here's the EASY Step-by-Step Way to FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR



Fuel pumps can cause trouble. Pictures show exactly how to take them apart, fix them.



No guesswork. Clear pictures show how to fix starting motor, generator, brakes, etc.



## Just 2 of the Many Letters of Praise

Does Every Job. "My MOTOR Manual is a wonderful help. It has put me in a position to do every job."—S. L. Sharpless, Los Angeles, Calif.

Amazed Self and Friends. "I amazed myself and my friends, too. Now do jobs that stumped me before."—Michael Balicky, Newark, N. J.



Now—Whether You're a Beginner or Expert Mechanic—You Can "Lick" Any Auto Repair Job On Any Car Built from 1949 Through 1957!

*in a jiffy!*

**N**OW you can tackle any repair job, and do it quickly, easily, right—the first time! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL shows you how—with crystal-clear pictures and step-by-step directions you can easily follow.

No guesswork. This giant guide tells you where to start; what tools to use. Leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation. Covers everything from a simple carburetor adjustment to a complete overhaul.

## Everything You Need to Know

BIG, NEW REVISED Edition has MORE REPAIR INFORMATION THAN EVER! OVER 1,000 giant pages, 2,900 "This-Is-How" pictures—clear drawings, diagrams, cutaway photos—make every step EASY. 291 "Quick Check" charts—23,436 essential repair specifications. 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures so complete, so clear—you CAN'T go wrong!

Even a green beginner can do a good job. And top mechanics will be amazed at the time-saving procedures.

## The "Meat" of Over 160 Official Shop Manuals

The editors have put together the "Know-How" from over 160 Official Shop Manuals; "boiled it down" into one handy indexed book.

Includes ALL Automatic Transmissions. Covers new Carburetors, Engines, Fuel Pumps, 12-Volt Ignition System, Starting Motors, Generators, Distributors, Voltage Regulators, Axles, Brakes, Power Steering, etc. PLUS new Trouble-Shooter

section that enables you to spot any car trouble in a jiffy.

Factory Specifications and Adjustment Tables. Tune-up Charts, Tables of Measurements and Clearances. Overhauling, Replacement Facts—AND MUCH MORE.

Used by Armed Forces, hundreds of thousands of auto service men! Now try it on this GUARANTEE:

**Try Book for a Week FREE SEND NO MONEY**

Pay nothing to postman. Test book in your own garage or shop. It's GUARANTEED to pay for itself in 7 days. If it doesn't just return the book, and owe nothing. Rush coupon for your free-trial copy of this great money-saving Manual. MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 559, 250 West 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

USED BY  
U.S. ARMY  
NAVY  
MARINES

BRAND-NEW EDITION!

MOTOR'S  
AUTO  
REPAIR  
MANUAL

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
**TRY BOOK**  
**FOR A WEEK FREE!**

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 559  
250 West 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once: (Check box opposite book you want).  
☐ **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If okay, I'll remit just \$2.00 in seven days, then \$2.00 monthly for two months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charges) one month after that. Otherwise, I'll return the book postpaid in seven days. (Foreign price: Remit \$9.00 cash with order.)

☐ **MOTOR'S New TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL.** (Described at left.) If okay I will remit \$2.00 in seven days, and \$2.00 monthly for three months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book promptly. (Foreign price: Remit \$10.00 cash with order.)

Print Name.....Age.....

Print Address.....

City & Zone No.....State.....

☐ **SAVE 35c** delivery charge by enclosing WITH COUPON check or money order for full payment of \$6.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck Manual). Same 7-day return-for-refund privilege applies.

## Same FREE 7-Day Offer on MOTOR'S Brand-New TRUCK REPAIR MANUAL

Covers EVERY job on EVERY gasoline-powered truck made from 1949 thru 1957—including GM and Cummins Diesels. Over 2,000 illustrations, facts, check box proper in coupon for free trial.



## BRAND NEW EDITION—COVERS ALL THESE MAKES

|             |          |             |
|-------------|----------|-------------|
| Buick       | Ford     | Oldsmobile  |
| Cadillac    | Hudson   | Packard     |
| Chevrolet   | Imperial | Plymouth    |
| Chrysler    | Jeep     | Pontiac     |
| Clipper     | Lincoln  | Rambler     |
| Continental | Mercury  | Studebaker  |
| De Soto     | Nash     | Thunderbird |
| Dodge       |          | Willys      |

2,500,000 COPIES SOLD!